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SOME WAR SCENES REVISITED.

NOTHING in actual life can come so near the experience of Rip Van Winkle as to revisit war scenes after a dozen years of peace. Alice's adventures in Wonderland, when she finds herself dwarfed after eating the clover leaf, do not surpass the sense of insignificance that comes over any one who once wore uniform when he enters, as a temporary carpet-bagger, some city which he formerly ruled or helped to rule with absolute sway. An ex-commander of colored troops has this advantage, that the hackmen and longshore-men may remember him if nobody else does; and he at once possesses that immense practical convenience which comes only from a personal acquaintance with what are called the humbler classes. In a strange place, if one can establish relations with a black waiter or a newspaper correspondent, all doors fly open. The patronage of the great is powerless in comparison.

When I had last left Jacksonville, Florida, in March, 1864, the town was in flames: the streets were full of tongues of fire creeping from house to house; the air was dense with lurid smoke. Our steamers dropped rapidly down the river, laden to the gunwale with the goods of escaping inhabitants. The black soldiers, guiltless of all share in the flames, were yet excited by the occasion, recalled their favorite imagery of the Judgment

Day, and sang and shouted without ceasing. I never saw a wilder scene. Fourteen years after, the steamboat came up to the same wharf, and I stepped quietly ashore into what seemed a summer watering-place: the roses were in bloom, the hotel verandas were full of guests, there were gay shops in the street, the wharves were covered with merchandise and with people. The delicious air was the same, the trees were the same; all else was changed. The earth-works we had built were leveled and overgrown; there was a bridge at the ford we used to picket; the church in whose steeple we built a lookout was still there, but it had a new tower, planned for peaceful purposes only. The very railroad along which we skirmished almost daily was now torn up, and a new track entered the town at a different point. I could not find even the wall which one of our men clambered over, loading and firing, with a captured goose between his legs. Only the blue sky and the soft air, the lovely atmosphere of Florida, remained; the distant line of woods had the same outlook, and when the noon guns began to be fired for Washington's birthday I could hardly convince myself that the roar was not that of our gunboats, still shelling the woods as they had done so many years before. Then the guns ceased; the past with-

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drew into yet deeper remoteness. It seemed as if I were the only man left on earth to recall it. An hour later, the warm grasp of some of my old soldiers dispelled the dream of oblivion.

I had a less vivid sense of change at Beaufort, South Carolina, so familiar to many during the war. The large white houses still look peacefully down the placid river, but there are repairs and paint everywhere, and many new houses or cabins have been built. There is a new village, called Port Royal, at the railroad terminus, about a mile from my first camp at Old Fort plantation; and there is also a station near Beaufort itself, approached by a fine shell-road. The fortifications on the old shell-road have almost disappeared; the freedmen's village near them, named after the present writer, blew away one day in a tornado, and returned no more. A great national cemetery is established near its site. There are changes enough, and yet the general effect of the town is unaltered; there is Northern energy there, and the discovery of valuable phosphates has opened a new branch of industry; but after all it is the same pleasant old sleepy Beaufort, and no military Rip Van Winkle need feel himself too rudely aroused.

However, I went South not to see places, but people. On the way from Washington I lingered for a day or two to visit some near kinsfolk in Virginia, formerly secessionists to a man, or, to be more emphatic, to a woman. Then I spent a Sunday in Richmond, traversed rapidly part of North Carolina and Georgia, spent a day and two nights in Charleston, two days at Beaufort, and visited various points in Florida, going as far as St. Augustine. I had not set foot in the Southern States for nearly fourteen years, but I remembered them vividly across that gap of time, and also recalled very distinctly a winter visit to Virginia during college days. With these memories ever present, it was to me a matter of great interest to observe the apparent influence of freedom on the colored people, and the relation between them and the whites.

And first, as to the material condition of the former slaves. Sydney Smith, revisiting Edinburgh in 1821, after ten years' absence, was struck with the "wonderful increase of shoes and stockings, streets and houses." The change as to the first item, in South Carolina, tells the story of social progress since emancipation. The very first of my old acquaintances whom I met in that region was the robust wife of one of my soldiers. I found her hoeing in a field, close beside our old camp-ground. I had seen that woman hoeing in the same field fifteen years before. The same sky was above her, the same soil beneath her feet; but the war was over, slavery was gone. The soil that had been her master's was now her own by purchase; and the substantial limbs that trod it were no longer bare and visibly black, but incased in red-striped stockings of the most conspicuous design. "Think of it!" I said to a clever Massachusetts damsel in Washington, "the whole world so changed, and yet that woman still hoes." "In hose," quoth the lively maiden; and I preserve for posterity the condensed epigram.

Besides the striped stockings, which are really so conspicuous that the St. Augustine light-house is painted to match them, one sees a marked, though moderate progress in all the comforts of life. Formerly the colored people of the sea islands, even in their first days of freedom, slept very generally on the floor; and when our regimental hospital was first fitted up, the surgeon found with dismay that the patients had regarded the beds as merely beautiful ornaments, and had unanimously laid themselves down in the intervening spaces. Now I noticed bedstead and bedding in every cabin I visited in South Carolina and Florida. Formerly the cabins often had no tables, and families rarely ate together, each taking food as was convenient; but now they seemed to have family meals, a step toward decent living. This progress they themselves recognized. Moreover, I often saw pictures from the illustrated papers on the wall, and the children's school-books on the

shelf. I rarely met an ex-soldier who did not own his house and ground, the inclosures varying from five to two hundred acres; and I found one man on the St. John's who had been offered \$3000 for his real estate. In many cases these homesteads had been bought within a few years, showing a steady progress in self-elevation.

I do not think the world could show a finer sample of self-respecting peasant life than a colored woman, with whom I came down the St. John's River to Jacksonville, from one of the little settlements along that magnificent stream. She was a freed slave, the wife of a former soldier, and was going to market, basket in hand, with her little boy by her side. She had the tall erect figure, clear black skin, thin features, fine teeth, and intelligent bearing that marked so many of my Florida soldiers. She was dressed very plainly, but with scrupulous cleanliness: a rather faded gingham dress, well-worn tweed sack, shoes and stockings, straw hat with plain black ribbon, and neat white collar and cuffs. She told me that she and her husband owned one hundred and sixty acres of land, bought and paid for by their own earnings, at \$1.25 per acre; they had a log-house, and were going to build a frame-house; they raised for themselves all the food they needed, except meat and flour, which they bought in Jacksonville. They had a church within reach (Baptist); a school-house of forty pupils, taught by a colored teacher; her husband belonged to the Good Templars, as did all the men in their neighborhood. For miles along the St. John's, a little back from the river, such settlements are scattered; the men cultivating their own plots of ground, or working on the steam-boats, or fishing, or lumbering. What more could be expected of any race, after fifteen years of freedom? Are the Irish voters of New York their superiors in condition, or the factory operatives of Fall River?

I met perhaps a hundred men, in different places, who had been under my command, and whose statements I could trust. Only one of these complained of

poverty; and he, as I found, earned good wages, had neither wife nor child to support, and was given to whisky. There were some singular instances of prosperity among these men. I was told in Jacksonville that I should find Corporal McGill "de most populous man in Beaufort." When I got there, I found him the proprietor of a livery stable populous with horses at any rate; he was worth \$3000 or \$4000, and was cordial and hospitable to the last degree. At parting, he drove me to the station with his best carriage and horses; and I regret to add that while he was refusing all compensation his young steeds ran away, and as the train whirled off I saw my "populous" corporal double-quick down the shell-road, to recapture his equipage. I found Sergeant Hodges a master carpenter at Jacksonville; Corporal Hicks was a preacher there, highly respected; and I heard of Corporal Sutton as a traveling minister farther up the river. Sergeant Shemeltella, a fine-looking half-Spaniard from St. Augustine, now patrols, with gun in hand, the woods which we once picketed at Port Royal Ferry, and supplies game to the markets of Charleston and Savannah. And without extending the list I may add that some of these men, before attaining prosperity, had to secure, by the severest experience, the necessary judgment in business affairs. It will hardly be believed that the men of my regiment alone sunk \$30,000 in an impracticable building association, and in the purchase of a steamboat which was lost uninsured. One of the shrewdest among them, after taking his share of this, resolved to be prudent, put \$750 in the Freedmen's Bank, and lost that too. Their present prosperity must be judged in the light of such formidable calamities as these.

I did not hear a single charge of laziness made against the freed colored people in the States I visited. In Virginia it was admitted that they would work wherever they were paid, but that many were idle for want of employment. Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in a recent address before the Charleston Historical Society, declares that the negroes "do not refuse to

work; all are planting;" and he only complains that they work unskillfully. A rice-planter in Georgia told me that he got his work done more efficiently than under the slave system. Men and women worked well for seventy-five cents a day; many worked under contract, which at first they did not understand or like. On the other hand, he admitted, the planters did not at once learn how to manage them as freedmen, but had acquired the knowledge by degrees; so that even the strikes at harvest-time, which had at first embarrassed them, were now avoided. Another Georgia planter spoke with much interest of an effort now making by the colored people in Augusta to establish a cotton factory of their own, in emulation of the white factories which have there been so successful. He said that this proposed factory was to have a capital of fifty thousand dollars in fifty dollar shares, and that twenty-eight thousand dollars of it were already raised. The white business agent of one of the existing factories was employed, he said, as the adviser of those organizing this. He spoke of it with interest as a proper outlet for the industry of the better class of colored people, who were educated rather above field labor. He also spoke with pride of the normal school for colored people at Atlanta.

The chief of police in Beaufort, South Carolina, a colored man, told me that the colored population there required but little public assistance, though two thousand of them had removed from the upper parts of the State within a year and a half, thinking they could find better wages at Beaufort. This removal struck me as being of itself a favorable indication, showing that they were now willing to migrate, whereas they were once hopelessly fixed to the soil, and therefore too much in the power of the land owners. The new industry of digging phosphates for exportation to England employs a good many in Beaufort County, and they earn by this from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Others are employed in loading vessels at the new settlement of Port Royal; but the work is precarious and insufficient,

and I was told that if they made two dollars a week they did well. But it must be remembered that they have mostly little patches of land of their own, and can raise for themselves the corn and vegetables on which they chiefly live. I asked an old man if he could supply his family from his own piece of ground. "Oh, yes, mars'r," he said (the younger men do not say "mars'r," but "boss"), and then he went on, with a curious accumulation of emphasis: "I raise plenty too, much more dan I destroy,"—meaning simply "very much more."

The price of cotton is now very low, and the sea-island cotton has lost forever, perhaps, its place in the English market. Yet Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in the address just quoted, while lamenting the ravages of war in the sea islands, admits that nearly half as much cotton was raised in them in 1875 as in 1860, and more than half as much corn, the population being about the same, and the area cultivated less than one third. To adopt his figures, the population in 1860 was 40,053; acres under cultivation, 274,015; corn, 618,959 bushels; cotton, 19,121 bales. In 1875 the population was 43,060; acres under cultivation, 86,449; corn, 314,271 bushels; cotton, 8199 bales.

When we consider the immense waste of war, the destruction of capital, the abandonment of estates by those who yet refuse to sell them, and the partial introduction of industry other than agricultural, this seems to me a promising exhibit. And when we observe how much more equitable than formerly is now the distribution of the products between capitalist and laborer, the case is still better. Dr. Pinckney's utmost complaint in regard to South Carolina is that the result of the war "has been injurious to the whites, and not beneficial to the blacks." Even he, a former slaveholder, does not claim that it has injured the blacks; and this, from his point of view, is quite a concession. Twenty years hence he may admit that whatever the result of war may have been, that of peace will be beneficial to both races.

In observing a lately emancipated race, it is always harder to judge as to the

condition of the women than of the men, especially where the men alone have been enfranchised. My friend the judge, in Virginia, declared that the colored men and women were there so unlike that they seemed like different races: the men had behaved "admirably," he said; the women were almost hopelessly degraded. On the other hand, my white friends of both sexes at Beaufort took just the opposite view, and thought the women there quite superior to the men, especially in respect to whisky. Perhaps the influences of the two regions may have made the difference, as the sea islands have had the presence, ever since the beginning of the war, of self-devoted and well-educated teachers, mostly women, while such teachers have been much rarer in Virginia. They have also been rare in Florida; but then the Florida negroes are a superior class.

Certainly it was pleasant to me to hear favorable accounts of this and that particular colored woman of whom I had known something in war times. Almost the first old acquaintance named to me on the sea islands, for instance, was one Venus, whose marriage to a soldier of my regiment I chronicled in war times. "Now, cunnel," said that soldier in confidence, "I want for get me one good lady." And when I asked one of his friends about the success of the effort, he said triumphantly, "John's gwine for marry Venus." Now the record of Venus as a good lady was so very questionable in her earlier incarnations that the name was not encouraging; but I was delighted to hear of the goddess, fifteen years later, as a most virtuous wife and a very efficient teacher of sewing in Miss Botume's school. Her other sewing-teacher, by the way, is Juno.

I went into schools, here and there; the colored people seemed to value them very much, and to count upon their own votes as a means of securing these advantages, instead of depending, as formerly, on Northern aid. The schools I visited did not seem to me so good as those kept by Northern ladies during the war, at Port Royal; but the present schools form a part of a public system,

and are in that respect better, while enough of the Northern teachers still remain to exert a beneficial influence, at least on the sea islands. I was sorry to be in Charleston only on Saturday, when the Shaw Memorial School was not in session. This is a large wooden building, erected on land bought with part of a fund collected in the colored regiments for a monument to Colonel Shaw. This school has an average attendance of five hundred and twenty, with twelve teachers, white and black. The Morris Street School for colored children, in Charleston, has fourteen hundred pupils. These two schools occupy nearly half of the four columns given by the Charleston News and Courier of April 12, 1878, to the annual exhibition of public schools. The full programme of exercises is given, with the names of the pupils receiving prizes and honors; and it seems almost incredible that the children whose successes are thus proudly recorded can be the sons and daughters of freed slaves. And I hold it utterly ungenerous, in view of such facts, to declare that the white people of the South have learned nothing by experience, and are "incapable of change."

Public officials at Beaufort told me that in that place most of the men could now sign their names, — certainly a great proof of progress since war times. I found some of my friends anxious lest school should unfit the young people for the hard work of the field; but I saw no real proof of this, nor did the parents confirm it. Miss Botume, however, said that the younger women now thought that, after marriage, they ought to be excused from field labor, if they took care of their homes and children; a proposal so directly in the line of advancing civilization that one can hardly object to it. The great solicitude of some of the teachers in that region relates to the passage of some congressional bill which shall set aside the tax sales under which much real estate is now held; but others think that there is no fear of this, even under a democratic administration.

This leads naturally to the question, What is to be the relation between the

two races in those Southern States of which I speak? I remember that Corporal Simon Crier, one of the oddities of my regiment, used to declare that when the war was over, he should go to "Libery;" and, when pressed for a reason, used to say, "Dese yer secesh will neber be cibilized in my time." Yet Simon Crier's time is not ended, for I heard of him as peacefully dwelling near Charleston, and taking no part in that insignificant colonization movement of which we hear so much more at the North than at the South. Taking civilization in his sense, — a fair enough sense, — we shall find Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida holding an intermediate position; being probably behind North Carolina, West Virginia, and the border States, but decidedly in advance of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

It is certain that there is, in the States I visited, a condition of outward peace and no conspicuous outrages; and that this has now been the case for many months. All will admit that this state of things must be a blessing, unless there lies beneath it some covert plan for crushing or reënslaving the colored race. I know that a few good men at the North honestly believe in the existence of some such plan; I can only say that I thoroughly disbelieve in it. Taking the nature of the Southern whites as these very men describe it, — impulsive and ungoverned, — it is utterly inconceivable that such a plan, if formed, should not show itself in some personal ill usage of the blacks, in the withdrawal of privileges, in legislation endangering their rights. I can assert that, carrying with me the eyes of a tolerably suspicious abolitionist, I saw none of these indications. During the war, I could hardly go anywhere within the Union lines for twenty-four hours without being annoyed by some sign of race hostility, or being obliged to interfere for the protection of some abused man or woman. During this trip, I had absolutely no occasion for any such attitude. The change certainly has not resulted from any cringing demeanor on the part of the blacks, for they show much more manhood than they once did.

I am satisfied that it results from the changed feeling created towards a race of freedmen and voters. How can we ask more of the States formerly in rebellion than that they should be abreast of New England in granting rights and privileges to the colored race? Yet this is now the case in the three States I name; or at least if they fall behind at some points, they lead at some points. Let us look at a few instances.

The republican legislature of Connecticut has just refused to incorporate a colored military company; but the colored militia regiment of Charleston was reviewed by General Hampton and his staff just before my visit. One of the colored officers told me that there was absolutely no difference in the treatment accorded this regiment and that shown toward the white militia, who were reviewed the day before; and Messrs. Whipper and Jones, the only dissatisfied republican leaders whom I saw, admitted that there was no opposition whatever to this arming of the blacks. I may add that while I was in Virginia a bill was reported favorably in the legislature for the creation of a colored militia company, called the State Guard, under control of their own officers, and reporting directly to the adjutant-general.

I do not know a Northern city which enrolls colored citizens in its police, though this may here and there have happened. I saw colored policemen in Charleston, Beaufort, and Jacksonville, though the former city is under democratic control; and I was told by a leading colored man that the number had lately been increased in Charleston, and that one lieutenant of police was of that race. The republican legislature of Rhode Island has just refused once more to repeal the bill prohibiting intermarriages, while the legislature of South Carolina has refused to pass such a bill. I can remember when Frederick Douglass was ejected from the railway cars in Massachusetts, because of his complexion; and it is not many years since one of the most cultivated and lady-like colored teachers in the nation was ejected from a street car in Philadelphia, her birthplace, for the

same reason. But I rode with colored people in first-class cars throughout Virginia and South Carolina, and in street cars in Richmond and Charleston. I am told that this last is the case also in Savannah and New Orleans, but can testify only to what I have seen. In Georgia, I was told, the colored people were not allowed in first-class cars; but they had always a decent second-class car, opening from the smoking-car, with the door usually closed between.

All these things may be true, and still a great deal may remain to be done; but it is idle to declare that the sun has not risen because we do not yet see it in the zenith. Even the most extreme Southern newspapers constantly contain paragraphs that amaze us, not only in contrast to slavery times, but in contrast to the times immediately following the war. While I was in South Carolina the Charleston News and Courier published, with commendation, the report of a bill, passed by the Maryland legislature, admitting colored lawyers to practice, after the court of appeals had excluded them; and it copied with implied approval the remark of the Baltimore Gazette: "Raise the educational test, the rigidity of the examinations for admission, or the moral test as high as you please, but let us have done with the color test."

It is certain that every republican politician whom I saw in South Carolina, black or white, spoke well of Governor Hampton, with two exceptions, — Mr. W. J. Whipper, whom Governor Chamberlain refused to commission as judge, and Mr. Jones, who was clerk of the house of delegates through its most corrupt period. I give their dissent for what it is worth, but the opinion of others was as I have said. "We have no complaint to make of Governor Hampton; he has kept his pledges," was the general remark. For instance, a bill passed both houses by a party vote, requiring able-bodied male prisoners, under sentence in county jails, to work on the public roads and streets. The colored people remonstrated strongly, regarding it as aimed at them. Governor Hampton vetoed the bill, and the house,

on reflection, sustained the veto by a vote of one hundred and two to ten. But he is not always so strong in influence: there is a minority of "fire-eaters" who resist him; he is denounced by the "up-country people" as an aristocrat; and I was told that he might yet need the colored vote to sustain him against his own party. Grant that this assumes him to be governed by self-interest; that strengthens the value of this evidence. We do not expect that saints will have the monopoly of government at South or North; what we need is to know that the colored vote in South Carolina makes itself felt as a power, and secures its rightful ends.

The facts here stated are plain and unquestionable. When we come to consider the political condition of the former slaves, we find greater difficulties in taking in the precise position. First, it must be remembered that even at the North the practical antagonism towards colored voters lasted long after their actual enfranchisement, and has worn out only by degrees. Samuel Breck, in his very entertaining reminiscences, tells us that in Philadelphia, in the early part of this century, the colored voters seldom dared to come to the polls, for fear of ill usage. Then we must remember that in South Carolina, the State which has been most under discussion in this essay, the colored voters were practically massed, for years, under the banner of spoliation, and the antagonism created was hardly less intense than that created by the Tweed dynasty in New York. As far as I can judge, neither the "carpet-bag" frauds nor the "Ku-Klux" persecutions have been exaggerated, and they certainly kept each other alive, and have, at least temporarily, ceased together. No doubt the atrocities committed by the whites were the worst, inasmuch as murder is worse than robbery, but few in South Carolina will now deny that the provocation was simply enormous.

And it is moreover true that this state of things left bad blood behind it, which will long last. It has left jealousies which confound the innocent with the

guilty. Judging the future by the past, the white South Carolinian finds it almost impossible to believe that a republican state administration can be decently honest. This is a feeling quite apart from any national attitude, and quite consistent with a fair degree of loyalty. Nor does it take the form of resistance to colored voters as such. The Southern whites accept them precisely as Northern men in cities accept the ignorant Irish vote, — not cheerfully, but with acquiescence in the inevitable; and when the strict color-line is once broken they are just as ready to conciliate the negro as the Northern politician to flatter the Irishman. Any powerful body of voters may be cajoled to-day and intimidated to-morrow and hated always, but it can never be left out of sight. At the South, politics are an absorbing interest: people are impetuous; they divide and subdivide on all local issues, and each faction needs votes. Two men are up for mayor or sheriff, or what not: each conciliates every voter he can reach, and each finds it for his interest to stand by those who help him. This has been long predicted by shrewd observers, and is beginning to happen all over the South. I heard of a dozen instances of it. Indeed, the vote of thanks passed by the Mississippi legislature to its colored senator, Mr. Bruce, for his vote on the silver bill was only the same thing on a larger scale. To praise him was to censure Mr. Lamar.

It may be said, "Ah, but the real test is, Will the black voters be allowed to vote for the republican party?" To assert this crowning right will undoubtedly demand a good deal of these voters; it will require courage, organization, intelligence, honesty, and leaders. Without these, any party, in any State, will sooner or later go to the wall. As to South Carolina, I can only say that one of the ablest republican lawyers in the State, a white man, unsuspected of corruption, said to me, "This is a republican State, and to prove it such we need only to bring out our voters. For this we do not need troops, but that half a dozen well-known Northern republi-

cans should canvass the State, just as if it were a Northern State. The colored voters need to know that the party at the North has not, as they have been told, deserted them. With this and a perfectly clean list of nominees, we can carry the legislature, making no nominations against Hampton." "But," I asked, "would not these meetings be broken up?" "Not one of them," he said. "They will break up our local meetings, but not those held by speakers from other States. It would ruin them with the nation." And this remark was afterwards indorsed by others, white and black. When I asked one of the few educated colored leaders in the State, "Do you regret the withdrawal of the troops by President Hayes?" "No," he said; "the only misfortune was that they were not withdrawn two years earlier. That would have put us on our good behavior, obliged us to command respect, and made it easier to save the republican party. But it can still be saved."

There is no teacher so wholesome as personal necessity. In South Carolina a few men and many women cling absolutely to the past, learning nothing, forgetting nothing. But the bulk of thinking men see that the old Southern society is as absolutely annihilated as the feudal system, and that there is no other form of society now possible except such as prevails at the North and West. "The purse-proud Southerner," said Rev. Dr. Pinckney, in his address at Charleston, "is an institution which no longer exists. The race has passed away as completely as the Saurian tribes, whose bones we are now digging from the fossil beds of the Ashley." "The Yankees ought to be satisfied," said one gentleman to me: "every live man at the South is trying with all his might to be a Yankee." Business, money, financial prosperity, — these now form the absorbing Southern question. At the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, where I spent a Sunday, the members of the Assembly were talking all day about the debt, — how to escape bankruptcy. I did not overhear the slightest allusion to the

negro or the North. It is likely enough that this may lead to claims on the national treasury, but it tends to nothing worse. The dream of reënslaving the negro, if it ever existed, is like the negro's dream, if he ever had it, of five acres and a mule from the government. Both races have long since come down to the stern reality of self-support. No sane Southerner would now take back as slaves, were they offered, a race of men who have been for a dozen years free-men and voters.

Every secessionist risked his all upon secession, and has received as the penalty of defeat only poverty. It is the mildest punishment ever inflicted after an unsuccessful civil war, and it proves in this case a blessing in disguise. Among Southern young men it has made energy and industry fashionable. Formerly, if a Southern planter wished to travel, he borrowed money on his coming crop, or sold a slave or two. Now he must learn what John Randolph, of Roanoke, once announced as the philosopher's stone, to "pay as you go." The Northern traveler asks himself, Where are the white people of the South? You meet few in public conveyances; you see no crowd in the streets. In the hotels of Washington you rarely hear the Southern accent, and, indeed, my Virginia friends declared that some of its more marked intonations were growing unfashionable. Out of one hundred and three Southern representatives in Congress, only twenty-three have their families with them. On one of the few day trains from Washington to Richmond, there was but one first-class car, and there were not twenty passengers, mostly from the Northern States. Among some fifty people on the steamboat from Savannah to Jacksonville, there were not six Southerners. Everywhere you

hear immigration desired and emigration recognized as a fact. My friend the judge talked to me eloquently about the need of more Northern settlers, and the willingness of all to receive them; the plantations would readily be broken up to accommodate any purchaser who had money. But within an hour, his son, a young law student, told me that as soon as he was admitted to the bar he should go West.

The first essential to social progress at the South is that each State should possess local self-government. The States have been readmitted as States, and can no more be treated as Territories than you can replace a bird in the egg. They must now work out their own salvation, just as much as Connecticut and New Jersey. If any abuses exist, the remedy is not to be found in federal interference, except in case of actual insurrection, but in the voting power of the blacks, so far as they have strength or skill to assert it; and where that fails, in their power of locomotion. They must leave those counties or States which ill-use them for others which treat them better. If a man is dissatisfied with the laws of Massachusetts, and cannot get them mended, he can at least remove into Rhode Island or Connecticut, and the loss of valuable citizens will soon make itself felt.

This is the precise remedy possessed by the colored people at the South, with the great advantage that they have the monopoly of all the leading industries, and do not need the whites more, on the whole, than the whites need them. They have reached the point where civilized methods begin to prevail. When they have once enlisted the laws of political economy on their side, this silent ally will be worth more than an army with banners.

T. W. Higginson.

KEARSARGE.

[On Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, the noise of the cannons was heard in English churches during the fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama.]

SUNDAY in Old England;
In gray churches everywhere
The calm of low responses,
The sacred hush of prayer.

Sunday in Old England;
And summer winds that went
O'er the pleasant fields of Sussex,
The garden lands of Kent,

Stole into dim church windows
And passed the oaken door,
And fluttered open prayer-books
With the cannon's awful roar.

Sunday in New England;
Upon a mountain gray
The wind-bent pines are swaying
Like giants at their play;

Across the barren lowlands,
Where men find scanty food,
The north wind brings its vigor
To homesteads plain and rude.

Ho, land of pine and granite!
Ho, hardy northland breeze!
Well have ye trained the manhood
That shook the Channel seas,

When o'er those storied waters
The iron war bolts flew,
And through Old England's churches
The summer breezes blew;

While in our other England
Stirred one gaunt rocky steep,
When rode her sons as victors,
Lords of the lonely deep.

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAMILY.

THE English complain that the Americans, in their desire to search out their pedigrees and family histories, have in recent years bought up most of the volumes containing county annals, so that now it is impossible to purchase such books except at enormous prices. Sometimes whole towns in America seem to be fired with the desire to discover ancestral towns in England, and in one case at least, that of Gloucester, the enterprise has led to pleasant interchanges and interesting results. The English and the Massachusetts Gloucesters have exchanged visits and *cartes-de-visite*; and I have heard that Mr. Price, for twenty years representative of Gloucester in Parliament, placed on the picture of his town, sent to its namesake in Massachusetts, the Horatian prophecy that in the future it might be debated which was the original place. The results of inquiries into family history have not always corresponded to the motives with which they have been instituted. The rather stout sums paid for guidance along the illustrious rainbow have not led to the bag of gold supposed to have descended from its colors. Even as to fame, there are instances where the investments at the Heralds' College have been hardly remunerative. One distinguished American family found its name appearing for the first time as that of an executed poisoner; and several have fulfilled almost to the letter that good story which long ago amused the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, of the solemn family conclave gathered to open the long-sealed box supposed to contain the robes of a noble ancestor, but which turned out the livery of his servant. At the same time some of these facts, however apt to cool snobbish ambition, are sufficiently striking. An eminent American family, well represented in literature, found the last and only representative of its English stem to be a cobbler; but it was also found that this

cobbler was a very unique workman, and the author of a forcible political pamphlet.

Some inquiries which I have had the opportunity to make have convinced me that our own Emerson belongs to the same family which in England produced the famous and eccentric Durham mathematician, William Emerson. This individual, who was born at Hurworth in 1701, and lived more than eighty years, wrote works still valued by mathematicians. He married the Hurworth rector's daughter, but having some disagreement with the clergyman put all his wife's clothing, and other things which she had brought with her, into a wheelbarrow, trundled them back to the rectory, and emptied them at the door. He wrote for the *Curiosa Mathematica* under the name of Philofluentimechanalgegeomastrolongo. It is hardly wonderful that in a remote country district a man who indulged in algebraic signs and wrote under such a name should have been regarded four generations ago as a conjurer. But this reputation gave him at one time much disgust, more particularly as he was a very determined freethinker. On one occasion a poor woman, whose husband had gone to sea, came to ask him where her husband was. "In hell!" thundered the irate scholar, stalking back to his library. However, it was a time and region in which depredations on property were very frequent; and finding that his reputation for skill in the black art held all depredators in awe, the queer old gentleman does not seem to have repudiated the supposition so warmly in later life. He was a famous angler, and sometimes stood up to his middle in water for hours together, absorbed in his favorite sport. A monument to his memory, with an elegant Latin epitaph, stands in Hurworth churchyard. He was childless.

Since the necessary reaction against the claims of birth asserted itself in pol-

itics, there have arisen those remarkable discoveries of some of the laws of heredity which assuredly lend a philosophical interest to the subject of family evolution. The development of nature through the interaction of persistence and differentiation harmonizes with familiar, and yet almost mystical, facts observed in every family, and it is unquestionable that the *savant* now finds serious interest investing the lineal biography which the democrat has dismissed with contempt. Nor can there fail to attach some moral interest to the scientific generalizations which find their illustrations in the household. Mr. Francis Galton, the accomplished author of two admirable books on heredity, has proved that every family is surrounded by forces and laws which, intelligently used, may tend to the maintenance of health, and even in the end to the production of genius! It is perhaps premature to estimate with any attempt at doctrinal precision the bearings on family culture of the physical and intellectual laws of inheritance; but it is certain that a graver interest than formerly now attaches to the reappearance in children of the tendencies, and even the little tricks of manner, which belonged to relatives they never saw. For a long time, no doubt, observations of this character have exerted some influence in many families, especially in guarding against certain physical dangers; but it is probable that in the future they will enter more largely into the direction of education and vocation. Some of Mr. Galton's startling facts appear to prophesy a time when parents shall recognize that the choice of their boy's occupation, now such a source of anxiety, has already been decided, and that they need only read the verdict as the lad's early years translate it from the annals of his ancestors. The records there of the failure of one and the success of another may possibly intimate the direction of the family genius; and if any such genuine science should arrive to fulfill the disappointed promises of phrenology, and intervene between the child and the conventionalization to which he or she is

subjected, the new philosophic genealogist will be triumphantly vindicated.

I happen to know an old Welsh family whose branches had long flourished by mercantile life, but to whose chief representatives there was born, fifty years ago, a seventh son of a seventh son. Enough of ancient superstition survived in their Welsh neighborhood and in themselves, at that period, to affect the destiny of this seventh son, for whom all authorities predicted second-sight and other occult powers. So they educated him to be a physician, the medical art being that which would give most play to the anticipated subtlety. But the seventh-son theory — albeit originating, probably, in some earnest effort at generalizing the phenomena of inheritance by a primitive Galton — failed sadly. The Welsh lad from the first revealed the family talent; he out-traded all the boys at school. He had no occult powers whatever, but clear common sense. If there was one thing he hated more than another it was medicine, and next to that medical study. After groaning through the College of Physicians, and wasting a year or two on a happily idle "practice," he summed up all his remedial attainments in amputating all invalidism, his own included, and becoming what he now is, a successful and honorable merchant. Many may smile at this instance of the potency of the seventh-son superstition who yet may be determining the career of their children by notions destined to be one day smiled at in their turn, — for instance, by the notion that the path of success can be arbitrarily selected. As one said of old, "we are born at all adventure," and many adventures are likely to be of unhappy result, until more serious attention is paid to family biography as the best interpreter of individual tendencies.

It has, however, been as a branch of archæology that the interest in genealogy has lately revealed signs of revival. So many historic facts have been discovered in old family papers and wills that it is pretty certain every old scrap will be overhauled and scrutinized. Some of the papers already found have been of

such value that it would hardly be a surprise if there should turn up in some old Warwickshire or London library all the missing links of Shakespeare's life. At this moment the ablest and most enterprising historic archæologist living—Colonel Chester, of Philadelphia—is engaged in collecting the wills of all the poets and actors of Shakespeare's time. These he will edit with full annotations, and the new Shakespeare Society for which he is acting has a very fair chance of making some special discovery with regard to Shakespeare, while it has the certainty of exhuming much valuable information concerning the literary history of his age. No one who has looked into Colonel Chester's wonderful volume of the Westminster Abbey Registers can fail to anticipate valuable results from the work in which he is now engaged. That volume, to which the author gave many years and much money, and which he presented to the Harleian Society (of which he was a founder), is a sufficient proof of his ability, and also of his enthusiasm.

Personal friendship some few years ago brought this American archæologist to enter upon researches of a more purely personal interest—as it appeared—than he is in the habit of making. The result, however, has been of such singular interest that one may well doubt whether the expected historic discoveries for which a parliamentary committee is searching among the documents of ancient families are any more likely to be found there than under humbler names. I have before me the volume to which I allude; it is printed for private use only, and it bears the unpromising title, *Some Account of the Taylor Family*. But this is one of the most instructive books I have ever read. Fletcher, of Madeley, considered that the obscurest individual life, if recorded with fidelity, would possess much of high and general interest; and the saying might be with more truth applied to an individual family,—a living entity, at once impersonal and individual, whose life is the continuous experience of centuries, completing lives that seemed cut short, justifying aims

that appeared to fail, and weaving from the commonplace of one generation the romance of another. "Taylor" is a common enough name; antecedently, one would expect the historic tracks of it to be worth noting only if they led by the home where Jeremy, "Shakespeare of divines," was born, or the dear old Platonist who sacrificed the bull to Jupiter in the back parlor, or at least the "water poet." But no; it is the name of a plain and respectable family of London merchants, whose story has been followed, winding hither, thither, now bright, again sombre, but clearly traceable, through humble as well as grand homes, across seven centuries.

On reading a portion of this volume, it appeared to me such a type of the family histories which might be of great importance that I have obtained the consent of the gentleman who has made this bequest to his family—Peter Alfred Taylor, M. P.—to publish some facts from it that seem to me of general interest. But before proceeding to those interesting facts it may be well enough to refer to one matter, of no general importance except as showing the nature of the hard knots which meet the explorer of a family line, and the method by which alone they can be successfully untied.

The Taylors traced their family without much difficulty to 1662, but there the thread was lost. They had a tradition which connected them with an ancient family of Taylards, and they had the same coat of arms; but the Heralds' College had found the will of a Cardigan (into which family the main Taylard line had changed) in 1662 making a bequest to a "Taylard" kinsman as "the last of his name and fallen into poverty;" and so they decided that the family had ended then, and that the mere coincidence of arms was no evidence of connection. But Colonel Chester investigated the Taylard pedigree from the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, and found that the names frequent in the Taylard family during that time were repeated by the Taylor family after that time; even such peculiar names as Ursula, Venetia, Mar-

maduke, and others of a kind rarely given but for family reasons occurred repeatedly in the two families. So soon as this identity of peculiar names was discovered, the common arms, the family tradition, and other matters were by it cemented into a solid bridge over the genealogical chasm. But this bridge, built of dry stones over a dusty rut where no stream has run for centuries, what is it to us? Well, it is of quite as little importance in itself as any Hecuba that ever existed; but there is some little interest in the "Night-Cap" countries of time if we see living laws of human nature at work there. How is it that a family of aristocratic, wealthy Taylards disappears in Huntingdonshire, in 1662, and simultaneously a plebeian family of Taylors begins in London, these two being one and the same family? Just there the tale begins. The Taylors gained their name as workers at the honest occupation indicated by it. When they were first so called men were named after their work, and tailor was then commonly spelt with a *y*. Having accumulated little by little, they appeared as a very wealthy family, who, having invested in lauded estates and become gentry, modified their name to Taylard. So it went on, until by omission of the normal word "male" in a will the vast estates and wealth of the Taylards all fell to be the portion of a little girl. This child married, at the age of fourteen, one Robert Brudenell. The entire Taylard fortune was impoverished at that marriage altar, and their wealth was alienated to become the foundation of the earldom of Cardigan. The rich Brudenell was at once adopted by the nobility; the disinherited Taylards were scattered, one to New England, another to the Bermudas, while their chief representative set up in London in something like the same business as that with which the family began. With a disgust at even the name associated with their family pride and its fall, this man set up his sign as plain "Mr. Taylor, Haberdasher," on the spot where the Longmans now publish their books in Paternoster Row, and when he died left his family what would

now be a million dollars, as the nest-egg of a new family fortune. And so it was simply on account of this reversion to the more ancient but less aristocratic name which led the Earl Cardigan to mention the only one who retained the name Taylard as "the last of his name," — a bit of irony which quite nonplused the Herald's College, until it was explained to them by the Philadelphian.

This honest haberdasher married a sister of the Rev. John Wilson, the first preacher ever settled in Boston (Massachusetts), and who was from 1630 to 1667 one of the ruling spirits of the colony. The same lady was the widow of one of the Rawson family, which gave the Massachusetts Colony from 1650 to 1686 that enterprising secretary of state, Edward Rawson, who served the government and persecuted the Quakers with equal zeal.

The humbled Taylor family became thoroughly puritanized. It is, perhaps, to be regarded as among the many symptoms of social anarchy two hundred years ago that we find here a man and his son marrying mother and daughter. The inner nature of these primitive Puritans seems to have been in every way confused. For example, Daniel Taylor, in his will, after sternly ordering his executors to keep his children from dancing or learning to dance, confirms gifts to his wife, such as pearl necklaces, diamond rings, and other finery. Here is the portrait of this gentleman who frowned on dancing and loved decorations: a right Greek nose above a projecting under-face; tasseled lace collar and cuffs on a dress otherwise funereal. His widow was married to Deputy Governor Willoughby, of Massachusetts, and on his death (1671) she married a Captain Hammond. One of her daughters married a Professor Salisbury, of Yale College, and no doubt the brilliants just mentioned are now heirlooms in that family. There are not a few documents here which show that the Puritans were quite as much mixed up in their theological doctrines as in their notions of practical propriety. What especially strikes me is the persistency with which

these godly men were accused of — Socinianism. The most hated Puritan preacher in London at the time was Mr. Goodwin, and his most able defender was Daniel Taylor, and the charge they had chiefly to combat was Socinianism. The eminent Mr. Goodwin seems also to have been put to much pains to rebut the charge of believing too much in good works. The divine approbation, he says, "is to be obtained by good works; yet not properly nor so much by the merit of these works as by virtue of God's law, of God's most gracious and beautiful acceptance."

Against this divine one Rev. John Vicars levels a pamphlet intitled thus: "Coleman St. Conclave Visited & that Grand Impostor the Schismatics' Cheater in Chief (who hath long slyly lurked therein) truly and duly discovered: containing a most palpable and plain Display of Mr. John Goodwin's Self-Conviction (under his own hand-writing) and of the notorious Heresies, Errors, Malice, Pride & Hypocrisy, of this most Huge Garagantua in Falsely Pretended Piety: to the lamentable misleading of his too credulous, soul-murdered Prose-lytes, of Coleman Street and elsewhere, collected principally out of his own Big Braggadochia, Wave-like, Swelling, and Swaggering Writings; full-fraught with Six-footed terms, and Flashy Rhetorical Phrases, far more than solid and sacred Truths; and may fitly serve (if it be the Lord's will), like Belshazzar's hand-writing upon the wall of his conscience, to strike Terror and Shame into his Soul and shameless Face, and to Undeceive his most miserably Cheated and Enchanted, or Bewitched Followers, 1648."

One of the drollest documents found among the Taylor papers is a pardon issued by Charles II. to a boy, William Taylor, in condonation of the wickedness of his father, who bore an important part in the commonwealth. For this pardon the guardians of the child had to pay some five hundred pounds, equal to as many thousands now; and it seems that these compulsory condonations were a felicitous invention for keeping the

ever-blessed Defender of the Faith in pocket-money. The pardon is written in dog-Latin, and makes no reference to the father at all, but condones the son, in his own name, of "all manner of treacheries, crimes, treasons, . . . misprisions, . . . all and singular murders," and so on, with an endless catalogue of all possible and impossible crimes; exception to the presents, however, being made in case the said William Taylor (then fourteen years old!) should have been found guilty of fomenting rebellion in Ireland, of aiding the Jesuits, of bigamy, conjuration, invocation, or witchcraft. The whole document would fill eight pages of *The Atlantic*.

Among the most interesting papers is an old MS. diary, which was found at a book-stall in Oxford Street, and gravitated through strange hands to the possession of its writer's descendant. It is the diary of a Mrs. Dorothy Turner, whose daughter married him whose pardon has just been noticed. It is admirably written, extending from 1644 to 1672; and surely there never was a more curious example of how little events of vast historic moment may be to a family living amid them. In January, 1649, we learn that this lady bore a still-born child, but of the execution of Charles I. in the same month there is no hint. In June of the same year another child died; what were the accession of Cromwell and Milton, the invasion of Ireland, to this mourning mother! She records the child's burial in Allhallows Bread Street "by my Cousen thomas Downes; the Scriptur he spoke to was the 1: thes: the 4th and the 13th. to the end." The Restoration, the Great Plague, the Great Fire, may have had their vast influence on this lady's life, — probably did, for there is a gap in the diary from 1657 to 1672, — but her homely records relate only to the sorrows and joys of her own life. Among these sorrows there was one which even now, after two centuries have elapsed, it is difficult to read without emotion. A beautiful daughter, Susannah, aged fifteen, dies. It is to be feared the lovely child per-

ished of precocious piety. "How passionately [writes the mother] would shee mourne for sin and that shee had done noe more for god how much Time would she say shee had lost which if shee had well improved she might have bin a growne christian wheras now shee was but weak and should god damn her he were but Just . . . shee would uter it with much vehemeney powering out her Teares in abundance . . . how did shee warne her sisters of that sin of curiosity in dreseing said shee have a care the divill will perswad you this curell is not struck right and might be new done and this pin is not well till he hath drawn you to while away that time you should devote to god." There is a portrait preserved of Susannah: here is the dainty little thing, a sort of snow-drop, around which one can imagine nothing less pure than the snow, and looking into her clear poetic eyes I feel a pang in reading of the agonies by which she was torn. "The divill knowing his time to be short set upon her with his fiery Asalts which made her cry out in this manner with tears oh said she if after all that god hath done for mee I should be Damd at last." It is a relief when one Sunday the child says, "Tomorrow shall I be singing my Hallelujahs in heaven and begin my eternall saboth ther," and when, indeed, on that morning the gentle Lethe touches her lips and ends her struggles with the phantasms of fear.

There is something in the bare simplicity of these annals of people who never dreamed that any eye would look upon them which is strangely realistic, and awakens a feeling which few novelists have had the art to excite. Here is a history, told in a few letters written by a mother to the young husband of her daughter, who has left his wife for a time while he is off merchandising in Dantzic. In the first letter, just four months after the marriage, the young girl is described as longing for her husband's return, and contains a sly intimation that "your littell one is able to spring for ioy at youre returne come as soone as you will;" then comes the mother's death, with the child's birth; then

the outpourings of the grandmother's love for the babe that had cost them all so dear; then, alas, mingled love and reproaches to the young father, who had hardly fulfilled her hopes; and finally, after three short years, the sad surrender of the little one to the new wife, to whom, however, the old lady has the grace to write "deare daughter, ffor so you must give me leave now to call you, being now in the Roome and place of my own poore daughter." The heart-broken old lady! we can almost see her lay down her pen to wipe her moistened spectacles; ah, if her gathering tear could only have been a time-lens to reveal all the interesting results which were to follow the event of the pretty little lady's stepping into the place of her "poore daughter!"

Among the curiosities that turn up so frequently by the way is an account of a hail-storm that broke over London in May, 1680, of which Rebecca Sherbrooke writes to her daughter: "It rattled in the Are: and fell at first by degres the gretest part about the bignes of a nutmeg; but intermixed with a bundance as big as eggs: som bigger som wer Long som round & squar hard & Ise: many waide after taken up in to hot hands a ounce som more coz John Thorald saw one and a Gent man a nother wayed 4 ounces a pece many 7 inches . . . beside great raine and thunder; god is terrible in his Judgments how should we fear be fore him . . . one com to se me tould me a Gent man he saw had his hat of complimenting to a nother: and a hail stone sudenly came & broke his head by rasing down flesh and hair together: thes warnings calls for cencer repentance Lord grant I nor mine may not put it of till the evill day comes;" and so on; with the usual sermon that winds up so many letters of the period. It may be noted how this lady gathers courage as she proceeds in narrating the size of the hailstones. It is to be regretted she did not name the gentleman who fell a martyr to taking off his hat to an acquaintance in such a storm, in order that we might know the politest personage of English history.

Death appears to have maintained his sway as the King of Terrors in those days. Here is the fac-simile of a card of invitation to a funeral: a skeleton stands on either side, each beneath an hour-glass, ghastly on the deep black border; there are three death's-heads, a shrouded figure, four picks and spades, and many detached human bones scattered about for further ornamentation; the whole crowned at the arched, tomb-shaped top with a big death's-head, winged hour-glass, and scroll with "Memento mori." The Taylor family was not now Puritan, but they, their clerical pastors and church neighbors, appear to have been quite as sombre in their conceptions of life and death as any who went before them. Every letter bears some shadow of the religious glooms which perhaps corresponded with the gay frivolities prevailing in more worldly circles. The pious people of the time plainly had their little enjoyments, but they were received with dolorous reflections. A gentleman thanks his niece for "a briaw pig which was heartily eat & thanks drank round," but it at once leads him to reflect how much such kindness is needed because "In this worlds pilgrimage all of us are to expect many Conflicts from Enemys without and within, real & imaginary, there are evill men and variety of Diseases, there are unruly passions & inbred Corruptions there are foreboding and disquieting thoughts, there are vain projects & wild Imaginations, there are fruitless Cares & immoderate desires and there is superadded the great Enemy to our Souls the Devill."

One has sometimes to suspect that among these formidable assailants the imaginary were made more of than the real, and the divine judgments better attended to when they came as huge hail-stones than when they came in such simple ways as is here recorded in the case of Mr. Justice Pengelly, who died of disease caught through the filthy condition of prisoners brought before him, from the horrible dens in which they were then kept and for some time after. The Puritan movement seems to have set every one — man, woman, and child

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—to preaching for about a century. Then we find the reaction, — a new atmosphere, people grown hearty, lusty, and fond of writing and singing merry songs. Instead of the funereal gentlemen of the seventeenth century, we have by the middle of the eighteenth, in this family, a hilarious old gentleman writing sonnets to all the ladies of his acquaintance, and chaffing his son (a clergyman) while regaling him with the latest clerical scandals. He writes to his reverend son as follows: "When orpheus went down to the Regions below — wh^{ch} men are forbidden to see — he tun'd up his Lyre as old History shews — To set his Eurydice free — All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise — Should rashly endanger his life — and venture so far. But how vast their surprise! When they heard he had come for his wife — To find out a punishment due to the fault — Old Pluto had puzzled his brain — But Hell had not torments sufficient he thought — So he gave him his wife back again — But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart — And pleased with his playing so well — He took her again in reward of his art — Such power has musick in Hell. Think of this and smoake tobacco." As an offset to the lack of gallantry in the above, I might extract pages of the opposite kind, such as this: "*Very gallant copy of verses but somewhat silly on ye ladies fine cloths at ye ball:*"

"Happy the worms, that spun their lives away
T' enrich ye splendor of this glorious day,
Well pleased those gen'rous foreigners expire,
A sacrifice to beauty's general fire.
Oh, had they seen with what superior grace,
Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
Their am'rous flame had their own work betray'd
And burnt ye web their curious art had made."

The son to whom the many droll epistles, of which I have given a specimen, were written became one of the most eminent authors of his day. By his most important work, *The Apology of Benjamin Ben Mordecai for embracing Christianity*, the Rev. Henry Taylor acquired the name of Ben Mordecai. He had to conquer some scruples before subscribing the thirty-nine articles in order to enter the University of Cambridge,

where he matriculated (1729) and subsequently obtained his M. A. and a fellowship. At the age of twenty-four he was ordained by Bishop Hoadly, and very soon was leading the reformers who labored to secure those changes in the prayer-book which are still the hope of the Broad Churchman. He was perhaps the most heretical man that has ever been allowed to remain as a clergyman in the English Church, unless Bishop Colenso be excepted. He boldly avowed Arian and Universalist opinions, and no menaces or persuasions could induce him to obey the law requiring him to read the Athanasian creed in his pulpit. Among his papers are various threats from his parishioners that they would invoke the authorities unless he should comply, but he stoutly refused. He was also a political radical, and it must have been an impressive discovery to his descendant, the present member of Leicester, when, after he had these many years annually challenged the Game Laws in Parliament, he found a resolution for their abolition penned by his ancestor of four generations before! Not less must this republican representative have felt his pulses warm when he read an account of the vain endeavor of certain courtiers to get Ben Mordecai to put himself out of the way to be presented to the king when the latter landed at Portsmouth, where the erratic rector resided as the most considerable personage of the place. It probably would have astonished those who were contemporary with Ben Mordecai, and not a little softened the wrath with which many regarded him, if they could have known half as much about the man as any reader of these memoirs may know of him now. He was a gentleman after the old definition; he was benevolent in small things. The daughter of the clerk at Portsmouth remembered that one Sunday, having put off the surplice for the black gown, and nearly reached the pulpit, he suddenly turned round and walked back to the vestry, whence he presently proceeded again to the pulpit. A friend learned afterwards that this incident was caused by the fact that, while arranging

his surplice in the vestry he had observed a bee struggling on its back on the table; something drew his attention away at the moment, but he remembered it again when near the end of the service, and returned to set the bee right before entering on his sermon. Here are his love-letters, so sweet throughout that it must have been not time but love which has obliterated the first sentence of the earliest, and made it begin: "with a Robin singing at my" (torn). The robin sings all the way through, from youth to gray hairs: sings to the wife as it sang to the maid; sings to the daughter as it sang to the mother and the bride. Ben Mordecai lived a happy life, and mainly, I suspect, because he noted the robins which sang at his door, and possibly learned his theology from their song rather than the hair-splitting Homoiousians of his time, — a theology which may be summed up in one doctrine, the Divine Love.

It is amusing to note how very closely the situation in things ecclesiastical a hundred years ago resembled that of today. The rationalistic clergyman was denounced by a rigid bishop (Gloucester) on one side, and encouraged by a latitudinarian bishop (Winchester) on the other; the Broad Churchmen seem to have expected the speedy realization of a reformed prayer-book as confidently as their successors of the present time. We find even the familiar sermon-trade flourishing one hundred and twenty years ago. Among Ben Mordecai's papers is a circular, appropriately labeled by him "Impudent," which runs thus: "One hundred and fifty sermons, such as have been greatly admired and are but little known, engraved in a masterly running Hand, printed on stout writing paper, and made to resemble Manuscript as nearly as possible: in length from twenty to twenty-five minutes, as pithy as possible, intelligible to every Understanding, and as fit to be preached to a polite as a country congregation. As these sermons are designed for the use of clergymen only, and consequently the less known to others the more valuable, they will never be advertised in

the public Papers. The price of each sermon stitched in purple Paper will be only ONE SHILLING. Send a line to the Rev. Dr. Trusler, Care of Mr. Burns, King St. Covent Garden. Secresy may be depended on."

Nor did the rationalist clergyman of the church in the last century lack reminders such as are familiar to his brother of to-day of the vulnerable point in his armor. The problem often rose before Ben Mordecai, with what consistency he could maintain his rectory and pulpit while abjuring one of the creeds and several articles. His sympathetic sister admonishes him, on one occasion, of an adversary on his track who means to press this question, and asks, "What hole will you creep out by?" but the reply is undiscoverable. A hundred years have brought us several hundred rectors of similar views and position, but without eliciting any reply to that question of the shrewd and anxious sister.

One of the daughters of Ben Mordecai, Elizabeth, appears to have set up as a medical practitioner in London, to give the poor aid and advice *gratis*; and as this was in 1782, she may be regarded as the first British physician of her sex. Perhaps she did not know what a radical thing she was doing. Clearly the writer of another letter here, proposing to have a lady made parish clerk or pulpit reader (as she already is, virtually), was unconscious of the fearfulness of his suggestion. It is even a curate who writes as follows of his aged clerk: "He is so weak as to be obliged to use crutches. His daughter officiates for him; she has an excellent voice, & reads very well indeed, & is much approved of. When old George is called hence, I wish to recommend her as his successor. She can easily procure assistance for the graves: every other office she can do very well: the Parish approves of her." It is plain that the process of "Americanizing our institutions," so often denounced by Tories as a modern innovation, is of respectable antiquity. Though the Taylors had long ceased to be Puritans in religion, they seem to have preserved their political

liberalism, and the sympathy of one of them with America, clergyman though he was, reveals itself incidentally during the revolutionary war. Under date of August 14, 1775, he writes: "We thank Bessy for her American news. But do not believe above one half of it. The Ministry may for a short time hire Foreign Troops, but in the way they go on, of diminishing the Revenue by destroying our trade with the Americans, they will not long have wherewith to pay Foreigners or other troops. The Quarrells of the Americans among themselves I believe to be all idle tales." Another letter of May 27, 1778, is still more interesting: "John Deval was born at Wexford in Ireland, by trade a Miller, he enlisted abt 3 years ago into y^e 61 Comp^y of Marines, Portsmouth division. He was drummed out of Portsmth on 21 of Oct^r last for cutting off two fingers, w^{ch} he uniformly declared he did because he w^d not and c^d not in conscience fight ag^t the Americans. He declared his readiness to serve his Majesty anywhere but in America. But when he pleaded Conscience ag^t this y^e Officer was in great heat & asserted y^t a Soldier ought not to have any Conscience ab^t the matter. The Soldier gave reasons; the Officer gave Oaths. The Soldier talkd of Conscience; the Officer talkd of Damnation: The man was committed to the Black Hole where with astonishing art, & patience of suffering, he cut off his fingers. Since this Another man wth more Character has attempted to cut his Throat to avoid this American Destination." Yet another clergyman writes (August 3, 1776): "We wait here in anxious expectation of the next news from America, great things I think depend on what that may be — But to Old England it cannot be good, good care has been taken of that — cutting of our own throats can never increase y^e importance of this empire. A thunder-clap I expect from some quarter. If Providence does let us down easy, it is infinitely more than we deserve — Individuals have long been gamblers. It is at this instant y^e case of y^e Nation. It has staked at one throw more than

it can afford to lose & has little or no chance of winning. This is not only gambling but gambling like a fool."

One of the most curious things in this volume is an account of a Spiritualist seance in London in 1762. Under date of February 16th in that year Rebecca Taylor writes to her brother: "I have lately been at London very near the Ghost of Fanny, yes! I have been among the Believers but could not help being, and owning myself an Infidel notwithstanding I was so near the spirit. Oh! that all the clergy had but as much understanding in their whole composition as my *Brother* has in his one little Toe, they would not then give in to such ridiculous nonsense. a friend of Mrs. Frenches a person of whose veracity and whose Integrity and Honour she could depend on, was present while the following Farce was Acting he was admitted at 10 o'clock one night where he found about 15 more persons 3 of whom were rev^ds the Candle was immediately put out and silence desired. soon after a soft rapping began & scratching, but not in an angry mood. one of the clergymen declared the spirit was come, and asked if he should question it which was assented to & accordingly he began. Fanny are you come? to which one knock was given, (which you must know is yes; and 2 knocks is no.) are you willing to answer such Questions as I shall put to you? if you are give one knock if not give 2 knocks One knock given. He then proceeded with great Solemnity to Interrogate this Female Ghost — are you a spirit? one knock. are you a good spirit? one knock. are you in a state of happiness? one knock. are you in a state of progressive happiness? I mean by that an increasing happiness. one knock. are you troubled in mind? one knock. have you injurd any one? 2 knocks. has M^r Parsons injurd you? 2 knocks. has his wife? 2 knocks. Did you die an unnatural death? 2 knocks. Some persons present having heard that the Ghost came to reveal its being poisoned, was Surprised at the answer to the last Query, but the Parson gravely said it was his fault in not Stating the

Question right; he would therefore ask it again. Parson: Did you die a natural Death? Spirit gave 2 knocks. Was you poisoned? one knock. Was it in Beer Tea or Purl? knocked for Purl. What is it o'clock? gave 10 knocks. How many Quarters after? 2 knocks. Some persons said the Ghost was again out, for that it gone 3 quarters by S^t Sepulchre's chimes — the Rev^d Gen^l answered that clocks might be faulty, but by real time the Spirit might be right. He then pursued his Interrogation — can I be of any service to you? one knock. Would it appear that you died by poyson if your Corps was taken up — one knock, yes. Would it give you satisfaction if M^r K was hangd? Yes. Will you appear in a Court of justice if he should be prosecuted? Yes, one knock. Is there no one here that comes to scoff? No. Do all present come with a serious mind? Yes. How many Clergymen are in the room? One knock. Parson — What only one knock? 2 knocks. Some observd there was 3 Clergymen in the room to which the parson judiciously observed that the 3^d was a stranger & not in a Canonical habit. Then M^{rs} Frenches friend askd if it could tell the coulour of the arsenick by which it was poisoned. One knock, yes. Was it red arsenick? yes. Now am I convinced of the imposture for red arsenick has not the least poisonous quality in it, 'tis white. I appeald to a physician present for my assersion. This was excused; how should a woman know such nice distinctions as to the coulour. M^{rs} Frenches friend — pray Gentlemen how does she know that she took arsenick at all? she declard she lived but 3 hours after taking it. its plain she did not know the Tast or she would not have taken it. Upon this much altercation ensued, at which the spirit shewd much anger by scratching. I hant room for more." A postscript adds: "I was much pleasd with one clergyman who sayd it was a Damd Lying spirit."

The history of the Taylors possesses a further interest for American readers through their intermarriage with the Courtauld family. This family, still

distinguished in London by the culture and wealth of its members, is traceable to Augustine Courtauld, born in the Isle d'Oléron, said by tradition to have been brought to England as an infant, concealed in a pannier, soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the children of Huguenots were being placed in convents. From him was descended George Courtauld, grandfather of Peter Alfred Taylor, M. P., whose life belongs to the romance of the far West. Colonel Chester writes of him that, "after a life of most varied enterprise in America and England, he invested what property he finally found himself possessed of in the purchase of lands in the Western (United) States, and died as he was about to introduce the growth and manufacture of silk in the State of Ohio. He was a man of great power of character and of great philanthropy, and it is said of him that 'in all his path through life he left a track of light behind him.'"

The following narrative will fitly close my notes on the volume before me:—

"He [George Courtauld] had from early youth been a radical in his political opinions, and indeed held republican principles. At the age of fifty-nine [1819] he once more turned his steps to the United States of America, whither he went alone, intending to purchase land wherever it might seem most advantageous for the carrying out of a project he had of forming an association for the union of capital and labor on terms mutually advantageous. He purchased large tracts of uncultivated land in the State of Ohio, near the town of Marietta, and returned to England early in 1820, to organize the society and take over his family. On his homeward journey he went the whole distance from the Ohio River to New Orleans *alone* in a little skiff, navigating the Mississippi, . . . his only guide being a little painted chart. He arrived in New Orleans in safety, after facing and surmounting many difficulties and some dangers with his indomitable courage and inexhaustible buoyancy of spirit. Several persons and some families of different ranks in life sailed with him and most of his fam-

ily from London to Philadelphia; only two of the intended members of the association proceeded with him to Ohio, therefore the whole plan fell through. Much hardship and many difficulties were encountered by him, and those of his family with him, alone in 'the forest primeval,' which were greatly increased by three years of almost unexampled sickness throughout the Union. All the family suffered from fever and ague, and from the fever of the country, which was of the type of yellow fever, though not so malignant. To this fever he fell a victim, August 13, 1823." This was at Pittsburgh, where he was buried. Like the rest of the family, and the Taylors also, within this century, George Courtauld was an earnest Unitarian, and he was a friend of Dr. Priestley. His letters from America reveal his strong sympathy with the political principles of Thomas Paine. "I cannot but think with Mr. Payne," he writes to a reverend relative in England, "that you have no Constitution; you have indeed a form of government, but how you came by that is very difficult to say,—certainly it was not that form which after mature deliberation the People of England chose for themselves." "May God bless Old England! In a political sense she is corrupt and abominable, but I love her private character, and her manners are congenial to my own." It has been for many years the happiness of the present writer to know a daughter of George Courtauld and his beautiful wife, Ruth Minton, of New York, who still resides at Hampstead. At the age of eighty-three this venerable lady's fine intellectual powers are still vigorous, and her memory undimmed. Many times have I listened to her recollections of that brave voyage which she shared with her father across the Atlantic and into the (then) far West. The disappointment of his and her enthusiastic dream of a happier life in the West seemed cruel at the time, but from her serene old age, surrounded by the devotion of her family and friends, she is able to see all those clouds float into the tinted light of even-tide. And even the

young among her relatives may be enabled by this story of their forerunners to gain some of that wisdom which generally is the crown of prolonged individual experience. Browning's Luria found too late

"The only fault 's with time:
All men become good creatures — but so slow!"

It takes the life of a family to round out and complete the events and incidents which its individual members often find so out of joint, and which have baffled the efforts of this or that generation to set them right. Another reflection suggested by such volumes as the one before me is the extent to which an honorable family record must influence and direct those who inherit it, and with whom it must advance or decline. The youth is surrounded by shadowy but potent witnesses, who look to him to further their aims and keep their scutcheon without stain. Blood is a great deal thicker than water: the first impulses of that red tide which turns to follow some noble ideal like a moon will in the end set many waves beating on the far shore of solid fulfillment, and the humblest family which to-day is trying to adorn its lowly circle with genuine virtues and culture may work on with assured faith that its labors cannot be in vain. Somewhere, in a future near or far, all the worth they have stored up in themselves or their children will be ripened and reaped. "Quisque patimur suos manes" was seen by Virgil as the destiny of the dead; the ages have revealed it as the law of the living.

In closing this unique work I will only add that at every stage of its tale of centuries the impression has grown upon me of the rarity with which the greatest events have been recognized at the time of their occurrence. What was the discovery of America to a Taillard of A. D. 1492, if he heard of it? Less, probably, than to us now would be the discovery of a promontory north of Greenland. The many families whose lives are traced in this large volume were each, in their generation, molded in mind and fortune by the outcome of events amid which their ancestors seem

to have passed with little or no — generally no — note or comment. The forefathers and foremothers pursued the even tenor of their way while the voice of John Knox thundered through the land, and the Queen of Scots fell before Elizabeth, and the tramp of Cromwell's men shook the earth; but these events are left to be recorded in the lives of their descendants. Little was it to any one that, among the many barks which weighed anchor in English ports, one named the Mayflower bore a small band of emigrants to the wild coast of New England. The news was long in reaching English ears — as may be the yet unarrived light of some star — that beyond the sunset a nation was born. Not a word here of George Fox and the Quakers; one or two expressions of dislike sum up Wesley and Whitefield and their revivals. The omissions are remarkable, because the writers of these letters and papers were generally people of intelligence, wealth, and position, fair representatives of the great English middle class. They noted faithfully and even minutely events that seemed to them of commanding importance; but in most cases the so-startling event now looks small enough beside others that came and worked around them "without observation," as perhaps may be silently working at our side to-day unnoted men and events with whom history is traveling. Owing to the freedom of the press and its enterprise, we no doubt dwell in a larger world than our fathers, and are more intimate with events of public import; but it must be considered also that, as a result of civilization, social and political changes advance with comparatively noiseless instead of, as once, with revolutionary steps. It seems unquestionable that many intelligent people have passed through revolutions without knowing it, and there is all the more probability that the more quiet, but not less profound revolutions of modern times may be eluding much contemporary apprehension. "To-day is a king in disguise," says Emerson; and it seems as if our ideas of culture should include

some means of penetrating the disguise. A curious advertisement recently appeared in the London Times, in which a gentleman, much occupied with his mercantile business, desired to employ some competent person for a few hours of each week to "post him up" in the current affairs of the world. He would have the key to the Porte, Transvaal, the electoral trouble in America, and so forth, and not pass his life in a money safe. But we may be victims even of what appears to us culture, if the current of temperament or any special interest — even moral or religious — be so

strong as to sweep us too rapidly past the living things around, above, and beneath us. And the same tendency to special interests may characterize a generation of men. Posterity may listen to our story at the other end of our time telephone, but decide that, with all our unearthed Homeric treasures and deciphered obelisks on the one hand, and our poetic dreams on the other, we were really, however unconsciously, dwelling in that circle of Dante's *Inferno*, whose spirits could see clearly the past and the future, while the present was to them dim and blurred.

Moncure D. Conway.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.¹

ALL round the lake the wet woods shake
 From drooping boughs their showers of pearl;
 From floating skiff to towering cliff
 The rising vapors part and curl.
 The west wind stirs among the firs
 The west wind stirs among the firs
 High up the mountain side emerging;
 The light illumines a thousand plumes
 Through billowy banners round them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights;
 And in a halo of the haze,
 Flushed with faint gold, far up, behold
 That mighty face, that stony gaze!
 In the wild sky upborne so high
 Above us perishable creatures,
 Confronting Time with those sublime,
 Impassive, adamant features.

Thou beaked and bald high front, miscalled
 The profile of a human face!
 No kin art thou, O Titan brow,
 To puny man's ephemeral race.
 The groaning earth to thee gave birth, —
 Throes and convulsions of the planet;
 Lonely uprose, in grand repose,
 Those eighty feet of facial granite.

¹ Profile Notch, Franconia, N. H. The "Profile" is formed by separate projections of the cliff, which,

viewed from a particular point, assume the marvelous appearance of a colossal human face.

Here long, while vast, slow ages passed,
Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld
But solitudes of crags and woods,
Where eagles screamed and panthers yelled.
Before the fires of our pale sires
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,
Or redmen came for fish and game,
That scalp was scarred, that face was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago
That ancient countenance was young;
Thy sovereign brow was seamed as now
When Moses wrote and Homer sung.
Empires and states it antedates,
And wars, and arts, and crime, and glory;
In that dim morn when man was born
Thy head with centuries was hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,
Nor tempest leaves on thee its trace;
The stormy years are but as tears
That pass from thy unchanging face.
With unconcern as grand and stern,
Those features viewed, which now survey us,
A green world rise from seas of ice,
And order come from mud and chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?
What forces moved, or fast or slow;
How grew the hills; what heats, what chills,
What strange, dim life, so long ago?
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not speak?
One word, for all our learned wrangle!
What earthquakes shaped, what glaciers scraped,
That nose, and gave the chin its angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,
Our petty questionings are vain;
In its great trance thy countenance
Knows not compassion nor disdain.
With far-off hum we go and come,
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;
And all things done to thee are one,
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,
Will mock the pride of mortals still.
Returning springs, with songs and wings
And fragrance, shall these valleys fill;
The free winds blow, fall rain or snow,
The mountains brim their crystal beakers;

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,
The summer tides of pleasure-seekers:

The dawns shall gild the peaks where build
The eagles, many a future pair;
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,
Dissolving in the purple air;
The sunlight gleam on lake and stream,
Boughs wave, storms break, and still at even
All glorious hues the world suffuse,
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's grass,
And times unborn grow old and change;
New governments and great events
Shall rise, and science new and strange;
Yet will thy gaze confront the days
With its eternal calm and patience,
The evening red still light thy head,
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach
The little worth of words or fame!
I go my way, but thou wilt stay
While future millions pass the same:
But what is this I seem to miss?
Those features fall into confusion!
A further pace — where was that face?
The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,
When eyes that make thee onward move;
Whose vast pretense of permanence
A little progress can disprove!
Like some huge wraith of human faith
That to the mind takes form and measure;
Grim monolith of creed or myth,
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!
A withered cliff is all we see;
That giant nose, that grand repose,
Have in a moment ceased to be;
Or still depend on lines that blend,
On merging shapes, and sight, and distance,
And in the mind alone can find
Imaginary brief existence!

J. T. Trowbridge.

NEW BOOKS ON ART.

II.

MR. HAMERTON, in comparing the studious perfection of detail in the accessories of Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures of Roman life with the poverty which obtained in the backgrounds and surroundings of the classical compositions of the last century, states that the habit of the modern artist in this respect is "in perfect harmony with the spirit of research which belongs to the present day." It is this spirit of research which explains the characteristic relations which have been lately established between literature and art, — relations, the effect of which upon art is evident, not only directly in such work as we have referred to, but in a less obvious manner in the fundamental conception of the functions of art. Under this impulse, more or less consciously enforced, art has gained on the intellectual side what it has lost on the sensuous or emotional. We have seen what heights it is capable of attaining under the latter conditions in the religious art of the fifteenth century; we have yet to see, perhaps, what achievements are possible with such inspirations as are to be furnished by the nineteenth. Mr. Hamerton himself has contributed not a little to the discussions out of which, in great part, the new spirit of art is developing. The purely literary and speculative element in these discussions is not without its uses, but when, united with the literary and theoretical faculties, practical experience in art enters the field, the probability of an ideal no longer misty and doubtful, but definite and symmetrical, arising, like Anadyomene, from the troubled sea of dispute, is greatly enhanced.

Mr. Hamerton's monthly publication, *The Portfolio*, contains the most notable and effective expositions of current

English thought on the subject of art, and these, set forth as they are with reproductions, by the best modern masters of engraving, of the best examples in English collections, are the most formidable and business-like demonstrations yet made for English-speaking people against the strongholds of Philistinism. There is plenty of dilettanteism elsewhere, but in these pages the silent spirit of the artist, the long-suffering spirit, which has pursued its way with the brush, the burin, or the modeling-tool, undismayed by the clamorous denunciations of absolute amateurs and the exactions of peremptory critics, seems at last to have found a voice. Art is speaking for itself in well-chosen and deliberate words, and it is well for us to listen.

The Portfolio for 1877, which is now before us, fully bears out the promise of its predecessor. Its most conspicuous contents are a series of articles by Mr. Sidney Colvin on Albert Dürer, his Teachers, his Rivals, and his Followers; a series by the editor on the Althorp Gallery; a continued series by R. N. Wornum on the National Gallery; and two series by the editor on Turner, and on Mr. Wyld and his sketches in Italy. The pages on Albert Dürer and his school are illustrated by a series of etchings, selected for comparison and contrast, by various masters of that age, when engraving was in its first perfection, and when the greatest men threw into the art their best powers of mind and body. These etchings are perfectly reproduced in these pages by the process of M. Amand-Durand, in which a new copper-plate is produced from a line engraving or etching in such a manner that all the force, delicacy, or brilliancy of the original is preserved in the facsimile. Among these prints the most remarkable reproduction, perhaps, is that

¹ *The Portfolio*. An Artistic Periodical. Edited by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With numerous il-

of Marcantonio's masterpiece, the portrait of Pietro Aretino, the infamous bastard of Arezzo, considered the most consummate piece of engraved portraiture in existence. This fac-simile has been made with great skill, by the mechanical process of M. Amand-Durand, from an impression of the first state of the print, of which there are only two known examples. Mr. Colvin's text is distinguished for a very happy and, when occasion requires, a brilliant literary style, especially when concerned with analysis of methods in the production of artistic effects. The reciprocal influence of the Italian and German masters in the earliest development of the art of engraving during the sixteenth and the latter half of the fifteenth century, as explained in Mr. Colvin's fourth article, is a good example of the service which literature may render to art; from the nature of the case, the essential characteristics of the spirit of a school or of an artist are often of a kind to elude expression in language; they are called matters of feeling, and the lay reader is obliged to content himself with a mystery when he seeks for a tangible fact. But the words in these papers which are directed to the analysis of the genius of Andrea Mantegna (page 57), for instance, are not used in the merely literary manner, to cover a real absence of appreciation with an affluence of high-sounding phrases, but they convey concrete ideas with elegance and precision; they accomplish the difficult task of making clear to the layman some of the apparently unspeakable qualities of artistic genius, — qualities such as poetry of the highest order sometimes succeeds in suggesting to the imaginative and sympathetic mind, but which seem to defy the resources of prose to set forth in any uninspired, deliberate, or merely scientific manner.

This is high praise, but it may be applied also to Mr. Colvin's description of the Little Masters of Germany and their works. To the careful reader, not versed in the spirit of the earlier etchings and engravings of German, or, as Vasari always called it, of *Flemish* art, these descriptions and comparisons must prove

a revelation, not alone of the quality of the art, which of course is the immediate point in question, but of the manners and customs of the time, the habits of thought which the art all unconsciously illustrates and embodies. Thus interpreted, the three little subjects opposite page 136, etched by Altdorfer, and the four opposite page 152, by the brothers Beham, must assume a new significance; their importunate and often homely and unimaginative detail, their exquisite care and finish, their quaintness of subject, their unaffected and earnest manner, — these qualities are genuine and naïve; to consider them intelligently is an exposition of history. The religious art, which places the awful subject of the Annunciation in a Dutch kitchen, with a roller towel hung against the wall behind the announcing angel, with the lily in a clay flower-pot, and a busy street scene outside the homely casement, as shown in one of the illustrative plates, is an art which needs more explanation than is readily attainable; the secret of it lies remote among the springs of human action, and, when discovered, explains far more than the real meaning of a print four inches by seven; it reveals the causes of wars, treaties, and reformations. Hence, such literature as we are now dealing with, in throwing light upon the obscure motives which formed a certain phase of art, is benefiting humanity as well as art. It is not merely a curious study; it is a contribution to essential knowledge.

The art of the Italian masters from 1450 to 1550, although compact of antique learning and traditions, is impassioned and emotional. As Mr. Colvin finely says of Mantegna, "founding his art upon the study of statuary and the antique, and upon the laws of perspective and geometry, he might easily have lost hold of nature and fallen into pedantry. But the art of that age in Italy was as incapable of pedantry as of vulgarity; it can carry any amount of learning without being pedantic; the very fervor of the artist's studies, the intensity of his devotion to science and the antique, — *il grande amore*, — somehow pass into the

marble or canvas, and prevent the work from seeming cold or labored." The contemporary art of Dürer and his compatriots, on the other hand, seems to have been evolved out of the necessities of their own natures; it was inspired by the *res angustæ domi*, and shaped its ideal out of the homely stuff such as may be found in peasant lives; but it was expressed with loving and minute care, with earnestness, delicacy, and force; so that the Italians, stimulated by the knowledge and imagination of the fresh Renaissance, with their minds full of heroes, demigods, the creatures of mythological traditions and their great doings, when they fell upon these German prints, grotesque but strenuous, rugged and commonplace in theme, but pathetic, intense, and rendered with patient skill, found a new inspiration drawn from contemporary life, and immediately adopted into their own art all the qualities out of German art which could improve their methods or humanize their genius. Of course the German ideal in contact with that of Italy was forthwith elevated to a higher plane, but it never lost its rural force and pathos.

The series of plates from the National Gallery is continued in the Portfolio for last year with etchings by Flameng, Mengin, Lhuillier, and other masters, and a new series from the collection of Earl Spencer (the Althorp Gallery) is begun with etchings by Flameng, Riche-ton, Murray, and Lhuillier. Of these the works of Flameng in especial are remarkable for their happy suggestion of the element of color in the original paintings, without which suggestion, in fact, the *raison d'être* of some of these plates might fairly be questioned; but in so far as they do set forth the values of color and the chiaro-scuro, as well as the qualities of drawing, in the masters whose works they undertake to reproduce, they must take a very high rank in the art. The etchings of Flameng, at least, easily and surely accomplish this result.

Any notice of this collection, however, would be incomplete without especial reference to the masterly etchings of Legros, in the portraits of Poynter, the

English painter, and of Jules Dalou, the French sculptor. These two works are in the severe early Italian style of etching with lines running in one direction, without the usual cross-hatching which was invented by the Germans. Under this exceptionally difficult condition of handling, the modeling of these two heads is a triumph of technical skill. We have seldom met with such fine examples of portrait design in serious modern art.

Mr. Hamerton himself continues his temperate but appreciative papers on Turner. They are such papers as an artist should write of an artist; they get behind the apparent face of Turner's genius, and disclose the primary formations beneath the surface out of which, by the series of great revolutions and upheavals to which the sensitive mind is subject, finally emerged the perfected artistic nature of the man. It is a very workmanlike and thorough piece of analysis, which can enable the mind untrained in the *technique* of the painter's craft to "make sense" out of the shapeless iridescence and wanton aberrations by which, in the experimental stages of its career, this singular and fortunate imagination gave expression to its conflict with nature. It is to this task, however, that the artist critic successfully addresses himself in these pages. We have space to quote but one general observation as an example, but this, in view of the manner in which it is customary to talk of the greatest Turner-esque effects, is worth remembering.

Mr. Hamerton, in speaking of Turner's distant effects, by which he made his first claim to be regarded as a master of landscape art, says: "Such painting requires not only much good-will in the spectator, but also great knowledge, freedom from vulgar prejudices, and some degree of faith in the painter himself. When people see a noble effect in nature, there is one stock observation which they almost invariably make: they always say, or nearly always, 'Now, if we were to see that effect in a picture we should not believe it to be possible.' One would think that, after such a re-

flection on their own tendency to unbelief in art and to astonishment in the presence of nature, people would be forewarned against their own injustice; but it is not so. They will make that observation every time they see a fine sunset or a remarkable cloud in the natural world, and remain as unjust as ever to the art which represents phenomena of the same order. Turner had to contend against this disposition to deny the truth of everything that is not commonplace."

This, in short, is the sort of literary work which, not stooping to amuse by mere prettiness, opens to common apprehensions the profound and serious mission of art in these modern days, and encourages the artist to approach the higher standards of culture. The Portfolio is by no means the least among the agencies at work to bring about this result. We commend it as a part of the machinery of the new civilization.

Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, professor of art at Stuttgart, and author of a number of works, all of which, like the present,¹ have been issued in repeated editions, seems to hold for his own country a position somewhat like that of Taine and Viollet-le-Duc in France and Ruskin in England. The analogy is not very close, since there is nothing in him of the *doctrinaire*, nothing of the warm enthusiasm of the latter two for the original views they propound with a corresponding impatience of contradiction. Nor is he, like Taine, purely a philosopher. He appears in the more patient and laborious rôle of a compiler. Instead of surveying the field of art with a keen, fresh glance, to divine in it a meaning hitherto undiscovered, his preoccupation appears to be rather to weigh judiciously former systems in the various branches, to select the positions he deems the best supported, and to throw them together in a reliable whole for the use of those who desire a text-book in a moderate compass. He is reported by some of those who have listened to his lectures at Stuttgart, which are no doubt better at first than at second hand, to be a person

of general appreciation and sympathies. Apart from a strong patriotic German bias, he certainly shows no especial predilection or favoritism for one form of art over another.

An important feature of the late awakening of interest in these matters is its extension amongst the middle classes. They cannot afford many or expensive books. They would like a work, ornamental and attractive in itself, to present the subject fully and lie upon the drawing-room table for reference. It need not go into all the minor sinuosities, but it ought to contain, without omitting any, those broader, leading aspects which may be mastered without neglecting the ordinary avocations of life. Bearing in mind thoroughness and painstaking as traditional German traits, looking over the very full illustrations, — there are five hundred and fifty in all, — and snatching here and there some passages of graphic and picturesque description, one is inclined at first to believe that he has found something quite meeting the requirement. It has, for the moment, much of the effect of examples of the new Munich school of painting, in which the mechanism is still as perfect as of old, while the traditional German hardness and coldness are replaced by freedom and warmth. The pleasant impression lasts especially through the distinct characterizations of the earlier epochs of art. So great is the accumulation of matters at the present time that it is particularly desirable — and this above all in a popular treatise — that each branch of human development should be displayed by its most distinctive side, in order that it may keep its place amid the pressure of a thousand new demands. The author is apparently aware of this, and aims to gratify it by tracing each successive phenomenon to a definite, physical cause. We are delighted with these lucid concepts, and astonished to find that so vast and apparently obscure a field has been so thoroughly sifted and reduced to rule. It is not until we begin to compare these neat summaries among themselves that

¹ *The History of Art.* By DR. WILHELM LÜBKE. A New Translation, from the Seventh German Edi-

tion. Edited by CLARENCE COOK. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1878.

the impression is disturbed. Then we are inclined to find that perhaps "he doth protest too much." His general theory is of an intimate correlation between civilization and topography. So unqualifiedly does he carry out its application that we may even have thought that, with the causes of every varied phase of development accurately spread before us, it might be possible to rise to the gift of prophecy. It seems that the indication of the localities of the next flowerings of art and their character need be nothing any longer but a matter of an atlas and some tables of mean temperatures. But arriving at the end of the first volume, if we please to go back and note how the detailed explanations support the general scheme, we shall find some strange discrepancies.

The general distribution of the matter is into four divisions: the ancient art of the East, classic art, mediæval art, and modern art. Each has its natural subdivisions, as classic into Greek, Etruscan, and Roman, and each, again, its appropriate periods. Each variety is discussed under the three heads of architecture, sculpture, and painting. They are considered historically and critically at the same time, and for the most part preceded by general remarks upon the kind and its origin. It is in following these preliminary remarks consecutively that we come upon an apparent carelessness; the author seems to have paid little heed to a theory of a special state of things when once it has served the purpose in hand, and to have confided in a similar happy forgetfulness on the part of the public. Though each explanation of causes stands fairly complete in itself, there is no thought taken to reconcile the conflict of the rise of quite similar art developments from most dissimilar circumstances, or to explain why it is, on the other hand, that from circumstances entirely analogous to those depicted at certain points no arts at all have arisen at other points. Such a line of treatment as the following is so common throughout the first sections as almost to serve as a formula: "The question suggests itself why it was that this

particular branch which we know under the name of the Greek should have so far surpassed all other nations of similar origin. In order to understand this it will be necessary to study carefully the nature of the country." Its hills and valleys are then examined, and the author continues: "Bearing all these influences in mind, we shall comprehend how a people dwelling for centuries in such a region must gradually develop such a character as we find in the Greeks." A kind of argument in a circle recurs continually. Without adding any new premise to what was already known, it is concluded from an examination of surfaces, as if *a priori*, that results of a certain kind must follow. Turning, then, to the actual situation, what do we find? The wonderful coincidence of the exact results predicted. It is not easy to credit such a want of reflection, if it be that, or such an appearance of talking for the sake of talk, to a work of such grave and reverend character, from an author of such apparent repute. It is unfortunately, however, a matter of demonstration. We need only set side by side a number of the assigned causes from which we are given to understand that civilization and art took their origin. It appears that art arose in —

(1.) Egypt, from a great river flowing without tributaries through a narrow fertile belt. The spirit of the free development of the individual was lacking; hence its art development "must have been" chiefly in the direction of architecture.

(2.) Assyria, from a surface consisting of scattered fertile districts separated by inhospitable wastes. Man in these circumstances (as explained by Taine in Holland, where it was doubtless the case), compelled to active exertion to subdue external nature, developed in the process a general force, which he went on to apply in other directions.

(3.) India, from a vast peninsula of tropical luxuriance, watered by a network of rivers. "It could not have been otherwise" than that this should have filled the mind with brilliant pict-

ures, and also should have imparted a strong mystical and religious bias. Development was exclusively limited to religious matters. Buddhism is said to have been necessary, however, to the production of genuine artistic creations, in contrast to the before prevalent Brahminism, "which had corrupted to the utmost the national mind of the Hindoo people." Inasmuch as there are no earlier records than its own, it is hard to see what it had corrupted it from. Besides that, it presently appears, "Brahminism has produced a multitude of no less magnificent detached buildings;" and further, in China, where Buddhism had and has entire sway, a monumental and serious religious style has never arisen.

(4.) Greece, from a territory cut up by mountains into numerous independent valleys opening to the sea. "This infinitely rich individualizing of the surface at once suggests that here, if anywhere, scope was afforded for an analogous development of human existence." Unlike the slavish Orientals, the Greeks afford us the picture of personal inner development, severely subordinated, however, to the interests of the state. Hence, in the *temple* alone the art of architecture found a field for development. (But compare the statement of the exclusively religious development of India above and what is said of the result of the Romanesque condition below.)

(5.) Arabia, from a rocky, barren plateau, without rivers or maritime facilities.

The topographical argument does not extend much farther. It is not carried into modern times or among the modern nations as we know them; but other good and sufficient, always very definite reasons are sought for each successive occasion, and they contradict each other, as above, with great ease. In the division of Early Christian Art it is said, "So wonderful and profound are the laws of the inner life of humanity that *only by this road* (the adopting of antique models) the possibility of an immeasurably rich, new development could be attained." In the division of Romanesque Art architect-

ure must have been the highest form of activity, because it was a period of transition and youthful fermentation. Compare the respectively dissimilar states of mind of Greece, Egypt, and the whole Orient, in which — the latter two especially — architecture also "must have been" and was the leading activity.

Much of this reasoning is valid and well founded by the agreement of archaeologists, but it is only a partial and very far from a complete solution of the conditions for which it purports to account. When it is used as all sufficient, we cannot resist the desire to be told why it was that civilizations and arts did not arise by other rivers, and among other hills and valleys and plateaux, of identical character; and why, if it was only the exaltation of individualism here and the repression of it there to which phenomena were due, the phenomena were not uniform and constant, and the most marked where the respective conditions prevailed in the extremest degree.

If an ultimate principle to which everything is to be referred be a desideratum in a work of this kind, the race theory, so strongly insisted on by Michelet and prefaced by Ferguson to his voluminous history of architecture, seems much better adapted to the purpose. The four great original elements, unchanged and unchangeable in their essence — the Turanian, idolatrous, abject, without feeling for symmetry, but impressible to color; the Semitic, monotheistic, poetic, rather literary and cold than artistic; the Celtic, unstable in government, but sharply logical, and open to all glowing impressions; the Aryan, political, excelling in the useful, and without spontaneity in art — are not susceptible of demonstration; yet the plan can be supported by a mass of evidence, and it has the merit at least of comprehensiveness and of going to the bottom.

The same sort of forgetfulness is discoverable in minor matters in Dr. Lübke's work, to an extent which much confuses the general reader and leaves him without a final impression. What is denied in one paragraph is quite likely to be affirmed in the next: as, to take an ex-

ample at random, that Mohammedan art never succeeded in developing any universal and definite model for its houses of worship, and immediately after that it is possible to reduce the forms of mosques to two types. It is a puzzling line of conduct inasmuch as the ideas are apparently there, and we do not feel altogether prepared to say that they are not rightly understood and intended. We are at first inclined to lay it to the translator, but a comparison of the texts shows that, aside from a few harmless departures in the way of giving to sentences a more sonorous finish, the original is faithfully adhered to. There is a strange thickness and roundaboutness of statement, — a neglect of the smaller qualifications and of a close observation of their bearings, which is not only necessary to knit the argument into a perfectly logical whole, but without which, as we have seen, it is in parts elusive and unintelligible.

Considering the book apart from its philosophy of causes, which, though valuable, if consistent and authoritative, is by no means an indispensable adjunct of such a work, and taking it in its purely historical and critical aspects, it is possible to yield again to a more favorable impression, particularly in the earlier divisions and in the portions relating to plastic art as distinguished from architecture. If it does not present too acceptably the reasons of their being, it at least shows clearly, in the main, the appearances of things. The mysterious impassiveness of the Egyptian type, the crude, realistic tendency of the Assyrian, the wild fancifulness and luxurious softness, by turns, of the Indian, are strongly grasped, and the picture of Greek art will hardly be found anywhere more satisfactorily presented in so small a compass. This is indeed largely a matter of the illustrations. The true progress of the long, charming story is read only in turning the interminable series of these; the words but expand and define the impression already vividly received. Here is an Egyptian hero in the pictured chronicles of their walls, towering above men and cities, rushing along in his battle

chariot, and slaughtering a myriad of insignificant enemies; here, again, Cyrus, with double wings, and mighty horns of dominion rising from his forehead, naïvely proclaiming, in a cuneiform inscription, "I am Cyrus, the king, the Achæmenide." Here are in turn the progress of Greek art, from the chrysalis of the Pelasgic bas-reliefs to the perfect, melting grace of the age of Pericles; the majesty of the Roman portrait statues; the conceits of the troubled early Christians in their catacombs, their symbols, and the archaic good shepherd carrying the lamb on his shoulders; the Byzantine mosaics, with their elegant embroidered patterns and stiff types forever fixed by rigid conventions; the unsympathetic tangle of Saracenic arabesques; the pure and noble draped statues of the cathedral porches; the lovely, symmetrical altarpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolommeo, and the wild, ecstatic ones of the great epic masters; the sensuous nudities of the revived classicists; their theatrical exaggerations later; the confined lights and rich shadows of the Flemings; the rise of *genre*, and the arrival at modern times with its wide acquaintance with all the perfections that were in their times developed each in its remote corner and under its special conditions, and its balancing uneasily upon the verge of great conceptions, which it seeks but does not find, for the display of its universal knowledge. Of all this and the scores of intermediate gradations there are representative views enough to be of great value, apart from a letter-press which is not marshaled with the clearness and directness of a Lecky, but is far from being without entertaining qualities in its more successful portions. The more successful departments, it must be unhesitatingly said, are those of the fine arts proper. In architecture the author seems to be much less at home. This appears in a failure to seize the essential meaning of forms as deduced from their constructive causes, which is the more singular since, as we have seen, this is the very point with which he has the air of being the most preoccupied. His descriptions are often in the reverse of the

real order of importance. Appearances are treated of as they might impress the uninitiated observer rather than one who knew the structural reason for their existence. Thus, in explaining the Romanesque (and Gothic) door-ways, it is said: "The central point of the façade was the main entrance, whose walls spread on either hand from the inside to the outside, and were often cut rectangularly, so that hollows are formed in which tiny, separate, slender columns are arranged." How much more clearly is this conception fixed in the head by the statement that the sides are thus spread or "splayed" simply to take off the disagreeable effect of sharp corners, and that the splaying is more marked and the angle shafts, with which the baldness of the arrangement is further mitigated, more numerous in proportion to the increasing thickness of the wall. Nor is the weight of evidence to the effect that the stained-glass windows were simply a decorative feature, devised to fill up the wall spaces left useless by the adoption of groined vaulting and the buttress system, but rather that this system was perfected to the utmost to give the greatest possible room for the brilliant new decoration and the elaborate traceries in which it was set, which made of the once sombre interiors vast jewel-boxes. There is, besides, an unusual and awkward technical nomenclature, as the "body" and the "giant" for certain parts of a buttress, — what parts we are not informed, — old and young "servants" for the primary and secondary fillets of clustered shafts, and "lisenés" for simple pilaster strips. On the whole, very little satisfaction will be got from Dr. Lübke's architecture. The reader will do infinitely better in this branch to turn from the German book to another, the straightforward treatise of Rosengarten, published by the Appletons in 1876. It must be of very nearly the same extent, comprising all of Lübke's scattered divisions in one, and there can be no comparison in point of clearness and completeness.

The national bias we have mentioned manifests itself by very frequent refer-

ences to "the German mind," the attribution to this influence of effects which the writers with whom we have been most familiar heretofore have by no means so accurately traced to it, and the illustration of principles as far as possible by German examples. It is a partisanship, however, that seems rather creditably patriotic. It is exerted very little to the detriment of other nationalities, and this by the indirect method of neglect instead of the ill-natured fashion we recently had occasion to note in the travels of the French architect, M. Narjoux. But, just as it may be to bring into a clearer daylight, now that the German empire has advanced so prominently to the front, matters perhaps too long suppressed by unfriendly framers of opinion, this new distribution of merits adds to the difficulty of comprehension, at least for those who had already made some small advances towards the subject from the points of view which we had almost considered established.

The ostensible fairness of the author is manifested in such paragraphs as that in which he opens a survey of Dürer: "Dürer is rightfully the darling and pride of the German people, but we should not allow ourselves to forget that, being the highest expression of our excellences and virtues, he is at the same time the representative of our weaknesses and deficiencies. Blind idolatry is never seemingly, least of all in connection with so genuinely true, so severe a master. We are not permitted to hurry over the austere, rugged externalities of his style either with indifference or pretended rapture."

Including the Netherlanders among Germanic peoples, the German influence in painting must be readily admitted, especially in the modern features of genre and landscape, to which attention was turned for new subjects after the upheavals of the great religious wars, in which in the North the old ideals were destroyed. Farther back, too, than this, the quaint Dombild of Master Stephen of Cologne takes rank as perhaps the highest development of the art in the distinctively Gothic period, and Holbein and Dürer yield to none, in their respect-

ive styles, for the boldest originality. We are tempted to wish—but this is a condition perhaps inseparable from a work which has so much ground to cover—that less of the narrative were a mere cataloguing of names, and that more of it were given to such full typical expositions as those of Holbein and Dürer.

In a final chapter, on the art of the nineteenth century, Dr. Lübke makes the claim—which seems so preposterous even to the editor that he avails himself of a foot-note to refute it—that in this period Germany takes the lead, and that “it is to her we owe the truly thoughtful and promising regeneration of art.” Mr. Cook, on the contrary, decidedly holds that we owe the revival of art in our own time to France and England. He is not far from right, we think, in estimating that nearly everything that Germany has done in the last hundred years must survive, if it survive at all, as a warning example. We trust he does not mean to include in this, however, the Munich school of the latest date, which has done and is doing some work showing very admirable artistic qualities. The preface to this concluding chapter, aiming to generalize the peculiar conditions and spirit of the time, is an epitome of the elusiveness, in a mass of fair-seeming, philosophic verbi-

age, of which we have complained, and of which we had tried to believe, in escaping it for a time in some of the more satisfactory later sections, we had derived an unjust impression. In four pages it says nothing that can be definitely grasped as a solution. Of the United States, in the review of national conditions in this period, it is only said that it shows an evident leaning towards the German schools, under the leadership of Leutze. The names of Winslow Homer and Wordsworth Thompson,—certainly drawn out of a hat by lot,—it is said, may be added, “and among the numerous landscape painters, Bierstadt, Whittredge, Colman, and Gifford.” That is all, and its absurdity as a concept of our art, without reference to its length, is one of the reduplicated circumstances that put it out of one’s power—with the readiest disposition to do so, as a recognition of the handsome form in which the book is presented by the publishers and the very full and useful notes of the painstaking editor—to commend it as a valuable work for the purpose intended. We are not so far off as ancient Assyria, for instance, and if it be thus difficult to fix the status of the United States, the skeptical person can hardly help being troubled with misgivings about Korsabad and Kujjunjik.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT, AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE political testament of Peter the Great, the true founder of the great Russian Empire, is a unique and remarkable document. It is but little known, except to diplomatists, and is, at the present crisis of the Eastern Question, a key which may furnish a true solution of that complex problem. In this light it possesses a peculiar value, and will naturally claim the earnest attention of every

reader. In the rapid development of public events in the East, Russia is likely to become at any moment the vast, overshadowing despotism of the world. Napoleon I. truly declared, among his last utterances at St. Helena, that Europe in fifty years from that time (1821) would be either republican or Cossack. The revolutions of 1848 enacted the final throes and convulsions of the republican

cause in Europe. Those frantic struggles only proved the weakness of the undisciplined multitude in their effort to cope with crowned heads and standing armies. Numbers succumbed to the superior strength of method and arbitrary power. The struggle has, to some degree, fastened their chains more firmly round the subject peoples. Since that period, kings and emperors have consolidated their power, and all hope of republican triumph is gone. The autocracy of Russia stands forth as the sworn foe to democracy, and is the declared champion of the divine rights of kings and of the omnipotent power of absolutism. The prophecy of the great emperor is about to be realized. Europe, not being republican, will become Cossack. He truly declared, "If Russia gets possession of Constantinople, leaning on the Baltic and the Bosphorus, she will subjugate Europe and Asia to the same yoke." Thus the will of Peter the Great, which here follows, will become an accomplished reality.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

In the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the Great, unto all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

The All-Powerful, from whom we hold our life and our throne, after having revealed unto us his wishes and intentions, and after being our support, permits us to look upon Russia *as called upon to establish her rule over all Europe*. This idea is based upon the fact that all nations of this portion of the globe are fast approaching a state of utter decrepitude.

From this it results that they can be easily conquered by a new race of people when it has attained full power and strength. *We look upon our invasion of the West and the East as a decree of divine Providence*, which has already once regenerated the Roman Empire by an invasion of "barbarians."

The emigration of men from the North is like the inundation of the Nile, which at certain seasons enriches with its waters

the arid plains of Egypt. We found Russia a small rivulet; we leave it an immense river. Our successors will make of it an ocean, destined to fertilize the whole of Europe, if they know how to guide its waves. We leave them, then, the following instructions, which we earnestly recommend to their constant meditation:—

I. To keep the Russian nation in constant warfare, in order always to have good soldiers. Peace must only be permitted to remit the finances. To recruit the army, choose the moment favorable for attack. Thus peace will advance your projects of war, and war those of peace, for obtaining the enlargement and prosperity of Russia.

II. Draw unto you, by all possible means, from the civilized nations of Europe, captains during war and learned men during peace, so that Russia may benefit by the advantages of other nations.

III. Take care to mix in the affairs of all Europe, and in particular of Germany, which being the nearest nation to you deserves your chief attention.

IV. Divide Poland by raising up continual disorders and jealousies within its bosom. Gain over its rulers with gold; influence and corrupt the Diet, in order to have a voice in the election of the kings. Make partisans and protect them; if neighboring powers raise objections and opposition, surmount the obstacles by stirring up discord within their countries.

V. Take all you can from Sweden; and to effect this isolate her from Denmark, and *vice versa*. Be careful to rouse their jealousy.

VI. Marry Russian princes with German princesses; multiply these alliances; unite these interests; and, by the increase of our influence, attach Germany to our cause.

VII. Seek the alliance with England, on account of our commerce, as being the country most useful for the development of our navy (merchants, etc.), and for the exchange of our produce against her gold. Keep up continued communications with her merchants and

sailors, so that ours may acquire experience in commerce and navigation.

VIII. Constantly extend yourselves along the shores of the Baltic and the borders of the Euxine.

IX. Do all in your power to approach closely Constantinople and India. Remember that he who rules over these countries is the real sovereign of the world. Keep up continued wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dock-yards in the Black Sea. Gradually obtain the command of this sea, as well as of the Baltic. This is necessary for the entire success of our projects. Hasten the fall of Persia. Open for yourself a route towards the Persian Gulf. Re-establish, as much as possible, by means of Syria, the ancient commerce of the Levant, and thus advance toward India. Once there, you will not require English gold.

X. Carefully seek the alliance of Austria. Make her believe that you will second her in her projects for dominion over Germany, and secretly stir up other princes against her, and manage so that each be disposed to claim the assistance of Russia; and exercise over each a sort of protection, which will lead the way to future dominion over them.

XI. Make Austria drive the Turks out of Europe, and neutralize her jealousy by offering to her a portion of your conquests, which you will, further on, take back.

XII. Above all, recall around you the schismatic Greeks, who are spread over Hungary and Poland. Become their centre, and support a universal dominion over them by a kind of sacerdotal rule (*autocratie sacerdotale*); by this you will have many friends amongst your enemies.

XIII. Sweden dismembered, Persia conquered, Poland subjugated, Turkey beaten, our armies united, the Black and Baltic seas guarded by our vessels, prepare, separately and secretly, first the court of Versailles, then that of Vienna, to share the empire of the universe with Russia. If one accept, flatter her ambition and *amour-propre*, and make use of one to crush the other by engaging

them in war. The result cannot be doubtful; Russia will be possessed of the whole of the East and of a great portion of Europe.

XIV. If, which is not probable, both should refuse the offer of Russia, raise a quarrel between them, and one which will ruin them both. Then Russia, profiting by this decisive moment, will inundate Germany with the troops which she will have assembled beforehand. At the same time, two fleets full of soldiers will leave the Baltic and the Black Sea, will advance along the Mediterranean and the ocean, keeping France in check with one, and Germany with the other. And these two countries conquered, the remainder of Europe will fall under our yoke.

Thus can Europe be subjugated.

The authenticity of this document seems to be well attested. Its existence has been known long enough to vindicate it from the charge of being a clever fraud of recent origin. The paper is wonderful for its thorough comprehension of the march of leading events in modern and current history, long in advance of their actual occurrence, and for its prophetic insight into the territorial and political destiny of Europe and the world. The original, deposited by Peter among the secret archives of the Russian government, has been preserved with vigilant care and religious reverence as a precious heir-loom to the successors of the testator. Rumors of such a document, preserved as a profound secret by his successors, are of an early date, and even traces of its contents have been found in the writings of historians and diplomatists of the eighteenth century. Its first copy in this country appeared in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, in New York, and was declared to be a true copy of the original, obtained by an *attaché* of the French embassy at St. Petersburg secretly and at great risk and expense. It is there styled "the secret plan of European supremacy, left by Peter the Great to his successors on the Russian throne," recommending a policy they have uniformly pursued, with a view

to the ultimate conquest of Europe and the founding of a universal empire after the manner of Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar. The fruits of this policy, devised with profound sagacity and followed up with untiring energy, are now visible in the wonderful aggrandizement of Russia and her claimed superiority over her contemporaries in Europe in all the elements of strength, territorial extent, population, diplomacy, and power, which, in human estimation, go to make up a nation's grandeur.

Upon one occasion Napoleon, looking into futurity, said to Dr. O'Meara, "In the course of years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to this object. I would not consent, seeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who you may say are Russians. The powers it would injure and who could oppose it are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it would be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominions, reaching near Constantinople. The only hypothesis upon which England and France will ever form an alliance with sincerity will be in order to prevent this; but even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers — which is nothing — and one hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks and others, and England loses India. . . . I think you

will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacks and two hundred thousand real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you [the English], he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him a plan, with instructions in detail. From a port in the Caspian Sea he was to march on to India. Russia must either fall or aggrandize herself."

In still another conversation, O'Meara asked Napoleon if it was true that Alexander once intended to seize Turkey, to which Napoleon replied, "All his thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions together about it. At first, I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the North were already too powerful, and probably, in the course of time, would overwhelm all Europe; and I now think they will. Austria already trembles; Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France, under the present family, is nothing, and the Austrians are so weak that they would be easily overpowered. They will offer little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient. Russia is the more formidable because she will never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier always a soldier; barbarians who, one may say, have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one that gave them birth."

Allan B. Magruder.

THE DREAM FAY.¹

HARK! Am I with the living, or asleep,
Hearing the grass blades grow;
The hush of blossoms opening soft and slow;
The buzzing gnats that secret revel keep;
Honey dropping tranquilly
From the gold cells of the bees,
Buds that on the dreaming trees
A wistful night-wind wakens tenderly;
Bubbles whispering in the grape;
Mystic sighs that find escape
From the earth's o'erladen breast,
Stirred with spring's divine unrest?
Hark! hark! from overhead
The soft stroke of a silver bell
Pulses through the airy spell!
Thrilled with some delicious dread,
I hear a low and joyful song;
Fleet, light footsteps of a throng
To mortal sight invisible;
Tiny laughter of a rill
The mountains from their white breasts spill;
Gentlest kisses that the rose,
Waking from the bud's repose,
Gives the daring butterfly
That lays its deep heart open to the sky.
I hear the breaking icicle;
The music of the thawing frost,
When the wood's light boughs are tossed,
And all their flashing jewels fall.
I hear the dropping of the dew,
Tinkling all the forest through;
And every dancing columbine
Clinks its cups of honeyed wine
With the harebell's goblet blue.
Hark! I hear the bells again.
'Tis the coming fairy train:
Bees are singing in the lime,
Bluebells ringing softest chime.
Sleeping birds that dream and sing,
Every head beneath a wing!
Doleful cricket! gossip fly!
Wake, oh wake! the Queen is nigh!
Every little brooklet's fall
Stir the night with madrigal!
Leaf, and moss, and tiniest flower,
Wake! it is the fairy hour!

¹ Scherzo. *Queen Mab*. Berlioz. Thomas's Orchestra, February 12, 1877.

Hush, hush, it dies away, —
 Beyond the verge of day.
 Broken forever is that spell of power.
 Here is but common clay,
 Lamps, and the crowd's array,
 The tramp of mortal tread.
 That wand hath dropped; those dreams in darkness cower;
 The hour has fled!

• *Rose Terry Cooke.*

ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

FOR seven years past Mr. John Ruskin has published monthly a pamphlet letter addressed to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. In one of the recent numbers of *Fors Clavigera*¹ — as this series of letters is named — he intimates that during these seven years he has been engaged in setting forth principles which are now to have a more manifest declaration in the work of St. George's Company, a society ordered mainly by Mr. Ruskin, who holds the post of master in it. A review of the letters, then, may show what St. George's Company is, and what Mr. Ruskin is so earnest and persistent about. It may show this, but to the casual reader the letters, taken separately, seem desultory and hap-hazard, as if the author merely wrote down what happened to be uppermost in his mind at the time, with no method or thought for what should follow, letting chance carry the key for him. At the end of most of the letters appears a body of notes and correspondence, containing letters from friends and others to the author, with rejoinders and comments, and clippings from current newspapers, all intended to emphasize some point in the *Fors* in hand, or a previous number; accounts current of St. George's Fund or Affairs of the Company, with

copies of Mr. Ruskin's own expense account. Occasional photographic frontispieces from works of art easily beguile one into thinking that he is in the neighborhood of Mr. Ruskin the critic in art.

A still closer examination would disclose discussions of rent, wages, capital, and interest; comments on the Franco-German war and the Paris Commune; inquiries whether bishops really oversee; suggestions as to the proper reading of the Bible; observations upon modern modes of education; a receipt for Yorkshire goose pie; translations from Plato, Marmontel, and a Swiss pastor's pretty story of *The Broom Merchant*; passages from Walter Scott's life; comments on scenes and characters in Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; with many bits of autobiography, and a wide range of minor topics illustrative of the work in hand. One might be pardoned if he failed to see precisely what Mr. Ruskin's aim has been; but Mr. Ruskin would not pardon him, or rather he would waste no concern on the casual reader, for he exacts of his readers the tribute of close attention, and has no wish to tell them anything that they can understand without taking trouble. Meanwhile, he has himself, in two or three passages, summed up the main contents of his letters, and

¹ Mr. Ruskin gives in his second letter a comprehensive interpretation of this title, by which the reader is reminded that *Fors* is the best part of three English words, force, fortitude, fortune, and that *Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer,

or nail-bearer. Each of these three terms being further illustrated by mythology, a body of meaning collects about the phrase which satisfies the reader that no two English words could possibly have served the purpose of the title.

it is quite possible to get from these summaries the outline of his plan so far as it has shaped itself. The reason for writing the letters is the reason for forming *St. George's Company*: it is despair of England as it is, and hope of what it may be if there is only a return to a few simple principles of honor and honesty which prevailed in an older England. These principles he formulates at the close of his second letter:—

To do your own work well, whether it be for life or for death.

To keep other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury.

To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

Honesty, Friendliness, Obedience, — these are the three words by which he seeks to reform England; words easily spoken, we may say, yet wrung bitterly from Carlyle and Ruskin, and frothing a little in Tennyson's *Maud*. Let us see what practical measures our philosopher offers to a people who pride themselves on their practicalness. He tells them that there are three material things essential to life: pure air, water, and earth; three immaterial things alike essential: Admiration, Hope, and Love. They vitiate pure air with foul chemical exhalations, while the horrible nests called towns are little more than laboratories for the distillation into heaven of venomous smokes and smells, mixed with effluvia from decaying animal matter, and infectious miasmata from purulent disease; they have changed every river of England into a common sewer; they have turned their science to the invention of explosive and deathful instead of blossoming and life-giving dust. For the immaterial essential things, instead of admiration they have learned contempt and conceit, instinctively hating the good and destroying it; and for hope the whole spirit is doubting and timid, with no confidence in the future of England; while in place of loving their neighbors as themselves they have founded an entire science of political economy on the basis of a desire to defraud one's neighbor, and have driven woman no longer to ask for love or fellowship, but for justice. So ar-

raigning them he breaks out into this appeal:—

“Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Any of you, Landlords or Tenants, Employers or Workmen?”

“Are there any landlords, any masters, who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils?”

“Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?”

“Will any such give the tenth of what they have and of what they earn, not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with, and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England?”

“I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually — no matter how slowly — to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen, with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

“I do not care with how many or how few this thing is begun, nor on what inconsiderable scale, — if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself, and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions: We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of

creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts or on our own, or in carts or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, — and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we, probably, cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles; butterflies and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us: botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men; nay, even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting at such nativity gifts of gold and frankincense."

In three months after writing this he is able to say definitely that *St. George's Fund*, as he proposes to call it, has been begun by a gift from himself of one thousand pounds; and with this announcement he gives further detail of the plan:

"I will tell you a little more of what we are to do with this money, as it increases.

"First, let whoever gives us any be clear in their minds that it is a Gift. It is not an Investment. It is a frank and

simple gift to the British people; nothing of it is to come back to the giver.

"But also nothing of it is to be lost.

This money is not to be spent in feeding Woolwich infants with gunpowder. It is to be spent in dressing the earth and keeping it, in feeding human lips, in clothing human bodies, in kindling human souls.

"First of all, I say, in dressing the earth. As soon as the fund reaches any sufficient amount, the Trustees shall buy with it any kind of land offered them at just price in Britain: rock, moor, marsh, or sea-shore, — it matters not what, so it be British ground and secured to us.

"Then we will ascertain the absolute best that can be made of every acre. We will first examine what flowers and herbs it naturally bears; every wholesome flower that it will grow shall be sown in its wild places, and every kind of fruit tree that can prosper; and arable and pasture land extended by every expedient of tillage, with humble and simple cottage dwellings under faultless sanitary regulation. Whatever piece of land we begin work upon we shall treat thoroughly at once, putting unlimited manual labor on it, until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower garden: and the laborers shall be paid sufficient, unchanging wages; and their children educated compulsorily in agricultural schools inland, and naval schools by the sea, the indispensable first condition of such education being that the boys learn either to ride or to sail, the girls to spin, weave, and sew, and at a proper age to cook all ordinary food exquisitely; the youth of both sexes to be disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music; and for morality, to be taught gentleness to all brute creatures, finished courtesy to each other, to speak truth with rigid care, and to obey orders with the precision of slaves. Then, as they get older, they are to learn the natural history of the place they live in; to know Latin, boys and girls both, and the history of five cities, — Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. . . . In the history of the five cities I have named they shall learn, so far as

they can understand, what has been beautifully and bravely done; and they shall know the lives of the heroes and heroines in truth and naturalness; and shall be taught to remember the greatest of them on the days of their birth and death, so that the year shall have its full calendar of reverent memory. And on every day part of their morning service shall be a song in honor of the hero whose birthday it is, and part of their evening service a song of triumph for the fair death of one whose deathday it is; and in their first learning of notes they shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing that you mean deeply in the strongest and clearest possible way; and they shall never be taught to sing what they don't mean. They shall be able to sing merrily when they are happy, and earnestly when they are sad; but they shall find no mirth in mockery nor in obscenity; neither shall they waste and profane their hearts with artificial and lascivious sorrow."

One further quotation is desirable, although, as an expansion and more detailed account, it necessarily repeats somewhat the passages already given. It occurs in the first letter of the fourth year.

"The children will be required to attend training-schools for bodily exercise and music, with such other education as I have already described. Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, — some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterwards may increase their library if they choose. The formation of this library for choice, by a republication of classical authors in standard forms, has long been a main object with me. No newspapers, nor any books but those named in the annually renewed lists, are to be allowed in any household. In time I hope to get a journal published containing notice of any really important matters taking place in this or other countries, in the closely sifted truth of them.

"The first essential point in the edu-

cation given to the children will be the habit of instant, finely accurate, and totally unreasoning obedience to their fathers, mothers, and tutors; the same precise and unquestioning submission being required from heads of families to the officers set over them. The second essential will be the understanding of the nature of honor, making the obedience solemn and constant; so that the slightest willful violation of the laws of the society may be regarded as a grave breach of trust, and no less disgraceful than a soldier's recoiling from his place in a battle. . . .

"That it should be left to me to begin such a work, with only one man in England — Thomas Carlyle — to whom I can look for steady guidance, is alike wonderful and sorrowful to me; but as the thing is so, I can only do what seems to me necessary, none else coming forward to do it. For my own part, I entirely hate the whole business; I dislike having either power or responsibility; am ashamed to ask for money, and plagued in spending it. I don't want to talk, nor to write, nor to advise or direct anybody. I am far more provoked at being thought foolish by foolish people than pleased at being thought sensible by sensible people; and the average proportion of the numbers of each is not to my advantage. If I could find any one able to carry on the plan instead of me, I never should trouble myself about it more; and even now it is only with extreme effort and chastisement of my indolence that I go on; but, unless I am struck with palsy, I do not seriously doubt my perseverance, until I find somebody able to take up the matter in the same mind and with a better heart.

"The laws required to be obeyed by the families living on the land will be — with some relaxation and modification, so as to fit them for English people — those of Florence in the fourteenth century. In what additional rules may be adopted I shall follow, for the most part, Bacon or Sir Thomas More, under sanction always of the higher authority which of late the English nation has wholly set its strength to defy, that of the founder

of its religion; nor without due acceptance of what teaching was given to the children of God by their Father before the day of Christ, of which, for present ending, read and attend to these following quiet words." Thereupon follows a passage from the close of the ninth book of Plato's Republic.

In one of his letters, speaking of the doubtfulness which his readers feel of his plan, from its lack of definiteness, Mr. Ruskin says paradoxically that to define it severely would be to falsify it, and that he is wrong even in speaking of it as a plan or scheme at all. "It is only a method of uniting the force of all good plans and wise schemes; it is a principle and tendency, like the law of form in a crystal; not a plan." Accordingly the idea of the company grows with its palpable proportions. For the ordering of it there is to be a master; members, styled companions, who give money or lands, and are enrolled with due solemnity; and tenants and laborers, styled retainers. As a part of the general purpose a museum has been formed at Sheffield: the beginning has been made of a collection of classics, including thus far *The Economist of Xenophon* and *Rock Honeycomb*, or *Broken Pieces of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter*; ¹ and a series of photographs, four thus far (*Madonna by Filippo*, the *Etruscan Leucothea*, *Madonna by Titian*, and *Infanta Margaret by Velasquez*), have been issued for study and admiration in the homes of companions and retainers. Of the financial operations of *St. George's Company* the briefest statement is in this: that a debt is a crime, and store a duty; the store "to be primarily of food, next of materials for clothing and covert, next of books and works of art, — food, clothes, books, and works of art all being good, and every poisonous condition of any of them destroyed. . . . The most simply measurable part of the store of food and clothing will be the basis of the currency, which will be thus consti-

tuted. The standard of value will be a given weight or measure of grain, wine, wool, silk, flax, wood, and marble; all answered for by the government as of fine and pure quality, variable only within narrow limits. The grain will be either wheat, oats, barley, rice, or maize; the wine of pure vintage, and not less than ten years old; the wool, silk, and flax of such standard as can be secured in constancy; the wood, seasoned oak and pine, and for fuel in log and fagot, with finest wood and marble for sculpture. The penny's worth, florin's worth, and hundred ducats' worth of each of these articles will be a given weight or measure of them, the penny roll of our present breakfast table furnishing some notion of what, practically, the grain standard will become. . . . Of these articles the government will always have in its possession as much as may meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. That is to say, when it has a million in circulation, the million's worth of solid property must be in its storehouses; as much more as it can gather, of course, but never less." Regulations follow as to coinage, markets, dress, and ornament, all inspired by the same purpose to secure entire honesty, public and private; to regard strictly the natural differences of rank, as indicated by the different gifts to men; and to make life orderly, decent, and beautiful. Finally, this creed or vow, written and signed by every person received into *St. George's Company*, may be taken as the spiritual pledge of the new crusade against corrupt England.

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties,

Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and St. John the Divine, these last not always being complete works, but representing the purest theological truth hitherto known to the Jews, Greeks, Latins, Italians, and English.

¹ Other books promised are *Gotthelf's Ulric the Farm Servant*; a historical work, enigmatically stated as "relating the chief decision of Atropos respecting the fate of England after the Conquest;" the lives and writings of Moses, David, Hesiod,

the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot will act as if I did.

III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread, and all that my hand finds to do I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience which I render to the laws of my country and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received, and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

The information given in Fors Clavigera of the actual working of the company is slight. In April, 1877, the statement is made that a few of the Sheffield

workingmen, influenced by St. George's notions, asked permission to rent some ground from the company, whereon to spend what spare hours they had in useful labor. Thirteen acres had accordingly been purchased for this purpose, and let out to the workman at a rental of three per cent. on the cost; a little piece of England, Mr. Ruskin says, given into the English workman's hands, and Heaven's. Then, work having been organized at Abbey Dale, a possession of the company, Mr. Ruskin says, very characteristically, in Fors for November, 1877, that he had been greatly concerned by the difficulties attending this first venture; "the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is, of course, that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority; it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there."

Interesting as the history of a single case might be, with its practical difficulties, "attributable to very little and very ridiculous things," no such history is of course possible when the experiment has only just been placed on trial. But the experiment has had seven years of preliminary discussion and theoretical development, and it cannot be said that the plan of the company has been presented in altogether vague outline. Nothing could well be more definite than certain of the passages cited above; and though the vow taken by the companions is, with the exception of the last clause, possible to any right-minded man or woman, it is very evident that St. George's Company does not intend a Utopia but a Kalotopia. Enough, I think, has been taken from Mr. Ruskin's words to make clear the meaning which I read in the whole project. It is a protest against corruption of life, public and private, in England, thrown into visible shape by

the formation of an England within an England. The miniature state, whose order has been outlined, contains, it will be noted, all the functions of a state except what refers to international relations; and that offered now could only serve to throw an air of insincerity over the whole scheme.¹ In this state of St. George there is a fixed standard of exchange among the members, coinage is provided for, the wants of the body and soul are held to be the field for governmental administration, a system of laws including sumptuary provisions is rigidly studied and enforced by moral sanctions, and the life of the citizens is regulated by principles discovered in the history of the wisest states and the writings of the wisest men. Mr. Ruskin sees a decadence in English life since the coming in of the Stuart line, apparently, and looks upon the introduction of steam power, with the accompanying exchange of rural for urban life, as the most powerful impulse upon the downward road. He would restore England piece by piece, by reconstructing within her limits communities which should be visible records of a possible England, — an England where lords and squires recovered the rights and duties indicated by their names, and where a contented peasantry lived honorable lives; where art might be possible in a land no longer resting under the smoke cloud of innumerable factories, and where religion should be neither blind idolatry of a book nor sleek conformity to concealed worldliness. That kings and all leaders should prove their title by the service which they do; that every man should live by the labor of his hands, and not by the labor of other men who support him in idleness; that the weak, the poor, and the suffering should be a holy charge upon the strong, the rich, and the healthy, — these are cardinal points of his belief. What his own conception of the working of his design is may best be learned from the page with which he concludes the fifty-eighth number of *Fors Clavigera*, the number containing the fullest exposition: —

“The ultimate success or failure of the design will not in the least depend on the terms of our constitution, but on the quantity of living honesty and pity which can be found, to be constituted. If there is not material enough out of which to choose companions, or energy enough in the companions chosen to fill the chain-mail of all terms and forms with living power, the scheme will be choked by its first practical difficulties; and it matters little what becomes of the very small property its promoters are ever likely to handle. If, on the contrary, as I believe, there be yet honesty and sense enough left in England to nourish the effort, from its narrow source there will soon develop itself a vast policy, of which neither I nor any one else can foresee the issue, far less verbally or legally limit it, but in which, broadly, by the carrying out of the primally accepted laws of obedience and economy, the master and marshals will become the ministry of the state, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such change of its laws as from time to time may be found needful; the landlords will be the resident administrators of its lands and immediate directors of all labor, its captains in war and magistrates in peace; the tenants will constitute its agricultural and military force, having such domestic and acquisitive independence as may be consistent with patriotic and kindly fellowship; and the artists, schoolmen, tradesmen and inferior laborers will form a body of honorably paid retainers, undisturbed in their duty by any chance or care relating to their means of subsistence.”

It would be an easy matter to turn into ridicule the whole scheme, and to cover with laughter the man who propounds it. Most persons will dismiss it with the term *quixotic*, and those who really know what *quixotic* means will not much quarrel with the term; for the whole plan springs from the keenest sense of evil rampant, and the honest desire to break a lance in destruction of it. Is

¹ It will be obvious to the reader that in case of war St. George's Company could have recourse, on

its principles, only to bows and arrows, swords and javelins

he, by his own confession, "old, tired, and very ill-natured"? I answer that no man can make his profound sense of human misery and wrongness lead him to the jeered-at task of feeling with his own hands for the root of it, that he may pluck it up if possible, without thereby proving his earnestness and the reality of his conviction. In the midst of scoffing England, bidding him keep to the fine arts and let political economy alone, pitied by the weaker sort and held by some to be an eccentric visionary, he holds firmly to his resolve, and at times seems to cling to it to save himself from making shipwreck altogether of hope.

A fair comparison might be made between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. W. R. Greg, who takes the attitude of Cassandra in his prophecy of England's decline.¹ In Mr. Greg's opinion the three national dangers are: I. The political supremacy of the lower classes. II. The approaching industrial decline of England. III. The divorce of the Intelligence of the country from its Religion. Mr. Ruskin might formulate his conception of England's fall under three similar heads: I. The abrogation of duties by the upper classes. II. The increasing poverty of the country through the enriching of a few. III. The divorce of faith from works, and the loss of the meaning of religion as summed up in the word obedience. With Mr. Greg the taking of representation out of the hands of the propertied class and putting it into the hands of the wage-receiving class is in itself a political revolution, the end of which is not yet, and the only remedy which he sees possible is in gradually transmuting this class into capitalists, summing his philosophy in the sentence, "Political power lies naturally with Intellect and Property, and what God has joined man cannot put asunder with impunity." With Mr. Ruskin, the position is taken that in human nature itself is an eternal division into leaders and led, masters and servants; that when the lords of Great Britain are true to their name, and the ladies are loaf-givers, the present blind

attempts to set the pyramid of society on its apex will cease, and he will be found ruling who makes himself a servant of all. Mr. Greg sees in the near approach to the exhaustion of cheap coal the doom of British industry; and, while he recognizes in the deterioration of skilled labor a moral cause of decline, it is evident that the weight of the difficulty in his mind is economic. From this calamity of the loss of the world's market he finds no escape, and looks to emigration as but a partial relief from an overburdening population, since it is the able-bodied who will go, the weak and inefficient who will stay. Mr. Ruskin sees in the whole course of modern trade a gigantic evil, resulting in a selfishness which makes every one eager to get rich through an injury to his neighbor, and in an economic falsehood which makes a national debt a national blessing instead of a national curse; he rests the strength of England in the toil of its laborers, and holds that these are robbed of their rightful earning of food, clothing, and shelter. He would find a return to contentment and peace in a return to manual labor, in honesty of living, and in the ignobility of luxury. For the third national danger of England, Mr. Greg finds that skepticism of the national creed is rapidly permeating all classes, and dissolving those bonds of spiritual life which are essential to a nation's well-being; and the only escape which he discovers is in the gradual reconstruction, by the intelligence which has thrown down, of a new and more credible faith. His divorce of intelligence from religion is to be followed by a new marriage of intelligence with certain dim aspirations, in the hope that religion will be the offspring. Mr. Ruskin, believing that religion is submission to God and his laws, and is discovered by a life of fruitful obedience, is not much concerned about the skepticism which questions a formal theology, but takes greatly to heart the presence of a show of religion which is divorced from morality, and the submission to the decrees of such false gods as he sees worshiped in London and Manchester, while he knows no way of escape

¹ See *Rocks Ahead; or the Warnings of Cassandra.* By W. R. Greg.

from this but such as an old prophet might declare to a recreant Israel. The difference in position between the two men is the difference between a man who speculates with great sagacity upon the state of England, and finds a certain intellectual satisfaction in the inevitability of his reasoning, and a man whose insight is so charged with morality that he is compelled to turn away from the things he most enjoys to some visible lifting of the burden, taking up the task lest he should go mad. There is not, there never can be, a test of sincerity but the plain one of doing; and Mr. Ruskin, though he has been crying passionately that the axe is laid at the root of the tree, seems to turn, almost with scorn at his own ineffectual words, to take up the axe himself, striking a blow with a force which is rather nervous than muscular.

The eloquence of this writer, and the almost painful precision of his style, — by which he is constantly trying to make his words carry more freight than they ever bore, — his zeal, and the largeness of his intellectual sympathy, carry the reader over many doubtful stretches of logic, and make the entire scheme of *St. George's Company* assume an ideal perfectness of proportion and a grace of being which fill the eye as a poetic structure. One is permitted to draw from all sources, ancient and modern, as he gradually conceives the image: he hears the Tyrolese peasant sing like a robin; he watches the wife of *Ischomachus* ordering her household; he listens in turn to two Chelsea magi, separate by three hundred years and more; he catches a glimpse of Sir John Hawkwood and his white knights; and the dress and coins make Italy and England melt into one. Charge this picture with a profound moral meaning; believe in it as the harbinger of a new England, not found by crossing the seas, but by a moral cataclysm of the England of the *London Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it is possible that any embodiment in human kind and environment in English fields would catch some of this light that never was on sea or land. But a disillusioniz-

ing might take place if one were to look closely at some companion piece, not invested with the charm of literature, or flooded by any historic light. There is a grotesque likeness to *St. George's Company* in any one of the so-called Shaker families, to be found scattered about our New England States, and in some Western places. Here one may see the bare prose into which the loveliest of idyls has been turned. I happened to be spending a summer in the immediate neighborhood of one of these villages, and *Fors Clavigera* coming to me each month I was not slow to place it in the hands of the leader, nor greatly surprised to find it at once accepted as a grateful statement of many articles of the Shaker faith, and read aloud in the gatherings of the brothers and sisters. The keen analysis of usury which I listened to at the Sunday meeting was as final as in Mr. Ruskin's pages; the return to nature as the saviour of humanity was the central doctrine of the Shaker life; the broad farms were the manifest declaration of that redemption of the soil which forms an article in *St. George's* creed. Here was no debt, but only store; steam played no part, but human labor or the action of wind and water were the factors of industry; the looms, it is true, were idle, but the higher-minded looked at this as a loss and decay of the Shaker mind; perfectness of work and economy of resources were still regarded as religious duties.

That this life had done much to lift the human nature which tried it, and was itself tried by it, the honest observer could not doubt; but if he measured it by the test of Moses, David, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and *St. John the Divine*, he was compelled to admit that the Shakers had not solved the problem of living, and he even suspected that the spiritual exaltation which found expression in rhythmic procession and rude music could not suffice to deliver the company from the suspicion of being worldly-minded after all, and of looking upon their apple-trees and blackberry-vines with not altogether an ancient Hebraic sentiment. There are differences,

to be sure, as well as likenesses to be noted in the two societies. In the Shaker family, there is the mildest possible form of hierarchy, and a homely approach to the Quaker principles of pure democracy; in *St. George's Company*, there is the fullest recognition of ranks and orders; in both, education is jealously guarded, but the Shaker family knows nothing of that choiceness of wisdom and example which the founder of *St. George's Company* offers in place of current literature and science. Yet the fatal error attaches to both, that with all their professions of trust in human nature the societies are founded on a practical distrust. Is human nature so poor a thing that it can be hedged about and its processes predetermined by such inflexible organizations as these? The assumption in each case is that men are children, and will continue such, and growth must constantly "put out" the well-ordered schemes. An observer of the Shaker families perceives how uneasily the women and elders watch the boys and girls who stand on the brink of conscious manhood and womanhood, and with what frequent pain they see them bid adieu to the family just when they give promise of becoming pillars to support it. *St. George's Company*, too, inevitably recalls the institution of slavery in our own country: the ideal excellence of that order was in the careless, child-like condition of the slaves, the protecting, determining government of the masters, with their chivalrous education and generous life. Yet somehow this relation was constantly disproved by the ungrateful disappearance of slaves and the unchivalric conduct of masters. The ideal *St. George* pins the dragon with his lance, but Mr. Ruskin's *St. George* sometimes appears to be armed with a fork, vainly endeavoring to expel, not a dragon, but Nature herself.

It must be said, too, that in their organization both of these societies are fragments — and not constituents — of a body politic. The Shakers are witnesses, as they believe, to a future state of single blessedness, and by an irresistible logic they have no part in the family

or the state which God created. *St. George's Company* is a protest against a corrupt England; it mimics a greater state, and it has partial foundations in its trust in God and in the nobleness of human nature, but it is not founded in the whole nature of man; its integrity could only be preserved by isolation, and shut up within itself it would die of exhaustion. By a divine paradox it could only perpetuate itself by destroying itself in the larger life of the nation. Mr. Ruskin is building an ark against the deluge to come, and we are all laughing him to scorn. That is one way of regarding it. But it is quite possible for students of history and of revelation to believe that nations have their holy life, which is unbroken though a prophet may lodge in a cave and complain that he only is left, when altars are thrown down and a covenant forsaken. There is that in Mr. Ruskin's despair which is heroic; there is that also which is childish. With an exquisiteness of artistic sense, the power to perceive subtle harmonies of life and the capacity for irritation at ignoble discords go together; with a tremulous moral nature, inflexibly true in direction, there is joined a mind so persistently critical that the whole nature seems racked with the constant trial of cases of conscience. He has no rest from this labor of judgment, and one is puzzled at the double feeling with which one approaches him, — of reverence for his nobility of genius, and of gentle pity for his distraction. He is Hamlet the Englishman.

There are few pages in *Fors Clavigera*, for the reader on this side of the Atlantic, more moving and more lovely in their way than those given to Mr. Ruskin's autobiographic sketches. I should not wish to touch them in the way even of bringing them together into a connected narrative. Occurring as they do at intervals, they break in upon the discourse with delightful force, and certainly help a stranger to understand something of the author's training and vicissitudes of life. In one number there is a touching paragraph called out by a lively, half-irritable letter from a lady who feels the

force of Mr. Ruskin's pressure upon her conscience sufficiently to lead her to make excuses. Among other words she declares that she is willing to join the company when Mr. Ruskin himself does. "It seems to me," she says smartly, "that the first duty any one owes to his country is to live in it. I go farther, and maintain that every one is bound to have a home and live in that. Where is your house and your garden?" Then she reproaches him for wandering away to lovely places in England or on the Continent, while she stays at home a household drudge. To all this Mr. Ruskin replies with the melancholy words:—

"She tells me, first, that I have not joined the St. George's Company, because I have no home. It is too true. But that is because my father and mother and nurse are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying; and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember all of them was rendered physically uninhabitable to me by the violence of my neighbors,—that is to say, by their destroying the fields I needed to think in, and the light I needed to work by. Nevertheless, I have under these conditions done the best thing possible to me,—bought a piece of land on which I could live in peace; and on that land, wild when I bought it, have already made not only one garden, but two, to match against my correspondent's; nor that without help from children, who, though not mine, have been cared for as if they were."

In somewhat other terms he lays claim to the name of gentleman. "It is quite possible for the simplest workman or laborer for whom I write to understand what the feelings of a gentleman are, and share them if he will; but the crisis and horror of this present time are that its desire of money and the fullness of luxury dishonestly attainable by common persons are gradually making churls of all men, and the nobler passions are not merely disbelieved, but even the conception of them seems ludicrous to the impotent churl mind; so that—to take only so poor an instance of them as

my own life—because I have passed it in alms-giving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood-walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil, therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks of the 'effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.'"

The series of *Fors Clavigera*, as I have said, has mainly to do with the ordering of St. George's Company; but as that company is not, in Mr. Ruskin's intention, an arbitrary or wholly isolated guild, having peculiar laws and customs inapplicable to simple people elsewhere, in England or out of it, the explication of the principles at its foundation is broad and variously suggestive. From the wide range of his reading in literature, art, history, and religion, the author has gathered a remarkable store of wisdom and generous example. His running commentary, for example, on Sir Walter Scott's life, character, and work is full of fine interpretative power; his readings from Plato, from Sir Philip Sidney, from Marmontel, his inquiry into Biblical meanings, are of quite unusual force, provoking the student to fresh examination of familiar words; and nothing wiser, respecting the education of girls, has been written in this generation of school-masters and school-mistresses than the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth letters.¹ No fair-minded reader can study this extraor-

¹ Reprinted in separate form as *Letter to Young Girls*.

inary series without finding his mind quickened as to the application of eternal principles to the conditions of present civilization. That he will recoil from some of Mr. Ruskin's conclusions is inevitable, partly from his own unpreparedness, partly from a mental waywardness characteristic of the writer; but he will never find concession to falsehood or infidelity to truth.

To us on this side of the Atlantic the letters come shorn of some immediate force by reason of the different conditions of life here, but with an added weight by reason of a possibly wider application. That is to say, the conditions of life in England which have wrung the letters and the resolution from Mr. Ruskin are not as yet reproduced here; we have tendencies toward what he regards as fixed facts in England. The larger breathing space, the truer respect for law, the firmer establishment of a liberty that cannot choose evil, the wider charity, and above all the freer hope, which I believe to be inherent in American life, — these elements make us look with some wonder upon the picture which he draws of English misery. Nor are the principles laid down in *Fors Clavigera* so foreign from habits of thought familiar to Americans. The despotism of trade and the selfishness of a cruel competition have not yet degraded the common mind here to so great an extent as in England, and the difference in training which the American and English public mind receives renders the American more receptive of classic and generous ideas. An American traveling, for instance, in England might easily accept Mr. Ruskin's measure of Englishmen, accounting for what might seem extravagance by the better knowledge which a resident must have, but himself discovering the existence of the same evil in a less portentous form. On his return to his own country he would not be less aware of the incompleteness of the national character, but he would at once acknowledge joyfully that he had come to a land of larger hope and brighter skies.

Still, to us who have not the frequent opportunity of making these man-

ifest comparisons, many of Mr. Ruskin's strictures upon modern civilization strike with real force by the suggestion they have of evils immediate and visibly present. For my own part I can see processes going on in the neighborhood of our great cities entirely answering to the severest of his denunciations. It is not difficult to discover the beginning of evil which it will be a weary work hereafter to overturn. To take the nearest example, the river Charles, offering small inducements to great commercial enterprises, ought to be the silver thread, shining with its lovely windings, all through a district rapidly growing in population. Efforts are making, against strong currents, to preserve this precious stream. Yet see what one or two men can do to destroy its beauty! Not far from the seat of the University, the river makes a turn around a tongue of land, and flows past what was once a lovely piece of river-bank. The ground rose in a little bluff overhanging the marshy rim of the water, and then sloped away from the river, having on its highest point little clumps of fir-trees. It was bought as a speculation, the trees cut down, the hill leveled, great gashes made in the slopes, and now what might always have been a delight to the eye is a level piece of gravel, with scarcely a sign of vegetation. The gravel, I am told, was sold for more than the land cost, and the owners have been complimented on their prudence and sagacity; but no arithmetical calculation can estimate the loss which I and many more have suffered who used to cross the bridge at that point, climb over the little knoll, watch the river at our feet, and walk down the grassy slope. Now, as I stroll along the bank, further up, and see the broad meadows which skirt the river, I think that something remains, for these meadows, covered with water at high tide, are as yet unprofitable to the speculator. But I have the dread of seeing in my paper, some day, a polite paragraph upon some enterprising land company which proposes to utilize the flats by making them the place of amphibious manufactories, belching forth smoke, and

fouling the river with their chemical waste. I doubt not that there are many timid people like myself, who find it hard to look on and see our cities spreading desolation about them. To such I commend these letters of Mr. Ruskin; at least they speak our thoughts with a consolatory vengeance. For weightier reasons, it could be wished that letters so irritating as these to a comfortable nature, so stimulating to all who would measure the thoughts of the time by no-

ble standards, might be more generally known and studied. They have been caught at here and there by foolish people, eager only to find high authority for their own crude notions respecting labor, and the half-concealed truths in them distorted for partisan ends; they merit wider recognition and more fruitful application. If there are vagaries in them, these will be discovered and lightly dismissed only by those capable of discovering the enduring thoughts.

H. E. Scudder.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

OLD neighbor, for how many a year
The same horizon, stretching here,
Has held us in its happy bound
From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
How many a wave-washed day we've seen
Above that low horizon lean,
And marked within the Merrimack
The self-same sunset reddening back,
Or in the Powow's shining stream,
That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody gloom
Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom;
Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow length,
With the great breakers measure strength;
Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
The lily on her painted tides, —
There's naught in the enchanted view
That does not seem a part of you:
Your legends hang on every hill,
Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
Are all the mighty meadow floors
Where the long Hampton levels lie
Alone between the sea and sky.
Sweeter in Follymill shall blow
The Mayflowers, that you loved them so;
Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
Toss to their measure in your lines;
And purpler gleam old Appledore,
Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to meet
The storms that fawn about her feet,
The summer evening linger late
In many-rivered Stackyard-Gate,
When we, when all your people here,
Have fled. But, like the atmosphere,
You still the region shall surround,
The spirit of the sacred ground,
Though you have risen, as mounts the star,
Into horizons vaster far!

THE EUROPEANS.

I.

A NARROW grave-yard in the heart of a bustling, indifferent city, seen from the windows of a gloomy-looking inn, is at no time an object of enlivening suggestion; and the spectacle is not at its best when the moldy tombstones and funereal umbrage have received the ineffectual refreshment of a dull, moist snow-fall. If, while the air is thickened by this frosty drizzle, the calendar should happen to indicate that the blessed vernal season is already six weeks old, it will be admitted that no depressing influence is absent from the scene. This fact was keenly felt on a certain 12th of May, twenty years since, by a lady who stood looking out of one of the windows of the best hotel in the ancient city of Boston. She had stood there for half an hour, — stood there, that is, at intervals; for from time to time she turned back into the room and measured its length with a restless step. In the chimney-place was a red-hot fire, which emitted a small blue flame; and in front of the fire, at a table, sat a young man who was busily plying a pencil. He had a number of sheets of paper cut into small equal squares, and he was apparently covering them with pictorial designs, — strange-looking figures. He worked rapidly and attentively, sometimes threw

back his head and held out his drawing at arms-length, and kept up a soft, gay-sounding humming and whistling. The lady brushed past him in her walk; her much-trimmed skirts were voluminous. She never dropped her eyes upon his work; she only turned them, occasionally, as she passed, to a mirror suspended above a toilet-table on the other side of the room. Here she paused a moment, gave a pinch to her waist with her two hands, or raised these members — they were very plump and pretty — to the multifold braids of her hair, with a movement half caressing, half corrective. An attentive observer might have fancied that during these periods of desultory self-inspection her face forgot its melancholy; but as soon as she neared the window again it began to proclaim that she was a very ill-pleased woman. And indeed in what met her eyes there was little to be pleased with. The window-panes were battered by the sleet; the head-stones in the grave-yard beneath seemed to be holding themselves askance to keep it out of their faces. A tall iron railing protected them from the street, and on the other side of the railing an assemblage of Bostonians were trampling about in the liquid snow. Many of them were looking up and down; they appeared to be waiting for something. From time to time a strange vehicle drew near to the

place where they stood, — such a vehicle as the lady at the window, in spite of a considerable acquaintance with human invention, had never seen before: a huge, low omnibus, painted in brilliant colors, and decorated, apparently, with jangling bells, attached to a species of groove in the pavement, through which it was dragged, with a great deal of rumbling, bouncing, and scratching, by a couple of remarkably small horses. When it reached a certain point the people in front of the grave-yard, of whom much the greater number were women, carrying satchels and parcels, projected themselves upon it in a compact body, — a movement suggesting the scramble for places in a life-boat at sea, — and were engulfed in its large interior. Then the life-boat — or the life-car, as the lady at the window of the hotel vaguely designated it — went bumping and jingling away upon its invisible wheels, with the helmsman (the man at the wheel) guiding its course incongruously from the prow. This phenomenon was repeated every three minutes, and the supply of eagerly-moving women in cloaks, bearing reticules and bundles, renewed itself in the most liberal manner. On the other side of the grave-yard was a row of small red brick houses, showing a series of homely, domestic-looking backs; at the end opposite the hotel a tall wooden church-spire, painted white, rose high into the vagueness of the snow-flakes. The lady at the window looked at it for some time; for reasons of her own she thought it the ugliest thing she had ever seen. She hated it, she despised it; it threw her into a state of irritation that was quite out of proportion to any sensible motive. She had never known herself to care so much about church-spires.

She was not pretty; but even when it expressed perplexed irritation her face was most interesting and agreeable. Neither was she in her first youth; yet, though slender, with a great deal of extremely well-fashioned roundness of contour, — a suggestion, in her figure, both of maturity and flexibility, — she carried her three and thirty years as a light-wristed Hebe might have carried a brim-

ming wine-cup. Her complexion was fatigued, as the French say; her mouth was large, her lips too full, her teeth uneven, her chin rather commonly modeled; she had a thick nose, and when she smiled — she was constantly smiling — the lines beside it rose too high, toward her eyes. But these eyes were charming: gray in color, brilliant, quickly glancing, gently resting, full of intelligence. Her forehead was very low, — it was her only handsome feature; and she had a great abundance of crisp dark hair, finely frizzled, which was always braided in a manner that suggested some Southern or Eastern, some remotely foreign woman. She had a large collection of ear-rings, and wore them in alternation; and they seemed to give a point to her Oriental or exotic aspect. A compliment had once been paid her, which, being repeated to her, gave her greater pleasure than anything she had ever heard. “A pretty woman?” some one had said. “Why, her features are very bad.” “I don’t know about her features,” a very discerning observer had answered; “but she carries her head like a pretty woman.” You may imagine whether, after this, she carried her head less becomingly.

She turned away from the window at last, pressing her hands to her eyes. “It’s too horrible!” she exclaimed. “I shall go back — I shall go back!” And she flung herself into a chair before the fire.

“Wait a little, dear child,” said the young man softly, sketching away at his little scraps of paper.

The lady put out her foot; it was very small, and there was an immense rosette on her slipper. She fixed her eyes for a while on this ornament, and then she looked at the glowing bed of anthracite coal in the grate. “Did you ever see anything so hideous as that fire?” she demanded. “Did you ever see anything so — so *affreux* as — as everything?” She spoke English with perfect purity; but she brought out this French epithet in a manner that indicated that she was accustomed to using French epithets.

“I think the fire is very pretty,” said

the young man, glancing at it a moment. "Those little blue tongues, dancing on top of the crimson embers, are extremely picturesque. They are like a fire in an alchemist's laboratory."

"You are too good-natured, my dear," his companion declared.

The young man held out one of his drawings, with his head on one side. His tongue was gently moving along his under-lip. "Good natured — yes. Too good-natured — no."

"You are irritating," said the lady, looking at her slipper.

He began to retouch his sketch. "I think you mean simply that you are irritated."

"Ah, for that, yes!" said his companion, with a little bitter laugh. "It's the darkest day of my life, — and you know what that means."

"Wait till to-morrow," rejoined the young man.

"Yes, we have made a great mistake. If there is any doubt about it to-day, there certainly will be none to-morrow. Ce sera clair, au moins!"

The young man was silent a few moments, driving his pencil. Then at last, "There are no such things as mistakes," he affirmed.

"Very true, — for those who are not clever enough to perceive them. Not to recognize one's mistakes, — that would be happiness in life," the lady went on, still looking at her pretty foot.

"My dearest sister," said the young man, always intent upon his drawing, "it's the first time you have told me I am not clever."

"Well, by your own theory I can't call it a mistake," answered his sister, pertinently enough.

The young man gave a clear, fresh laugh. "You, at least, are clever enough, dearest sister," he said.

"I was not so when I proposed this."

"Was it you who proposed it?" asked her brother.

She turned her head and gave him a little stare. "Do you desire the credit of it?"

"If you like, I will take the blame," he said, looking up with a smile.

"Yes," she rejoined in a moment, "you make no difference in these things. You have no sense of property."

The young man gave his joyous laugh again. "If that means I have no property, you are right!"

"Don't joke about your poverty," said his sister. "That is quite as vulgar as to boast about it."

"My poverty! I have just finished a drawing that will bring me fifty francs!"

"*Voyons*," said the lady, putting out her hand.

He added a touch or two, and then gave her his sketch. She looked at it, but she went on with her idea of a moment before. "If a woman were to ask you to marry her you would say, 'Certainly, my dear, with pleasure!' And you would marry her, and be ridiculously happy. Then at the end of three months you would say to her, 'You know that blissful day when I begged you to be mine!'"

The young man had risen from the table, stretching his arms a little; he walked to the window. "That's a description of a charming nature," he said.

"Oh, yes, you have a charming nature; I regard that as our capital. If I had not been convinced of that I should never have taken the risk of bringing you to this dreadful country."

"This comical country! this delightful country!" exclaimed the young man, and he broke into the most animated laughter.

"Is it those women scrambling into the omnibus?" asked his companion. "What do you suppose is the attraction?"

"I suppose there is a very good-looking man inside," said the young man.

"In each of them? They come along in hundreds, and the men in this country don't seem at all handsome. As for the women — I have never seen so many at once since I left the convent."

"The women are very pretty," her brother declared, "and the whole affair is very amusing. I must make a sketch of it." And he came back to the table quickly, and picked up his utensils, — a

small sketching-board, a sheet of paper, and three or four crayons. He took his place at the window with these things, and stood there glancing out, plying his pencil with an air of easy skill. While he worked he wore a brilliant smile. Brilliant is indeed the word at this moment for his strongly-lighted face. He was eight and twenty years old; he had a short, slight, well-made figure. Though he bore a noticeable resemblance to his sister, he was a better favored person: fair-haired, clear-faced, witty-looking, with a delicate finish of feature and an expression at once urbane and not at all serious, a warm blue eye, an eyebrow finely drawn and excessively arched, — an eyebrow which, if ladies wrote sonnets to those of their lovers, might have been made the subject of such a piece of verse, — and a light mustache that flourished upwards as if blown that way by the breath of a constant smile. There was something in his physiognomy at once benevolent and picturesque. But, as I have hinted, it was not at all serious. The young man's face was, in this respect, singular; it was not at all serious, and yet it inspired the liveliest confidence.

"Be sure you put in plenty of snow," said his sister. "*Bonté divine*, what a climate!"

"I shall have the sketch all white, and I shall put in the little figures in black," the young man answered, laughing. "And I shall call it — what is that line in Keats? — *Mid-May's Eldest Child*!"

"I don't remember," said the lady, "that mamma ever told me it was like this."

"Mamma never told you anything disagreeable. And it's not like this — every day. You will see that to-morrow we shall have a splendid day."

"*Qu'en savez-vous?* To-morrow I shall go away."

"Where shall you go?"

"Anywhere away from here. Back to Silberstadt. I shall write to the reigning prince."

The young man turned a little and looked at her, with his crayon poised.

"My dear Eugenia," he murmured, "were you so happy at sea?"

Eugenia got up; she still held in her hand the drawing her brother had given her. It was a bold, expressive sketch of a group of miserable people on the deck of a steamer, clinging together and clutching at each other, while the vessel lurched downward, at a terrific angle, into the hollow of a wave. It was extremely clever, and full of a sort of tragicomical power. Eugenia dropped her eyes upon it and made a sad grimace. "How can you draw such odious scenes?" she asked. "I should like to throw it into the fire!" And she tossed the paper away. Her brother watched, quietly, to see where it went. It fluttered down to the floor, where he let it lie. She came toward the window, pinching in her waist. "Why don't you reproach me — abuse me?" she asked. "I think I should feel better then. Why don't you tell me that you hate me for bringing you here?"

"Because you would n't believe it. I adore you, dear sister! I am delighted to be here, and I am charmed with the prospect."

"I don't know what had taken possession of me. I had lost my head," Eugenia went on.

The young man, on his side, went on plying his pencil. "It's evidently a most curious and interesting country. Here we are, and I mean to enjoy it."

His companion turned away with an impatient step, but presently came back. "High spirits are doubtless an excellent thing," she said; "but you give one too much of them, and I can't see that they have done you any good."

The young man stared, with lifted eyebrows, smiling; he tapped his handsome nose with his pencil. "They have made me happy!"

"That was the least they could do; they have made you nothing else. You have gone through life thanking fortune for such very small favors that she has never put herself to any trouble for you."

"She must have put herself to a little, I think, to present me with so admirable a sister."

"Be serious, Felix. You forget that I am your elder."

"With a sister, then, so elderly!" rejoined Felix, laughing. "I hoped we had left seriousness in Europe."

"I fancy you will find it here. Remember that you are nearly thirty years old, and that you are nothing but an obscure Bohemian, — a penniless correspondent of an illustrated paper."

"Obscure as much as you please, but not so much of a Bohemian as you think. And not at all penniless! I have a hundred pounds in my pocket; I have an engagement to make fifty sketches, and I mean to paint the portraits of all our cousins, and of all *their* cousins, at a hundred dollars a head."

"You are not ambitious," said Eugenia.

"You are, dear baroness," the young man replied.

The baroness was silent a moment, looking out at the sleet-darkened graveyard and the bumping horse-cars. "Yes, I am ambitious," she said at last. "And my ambition has brought me to this dreadful place!" She glanced about her; the room had a certain vulgar nudity, the bed and the window were curtainless, and she gave a little passionate sigh. "Poor old ambition!" she exclaimed. Then she flung herself down upon a sofa which stood near against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

Her brother went on with his drawing, rapidly and skillfully; and after some moments he sat down beside her and showed her his sketch. "Now, don't you think that's pretty good for an obscure Bohemian?" he asked. "I have knocked off another fifty francs."

Eugenia glanced at the little picture as he laid it on her lap. "Yes, it is very clever," she said. And in a moment she added, "Do you suppose our cousins do that?"

"Do what?"

"Get into those things, and look like that."

Felix meditated a while. "I really can't say. It will be interesting to discover."

"Oh, the rich people can't!" said the baroness.

"Are you very sure they are rich?" asked Felix, lightly.

His sister slowly turned in her place, looking at him. "Heavenly powers!" she murmured. "You have a way of bringing out things!"

"It will certainly be much pleasanter if they are rich," Felix declared.

"Do you suppose if I had not known they were rich I should ever have come?"

The young man met his sister's somewhat peremptory eyes with his bright, contented glance. "Yes, it certainly will be pleasanter," he repeated.

"That's all I expect of them," said the baroness. "I don't count upon their being clever or friendly, — at first, — or elegant or interesting. But I assure you I insist upon their being rich."

Felix leaned his head upon the back of the sofa, and looked a while at the oblong patch of sky to which the window served as frame. The snow was ceasing; it seemed to him that the sky had begun to brighten. "I count upon their being rich," he said at last, "and powerful, and clever, and friendly, and elegant, and interesting, and generally delightful! *Tu vas voir.*" And he bent forward and kissed his sister. "Look there!" he went on. "As a portent, even while I speak, the sky is turning the color of gold; the day is going to be splendid."

And indeed, within five minutes the weather had changed. The sun broke out through the snow-clouds and jumped into the baroness's room. "Bonté divine," exclaimed this lady, "what a climate!"

"We will go out and see the world," said Felix.

And after a while they went out. The air had grown warm as well as brilliant; the sunshine had dried the pavements. They walked about the streets at hazard, looking at the people and the houses, the shops and the vehicles, the blazing blue sky and the muddy crossings, the hurrying men and the slow-strolling maidens, the fresh red bricks and the bright green trees, the extraordinary mixture of smartness and shabbiness.

From one hour to another the day had grown vernal; even in the bustling streets there was an odor of earth and blossom. Felix was immensely entertained. He had called it a comical country, and he went about laughing at everything he saw. You would have said that American civilization expressed itself to his sense in a tissue of capital jokes. The jokes were certainly excellent, and the young man's merriment was very joyous and genial. He possessed what is called the pictorial sense, and this first glimpse of democratic manners stirred the same sort of attention that he would have given to the movements of a lively young person with a bright complexion. Such attention would have been demonstrative and complimentary; and in this case Felix might have passed for an undispirited young exile revisiting the haunts of his childhood. He kept looking at the violent blue of the sky, at the scintillating air, at the scattered and multiplied patches of color.

"Comme c'est bariolé, eh?" he said to his sister in that foreign tongue which they both appeared to feel a mysterious prompting occasionally to use.

"Yes, it is *bariolé* indeed," the baroness answered. "I don't like the coloring; it hurts my eyes."

"It shows how extremes meet," the young man rejoined. "Instead of coming to the West we seem to have gone to the East. The way the sky touches the house-tops is just like Cairo; and the red and blue sign-boards patched over the face of everything remind one of Mahometan decoration."

"The young women are not Mahometan," said his companion. "They can't be said to hide their faces. I never saw anything so bold."

"Thank Heaven they don't hide their faces!" cried Felix. "Their faces are uncommonly pretty."

"Yes, their faces are often very pretty," said the baroness, who was a very clever woman. She was too clever a woman not to be capable of a great deal of just and fine observation. She clung more closely than usual to her brother's arm; she was not exhilarated, as he was;

she said very little, but she noted a great many things, and made her reflections. She was a little excited; she felt that she had indeed come to a strange country, to make her fortune. Superficially, she was conscious of a good deal of irritation and displeasure; the baroness was a very delicate and fastidious person. Of old, more than once, she had gone, for entertainment's sake and in brilliant company, to a fair in a provincial town. It seemed to her now that she was at an enormous fair,—that the entertainment and the *désagréments* were very much the same. She found herself alternately smiling and shrinking; the show was very curious, but it was probable, from moment to moment, that one would be jostled. The baroness had never seen so many people walking about before; she had never been so mixed up with people she did n't know. But little by little she felt that this fair was a more serious undertaking. She went with her brother into a large public garden, which seemed very pretty, but where she was surprised at seeing no carriages. The afternoon was drawing to a close; the coarse, vivid grass and the slender tree-boles were gilded by the level sunbeams,—gilded as with gold that was fresh from the mine. It was the hour at which ladies should come out for an airing and roll past a hedge of pedestrians, holding their parasols askance. Here, however, Eugenia observed no indications of this custom, the absence of which was more anomalous as there was a charming avenue of remarkably graceful, arching elms in the most convenient contiguity to a large, cheerful street, in which, evidently, among the more prosperous members of the *bourgeoisie*, a great deal of pedestrianism went forward. Our friends passed out into this well-lighted promenade, and Felix noticed a great many more pretty girls, and called his sister's attention to them. This latter measure, however, was superfluous; for the baroness had inspected, narrowly, these charming young ladies.

"I feel an intimate conviction that our cousins are like that," said Felix.

The baroness hoped so, but this is not what she said. "They are very pretty," she said, "but they are mere little girls. Where are the women, — the women of thirty?"

"Of thirty-three, do you mean?" her brother was going to ask; for he understood often both what she said and what she did not say. But he only exclaimed upon the beauty of the sunset, while the baroness, who had come to seek her fortune, reflected that it would certainly be well for her if the persons against whom she might need to measure herself were all mere little girls. The sunset was superb; they stopped to look at it; Felix declared that he had never seen such a gorgeous mixture of colors. The baroness also thought it splendid; and she was perhaps the more easily pleased from the fact that while she stood there she was conscious of much admiring observation on the part of various nice-looking people who passed that way, and to whom a distinguished, strikingly-dressed woman with a foreign air, exclaiming upon the beauties of nature on a Boston street corner in the French tongue, could not be an object of indifference. Eugenia's spirits rose. She surrendered herself to a certain tranquil gayety. If she had come to seek her fortune, it seemed to her that her fortune would be easy to find. There was a promise of it in the gorgeous purity of the western sky; there was an intimation in the mild, unimpertinent gaze of the passers of a certain natural facility in things.

"You will not go back to Silberstadt, eh?" asked Felix.

"Not to-morrow," said the baroness.

"Nor write to the reigning prince?"

"I shall write to him that they evidently know nothing about him over here."

"He will not believe you," said the young man. "I advise you to let him alone."

Felix himself continued to be in high good humor. Brought up among ancient customs and in picturesque cities, he yet found plenty of local color in the little Puritan metropolis. That evening, after

dinner, he told his sister that he should go forth early on the morrow to look up their cousins.

"You are very impatient," said Eugenia.

"What can be more natural," he asked, "after seeing all those pretty girls to-day? If one's cousins are of that pattern, the sooner one knows them the better."

"Perhaps they are not," said Eugenia. "We ought to have brought some letters — to some other people."

"The other people would n't be our kinsfolk."

"Possibly they would be none the worse for that," the baroness replied.

Her brother looked at her with his eyebrows lifted. "That was not what you said when you first proposed to me that we should come out here and fraternize with our relatives. You said that it was the prompting of natural affection; and when I suggested some reasons against it you declared that the *voix du sang* should go before everything."

"You remember all that?" asked the baroness.

"Vividly! I was greatly moved by it."

She was walking up and down the room, as she had done in the morning; she stopped in her walk and looked at her brother. She apparently was going to say something, but she checked herself and resumed her walk. Then, in a few moments, she said something different, which had the effect of an explanation of the suppression of her earlier thought. "You will never be anything but a child, dear brother."

"One would suppose that you, madam," answered Felix, laughing, "were a thousand years old."

"I am — sometimes," said the baroness.

"I will go, then, and announce to our cousins the arrival of a personage so extraordinary. They will immediately come and pay you their respects."

Eugenia paced the length of the room again, and then she stopped before her brother, laying her hand upon his arm. "They are not to come and see me,"

she said. "You are not to allow that. That is not the way I shall meet them first." And in answer to his interrogative glance she went on. "You will go and examine, and report. You will come back and tell me who they are and what they are; their number, gender, their respective ages,—all about them. Be sure you observe everything; be ready to describe to me the locality, the accessories,—how shall I say it?—the *mise en scène*. Then, at my own time, at my own hour, under circumstances of my own choosing, I will go to them. I will present myself—I will appear before them!" said the baroness, this time phrasing her idea with a certain frankness.

"And what message am I to take to them?" asked Felix, who had a lively faith in the justness of his sister's arrangements.

She looked at him a moment,—at his expression of agreeable veracity; and, with that justness that he admired, she replied, "Say what you please. Tell my story in the way that seems to you most—natural." And she bent her forward for him to kiss.

II.

The next day was splendid, as Felix had prophesied; if the winter had suddenly leaped into spring, the spring had for the moment as quickly leaped into summer. This was an observation made by a young girl who came out of a large square house in the country, and strolled about in the spacious garden which separated it from a muddy road. The flowering shrubs and the neatly-disposed plants were basking in the abundant light and warmth; the transparent shade of the great elms—they were magnificent trees—seemed to thicken by the hour; and the intensely habitual stillness offered a submissive medium to the sound of a distant church-bell. The young girl listened to the church-bell; but she was not dressed for church. She was bare-headed; she wore a white muslin waist, with an embroidered border, and

the skirt of her dress was of colored muslin. She was a young lady of some three or four and twenty years of age, and though a young person of her sex walking bare-headed in a garden, of a Sunday morning in spring-time, can, in the nature of things, never be a displeasing object, you would not have pronounced this innocent Sabbath-breaker especially pretty. She was tall and pale, thin and a little awkward; her hair was fair and perfectly straight; her eyes were dark, and they had the singularity of seeming at once dull and restless,—differing herein, as you see, fatally from the ideal "fine eyes," which we always imagine to be both brilliant and tranquil. The doors and windows of the large square house were all wide open, to admit the purifying sunshine, which lay in generous patches upon the floor of a wide, high, covered piazza adjusted to two sides of the mansion,—a piazza on which several straw-bottomed rocking-chairs and half a dozen of those small cylindrical stools in green and blue porcelain, which suggest an affiliation between the residents and the Eastern trade, were symmetrically disposed. It was an ancient house,—ancient in the sense of being eighty years old; it was built of wood, painted a clean, clear, faded gray, and adorned along the front, at intervals, with flat wooden pilasters painted white. These pilasters appeared to support a kind of classic pediment, which was decorated in the middle by a large triple window in a rudely carved frame, and in each of its smaller angles by a glazed circular aperture. A large white door, furnished with a highly-polished brass knocker, presented itself to the rural-looking road, with which it was connected by a spacious pathway, paved with worn and cracked, but very clean bricks. Behind it there were meadows and orchards, a pond and a barn; and facing it, a short distance along the road, on the opposite side, stood a smaller house, painted white, with external shutters painted green, a little garden on one hand and an orchard on the other. All this was shining in the morning air, through which the simple details of the

picture addressed themselves to the eye as distinctly as the items of a "sum" in addition.

A second young lady presently came out of the house, across the piazza, descended into the garden, and approached the young girl of whom I have spoken. This second young lady was also thin and pale; but she was older than the other, she was shorter; she had dark, smooth hair. Her eyes, unlike the other's, were quick and bright; but they were not at all restless. She wore a straw bonnet with white ribbons, and a long red India scarf, which, on the front of her dress, reached to her feet. In her hand she carried a little key.

"Gertrude," she said, "are you very sure you had better not go to church?"

Gertrude looked at her a moment, plucked a small sprig from a lilac-bush, smelled it, and threw it away. "I am not very sure of anything!" she answered.

The other young lady looked straight past her, at the distant pond, which lay shining between the long banks of fir-trees. Then she said in a very soft voice, "This is the key of the dining-room closet. I think you had better have it, if any one should want anything."

"Who is there to want anything?" Gertrude demanded. "I shall be all alone in the house."

"Some one may come," said her companion.

"Do you mean Mr. Brand?"

"Yes, Gertrude. He may like a piece of cake."

"I don't like men that are always eating cake!" Gertrude declared, giving a pull at the lilac-bush.

Her companion glanced at her, and then looked down on the ground. "I think father expected you would come to church," she said. "What shall I say to him?"

"Say I have a bad headache."

"Would that be true?" asked the elder lady, looking straight at the pond again.

"No, Charlotte," said the younger one simply.

Charlotte transferred her quiet eyes to her companion's face. "I am afraid you are feeling restless."

"I am feeling as I always feel," Gertrude replied, in the same tone.

Charlotte turned away; but she stood there a moment. Presently she looked down at the front of her dress. "Does n't it seem to you, somehow, as if my scarf were too long?" she asked.

Gertrude walked half round her, looking at the scarf. "I don't think you wear it right," she said.

"How should I wear it, dear?"

"I don't know; differently from that. You should draw it differently over your shoulders round your elbows; you should look differently behind."

"How should I look?" Charlotte inquired.

"I don't think I can tell you," said Gertrude, drawing out the scarf a little behind. "I could do it myself, but I don't think I can explain it."

Charlotte, by a movement of her elbows, corrected the laxity that had come from her companion's touch. "Well, some day you must do it for me. It does n't matter now. Indeed, I don't think it matters," she added, "how one looks behind."

"I should say it mattered more," said Gertrude. "Then you don't know who may be observing you. You are not on your guard. You can't try to look pretty."

Charlotte received this declaration with extreme gravity. "I don't think one should ever try to look pretty," she rejoined, earnestly.

Her companion was silent. Then she said, "Well, perhaps it's not of much use."

Charlotte looked at her a little, and then kissed her. "I hope you will be better when we come back."

"My dear sister, I am very well!" said Gertrude.

Charlotte went down the large brick walk to the garden gate; her companion strolled slowly toward the house. At the gate Charlotte met a young man, who was coming in, — a tall, fair young man, wearing a high hat and a pair of

thread gloves. He was handsome, but rather too stout. He had a pleasant smile. "Oh, Mr. Brand!" exclaimed the young lady.

"I came to see whether your sister was not going to church," said the young man.

"She says she is not going; but I am very glad you have come. I think if you were to talk to her a little" . . . And Charlotte lowered her voice. "It seems as if she were restless."

Mr. Brand smiled down on the young lady from his great height. "I shall be very glad to talk to her. For that I should be willing to absent myself from almost any occasion of worship, however attractive."

"Well, I suppose you know," said Charlotte, softly, as if positive acceptance of this proposition might be dangerous. "But I am afraid I shall be late."

"I hope you will have a pleasant sermon," said the young man.

"Oh, Mr. Gilpin is always pleasant," Charlotte answered. And she went on her way.

Mr. Brand went into the garden; where Gertrude, hearing the gate close behind him, turned and looked at him. For a moment she watched him coming; then she turned away. But almost immediately she corrected this movement, and stood still, facing him. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, as he approached. Then he put on his hat again, and held out his hand. His hat being removed, you would have perceived that his forehead was very large and smooth, and his hair abundant but rather colorless. His nose was too large, and his mouth and eyes were too small; but for all this he was, as I have said, a young man of striking appearance. The expression of his little clean-colored blue eyes was irresistibly gentle and serious; he looked, as the phrase is, as good as gold. The young girl, standing in the garden path, glanced, as he came up, at his thread gloves.

"I hoped you were going to church," he said. "I wanted to walk with you."

"I am very much obliged to you,"

Gertrude answered. "I am not going to church."

She had shaken hands with him; he held her hand a moment. "Have you any special reason for not going?"

"Yes, Mr. Brand," said the young girl.

"May I ask what it is?"

She looked at him smiling; and in her smile, as I have intimated, there was a certain dullness. But mingled with this dullness was something sweet and suggestive. "Because the sky is so blue!" she said.

He looked at the sky, which was magnificent, and then said, smiling too, "I have heard of young ladies staying at home for bad weather, but never for good. Your sister, whom I met at the gate, tells me you are depressed," he added.

"Depressed? I am never depressed."

"Oh, surely, sometimes," replied Mr. Brand, as if he thought this a regrettable account of one's self.

"I am never depressed," Gertrude repeated. "But I am sometimes wicked. When I am wicked I am in high spirits. I was wicked just now to my sister."

"What did you do to her?"

"I said things that puzzled her — on purpose."

"Why did you do that, Miss Gertrude?" asked the young man.

She began to smile again. "Because the sky is so blue!"

"You say things that puzzle *me*," Mr. Brand declared.

"I always know when I do it," proceeded Gertrude. "But people puzzle me more, I think. And they don't seem to know!"

"This is very interesting," Mr. Brand observed, smiling.

"You told me to tell you about my — my *struggles*," the young girl went on.

"Let us talk about them. I have so many things to say."

Gertrude turned away a moment; and then, turning back, "You had better go to church," she said.

"You know," the young man urged, "that I have always one thing to say."

Gertrude looked at him a moment. "Please don't say it now!"

"We are all alone," he continued, taking off his hat; "all alone in this beautiful Sunday stillness."

Gertrude looked around her, at the breaking buds, the shining distance, the blue sky to which she had referred as a pretext for her irregularities. "That's the reason," she said, "why I don't want you to speak. Do me a favor: go to church."

"May I speak when I come back?" asked Mr. Brand.

"If you are still disposed," she answered.

"I don't know whether you are wicked," he said, "but you are certainly puzzling."

She had turned away; she raised her hands to her ears. He looked at her a moment, and then he slowly walked to church.

She wandered for a while about the garden, vaguely and without purpose. The church-bell had stopped ringing; the stillness was complete. This young lady relished highly, on occasions, the sense of being alone,—the absence of the whole family and the emptiness of the house. To-day, apparently, the servants had also gone to church: there was never a figure at the open windows; behind the house there was no stout negro in a red turban lowering the bucket into the great shingle-hooded well. And the front door of the big, unguarded home stood open, with the trustfulness of the golden age; or, what is more to the purpose, with that of New England's silvery prime. Gertrude slowly passed through it, and went from one of the empty rooms to the other—large, clear-colored rooms, with white wainscots, ornamented with thin-legged mahogany furniture, and, on the walls, with old-fashioned engravings, chiefly of scriptural subjects, hung very high. This agreeable sense of solitude, of having the house to herself, of which I have spoken, always excited Gertrude's imagination; she could not have told you why, and neither can her humble historian. It always seemed to her that she

must do something particular,—that she must honor the occasion; and while she roamed about, wondering what she could do, the occasion usually came to an end. To-day she wondered more than ever. At last she took down a book; there was no library in the house, but there were books in all the rooms. None of them were forbidden books, and Gertrude had not stopped at home for the sake of a chance to climb to the inaccessible shelves. She possessed herself of a very obvious volume,—one of the series of the Arabian Nights,—and she brought it out into the portico and sat down with it in her lap. There, for a quarter of an hour, she read the history of the loves of the Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura. At last, looking up, she beheld, as it seemed to her, the Prince Camaralzaman standing before her. A beautiful young man was making her a very low bow,—a magnificent bow, such as she had never seen before. He appeared to have dropped from the clouds; he was wonderfully handsome; he smiled,—smiled as if he were smiling on purpose. Extreme surprise, for a moment, kept Gertrude sitting still; then she rose, without even keeping her finger in her book. The young man, with his hat in his hand, still looked at her, smiling and smiling. It was very strange.

"Will you kindly tell me," said the mysterious visitor, at last, "whether I have the honor of speaking to Miss Wentworth?"

"My name is Gertrude Wentworth," murmured the young woman.

"Then—then—I have the honor—the pleasure—of being your cousin."

The young man had so much the character of an apparition that this announcement seemed to complete his unreality. "What cousin—Who are you?" said Gertrude.

He stepped back a few paces and looked up at the house; then glanced round him at the garden and the distant view. After this he burst out laughing. "I see it must seem to you very strange," he said. There was, after all, something substantial in his laughter. Gertrude looked at him from head

to foot. Yes, he was remarkably handsome; but his smile was almost a grimace. "It is very still," he went on, coming nearer again. And as she only looked at him, for reply, he added, "Are you all alone?"

"Every one has gone to church," said Gertrude.

"I was afraid of that!" the young man exclaimed. "But I hope you are not afraid of me."

"You ought to tell me who you are," Gertrude answered.

"I am afraid of you!" said the young man. "I had a different plan. I expected the servant would take in my card, and that you would put your heads together, before admitting me, and make out my identity."

Gertrude had been wondering with a quick intensity which brought its result; and the result seemed an answer—a wondrous, delightful answer—to her vague wish that something would befall her then and there. "I know—I know," she said. "You come from Europe."

"We came two days ago. You have heard of us, then,—you believe in us?"

"We have known, vaguely," said Gertrude, "that we had relations in France."

"And have you ever wanted to see us?" asked the young man.

Gertrude was silent a moment. "I have wanted to see you."

"I am glad, then, it is you I have found. We wanted to see you, so we came."

"On purpose?" asked Gertrude.

The young man looked round him, smiling still. "Well, yes; on purpose. Does that sound as if we should bore you?" he added. "I don't think we shall,—I really don't think we shall. We are rather fond of wandering, too; and we were glad of a pretext."

"And you have just arrived?"

"In Boston, two days ago. At the inn I asked for Mr. Wentworth. He must be your father. They found out for me where he lived; they seemed often to have heard of him. I determined to come, without ceremony. So, this

lovely morning, they set my face in the right direction, and told me to walk straight before me, out of town. I came on foot because I wanted to see the country. I walked and walked, and here I am! It's a good many miles."

"It's seven miles and a half," said Gertrude, softly. Now that this handsome young man was proving himself a reality she found herself vaguely trembling; she was deeply excited. She had never in her life spoken to a foreigner, and she had often thought it would be delightful to do so. Here was one who had suddenly been engendered by the Sabbath stillness for her private use; and such a brilliant, polite, smiling one! She found time and means to compose herself, however; to remind herself that she must exercise a sort of official hospitality. "We are very—very glad to see you," she said. "Won't you come into the house?" And she moved toward the open door.

"You are not afraid of me, then?" asked the young man again, with his light laugh.

She wondered a moment, and then, "We are not afraid—here," she said.

"Ah, comme vous devez avoir raison!" cried the young man, looking all round him, appreciatively. It was the first time that Gertrude had heard so many words of French spoken. They gave her something of a sensation. Her companion followed her, watching, with a certain excitement of his own, this tall, interesting-looking girl, dressed in her clear, crisp muslins. He paused in the hall, where there was a broad white staircase with a white balustrade. "What a pleasant house!" he said. "It's lighter inside than it is out."

"It's pleasanter here," said Gertrude, and she led the way into the parlor,—a high, clean, rather empty-looking room. Here they stood looking at each other,—the young man smiling more than ever, Gertrude, very serious, trying to smile.

"I don't believe you know my name," he said. "I am called Felix Young. Your father is my uncle. My mother was his half sister, and older than he."

"Yes," said Gertrude, "and she turned Roman Catholic, and married in Europe."

"I see you know," said the young man. "She married, and she died. Your father's family did n't like her husband. They called him a foreigner; but he was not. My poor father was born in Sicily, but his parents were American."

"In Sicily?" Gertrude murmured.

"It is true," said Felix Young, "that they had spent their lives in Europe. But they were very patriotic. And so are we."

"And you are Sicilian," said Gertrude.

"Sicilian, no! Let's see. I was born at a little place—a dear little place—in France. My sister was born in Vienna."

"So you are French," said Gertrude.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the young man. Gertrude's eyes were fixed upon him almost insistently. He began to laugh again. "I can easily be French, if that will please you."

"You are a foreigner of some sort," said Gertrude.

"Of some sort—yes; I suppose so. But who can say of what sort? I don't think we have ever had occasion to settle the question. You know there are people like that. About their country, their religion, their profession, they can't tell."

Gertrude stood there gazing; she had not asked him to sit down. She had never heard of people like that; she wanted to hear. "Where do you live?" she asked.

"They can't tell that, either!" said Felix. "I am afraid you will think they are little better than vagabonds. I have lived anywhere—everywhere. I really think I have lived in every city in Europe." Gertrude gave a little, long, soft exhalation. It made the young man smile at her again; and his smile made her blush a little. To take refuge from blushing she asked him if, after his long walk, he was not hungry or thirsty. Her hand was in her pocket; she was fumbling with the little key that her sis-

ter had given her. "Ah, my dear young lady," he said, clasping his hands a little, "if you could give me, in charity, a glass of wine!"

Gertrude gave a smile and a little nod, and went quickly out of the room. Presently she came back with a very large decanter in one hand and a plate in the other, on which was placed a big, round cake with a frosted top. Gertrude, in taking the cake from the closet, had had a moment of acute consciousness that it composed the refection of which her sister had thought that Mr. Brand would like to partake. Her kinsman from across the seas was looking at the pale, high-hung engravings. When she came in he turned and smiled at her, as if they had been old friends meeting after a separation. "You wait upon me yourself?" he asked. "I am served like the gods!" She had waited upon a great many people, but none of them had ever told her that. The observation added a certain lightness to the step with which she went to a little table where there were some curious red glasses,—glasses covered with little gold sprigs, which Charlotte used to dust every morning with her own hands. Gertrude thought the glasses very handsome, and it was a pleasure to her to know that the wine was good; it was her father's famous madeira. Felix Young thought it excellent; he wondered why he had been told that there was no wine in America. She cut him an immense triangle out of the cake, and again she thought of Mr. Brand. Felix sat there, with his glass in one hand and his huge morsel of cake in the other,—eating, drinking, smiling, talking. "I am very hungry," he said. "I am not at all tired; I am never tired. But I am very hungry."

"You must stay to dinner," said Gertrude. "At two o'clock. They will all have come back from church; you will see the others."

"Who are the others?" asked the young man. "Describe them all."

"You will see for yourself. It is you that must tell me; now, about your sister."

"My sister is the Baroness Münster," said Felix.

On hearing that his sister was a baroness, Gertrude got up and walked about slowly, in front of him. She was silent a moment. She was thinking of it. "Why didn't she come, too?" she asked.

"She did come; she is in Boston, at the hotel."

"We will go and see her," said Gertrude, looking at him.

"She begs you will not!" the young man replied. "She sends you her love; she sent me to announce her. She will come and pay her respects to your father."

Gertrude felt herself trembling again. A Baroness Münster, who sent a brilliant young man to "announce" her; who was coming, as the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon, to pay her "respects" to quiet Mr. Wentworth, — such a personage presented herself to Gertrude's vision with a most effective unexpectedness. For a moment she hardly knew what to say. "When will she come?" she asked at last.

"As soon as you will allow her, — to-morrow. She is very impatient," answered Felix, who wished to be agreeable.

"To-morrow, yes," said Gertrude. She wished to ask more about her; but she hardly knew what could be predicated of a Baroness Münster. "Is she — is she — married?"

Felix had finished his cake and wine; he got up, fixing upon the young girl his bright, expressive eyes. "She is married to a German prince, — Prince Adolf, of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein. He is not the reigning prince; he is a younger brother."

Gertrude gazed at her informant; her lips were slightly parted. "Is she a — a princess?" she asked at last.

"Oh, no," said the young man; "her position is rather a singular one. It's a morganatic marriage."

"Morganatic?" These were new names and new words to poor Gertrude.

"That's what they call a marriage, you know, contracted between a scion of

a ruling house and — and a common mortal. They made Eugenia a baroness, poor woman; but that was all they could do. Now they want to dissolve the marriage. Prince Adolf, between ourselves, is a ninny; but his brother, who is a clever man, has plans for him. Eugenia, naturally enough, makes difficulties; not, however, that I think she cares much, — she's a very clever woman; I'm sure you'll like her, — but she wants to bother them. Just now everything is *en l'air*."

The cheerful, off-hand tone in which her visitor related this darkly romantic tale seemed to Gertrude very strange; but it seemed also to convey a certain flattery to herself, a recognition of her wisdom and dignity. She felt a dozen impressions stirring within her, and presently the one that was uppermost found words. "They want to dissolve her marriage?" she asked.

"So it appears."

"And against her will?"

"Against her right."

"She must be very unhappy!" said Gertrude.

Her visitor looked at her, smiling; he raised his hand to the back of his head and held it there a moment. "So she says," he answered. "That's her story. She told me to tell it you."

"Tell me more," said Gertrude.

"No, I will leave that to her; she does it better."

Gertrude gave her little excited sigh again. "Well, if she's unhappy," she said, "I am glad she has come to us."

She had been so interested that she failed to notice the sound of a footstep in the portico; and yet it was a footstep that she always recognized. She heard it in the hall, and then she looked out of the window. They were all coming back from church, — her father, her sister and brother, and their cousins, who always came to dinner on Sunday. Mr. Brand had come in first; he was in advance of the others, because, apparently, he was still disposed to say what she had not wished him to say an hour before. He came into the parlor, looking for Gertrude. He had two little books in his

hand. On seeing Gertrude's companion he slowly stopped, looking at him.

"Is this a cousin?" asked Felix.

Then Gertrude saw that she must introduce him; but her ears, and, by sympathy, her lips — were full of all that he had been telling her. "This is the Prince," she said, — "the Prince of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein!"

Felix burst out laughing, and Mr. Brand stood staring, while the others, who had passed into the house, appeared, behind him, in the open door-way.

III.

That evening, at dinner, Felix Young gave his sister, the Baroness Münster, an account of his impressions. She saw that he had come back in the highest possible spirits; but this fact, to her own mind, was not a reason for rejoicing. She had but a limited confidence in her brother's judgment; his capacity for taking rose-colored views was such as to vulgarize one of the prettiest of tints. Still, she supposed he could be trusted to give her the mere facts; and she invited him, with some eagerness, to communicate them. "I suppose, at least, they did n't turn you from the door," she said. "You have been away some ten hours."

"Turn me from the door!" Felix exclaimed. "They took me to their hearts; they killed the fatted calf."

"I know what you want to say: they are a collection of angels."

"Exactly," said Felix. "They are a collection of angels, — simply."

"C'est bien vague," remarked the baroness. "What are they like?"

"Like nothing you ever saw."

"I'm sure I am much obliged; but that's hardly more definite. Seriously, they were glad to see you?"

"Enchanted. It has been the proudest day of my life. Never, never have I been so lionized! I assure you, I was cock of the walk. My dear sister," said the young man, "nous n'avons qu'à nous tenir; we shall be great swells!"

Madame Münster looked at him, and her eye exhibited a slight responsive

spark. She touched her lips to a glass of wine, and then she said, "Describe them. Give me a picture."

Felix drained his own glass. "Well, it's in the country, among the meadows and woods; a wild sort of place, and yet not far from here. Only, such a road, my dear! Imagine one of the Alpine glaciers reproduced in mud. But you will not spend much time on it, for they want you to come and stay, once for all."

"Ah," said the baroness, "they want me to come and stay, once for all? Bon."

"It's intensely rural, tremendously natural; and all overhung with this strange white light, this far-away blue sky. There's a big wooden house, — a kind of three-story bungalow; it looks like a magnified Nüremberg toy. There was a gentleman there that made a speech to me about it and called it a 'venerable mansion;' but it looks as if it had been built last night."

"Is it handsome — is it elegant?" asked the baroness.

Felix looked at her a moment, smiling. "It's very clean! No splendors, no gilding, no troops of servants; rather straight-backed chairs. But you might eat off the floors, and you can sit down on the stairs."

"That must be a privilege. And the inhabitants are straight-backed too, of course."

"My dear sister," said Felix, "the inhabitants are charming."

"In what style?"

"In a style of their own. How shall I describe it? It's primitive; it's patriarchal; it's the *ton* of the golden age."

"And have they nothing golden but their *ton*? Are there no symptoms of wealth?"

"I should say there was wealth without symptoms. A plain, homely way of life; nothing for show, and very little for — what shall I call it? — for the senses; but a great *aisance*, and a lot of money, out of sight, that comes forward very quietly for subscriptions to institutions, for repairing tenements, for paying doctor's bills; perhaps even for portioning daughters."

"And the daughters?" Madame Münster demanded. "How many are there?"

"There are two, Charlotte and Gertrude."

"Are they pretty?"

"One of them," said Felix.

"Which is that?"

The young man was silent, looking at his sister. "Charlotte," he said at last.

She looked at him in return. "I see. You are in love with Gertrude. They must be Puritans to their finger-tips; anything but gay!"

"No, they are not gay," Felix admitted. "They are sober; they are even severe. They are of a pensive cast; they take things hard. I think there is something the matter with them; they have some melancholy memory or some depressing expectation. It's not the epicurean temperament. My uncle, Mr. Wentworth, is a tremendously high-toned old fellow; he looks as if he were undergoing martyrdom, not by fire, but by freezing. But we shall cheer them up; we shall do them good. They will take a good deal of stirring up; but they are wonderfully kind and gentle. And they are appreciative. They think one clever; they think one remarkable!"

"That is very fine, so far as it goes," said the baroness. "But are we to be shut up to these three people, Mr. Wentworth and the two young women, — what did you say their names were, — Deborah and Hephzibah?"

"Oh, no; there is another little girl, a cousin of theirs, a very pretty creature; a thorough little American. And then there's the son of the house."

"Good," said the baroness. "We are coming to the gentlemen. What of the son of the house?"

"I am afraid he gets tipsy."

"He, then, has the epicurean temperament! How old is he?"

"He's a boy of twenty; a pretty young fellow, but I am afraid he has vulgar tastes. And then there is Mr. Brand, — a very tall young man, a sort of lay-priest. They seem to think a good deal of him, but I don't exactly make him out."

"And is there nothing," asked the baroness, "between these extremes, — this mysterious ecclesiastic and that intemperate youth?"

"Oh, yes; there is Mr. Acton; I think," said the young man, with a nod at his sister, "that you will like Mr. Acton."

"Remember that I am very fastidious," said the baroness. "Has he good manners?"

"He will have them with you. He is a man of the world; he has been to China."

Madame Münster gave a little laugh. "A man of the Chinese world! He must be very interesting."

"I have an idea that he brought home a fortune," said Felix.

"That is always interesting. Is he young, good-looking, clever?"

"He is less than forty; he has a bald head; he says witty things. I rather think," added the young man, "that he will admire the Baroness Münster."

"It is very possible," said this lady. Her brother never knew how she would take things; but shortly afterwards she declared that he had made a very pretty description, and that on the morrow she should go and see for herself.

They mounted, accordingly, into a great barouche, — a vehicle as to which the baroness found nothing to criticize but the price that was asked for it, and the fact that the coachman wore a straw hat. (At Silberstadt Madame Münster had had liveries of yellow and crimson.) They drove into the country, and the baroness, leaning far back and swaying her lace-fringed parasol, looked to right and to left, and surveyed the way-side objects. After a while she pronounced them "affreux." Her brother remarked that it was apparently a country in which the foreground was inferior to the *plans reculés*; and the baroness rejoined that the landscape seemed to be all foreground. Felix had fixed with his new friends the hour at which he should bring his sister; it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The large, clean-faced house wore, to his eyes, as the barouche drove up to it, a very friendly aspect; the high, slender elms made lengthening

shadows in front of it. The baroness descended; her American kinsfolk were stationed in the portico. Felix waved his hat to them, and a tall, lean gentleman, with a high forehead and a clean-shaven face, came forward toward the garden gate. Charlotte Wentworth walked at his side; Gertrude came behind, more slowly. Both of these young ladies wore rustling silk dresses. Felix ushered his sister into the gate. "Be very gracious," he said to her. But he saw the admonition was superfluous. Eugenia was prepared to be gracious as only Eugenia could be. Felix knew no keener pleasure than to be able to admire his sister unrestrictedly; for if the opportunity was frequent, it was not inveterate. When she desired to please she was to him, as to every one else, the most charming woman in the world. Then he forgot that she was ever anything else; that she was sometimes hard and perverse; that he was occasionally afraid of her. Now, as she took his arm to pass into the garden, he felt that she desired, that she proposed, to please, and this situation made him very happy. She would please, triumphantly.

The tall gentleman came to meet her, looking very rigid and grave. But it was a rigidity, a gravity, that had no illiberal meaning. Mr. Wentworth's manner was pregnant, on the contrary, with a sense of grand responsibility, of the solemnity of the occasion, of its being difficult to show sufficient deference to a lady at once so distinguished and so unhappy. Felix had observed on the day before his characteristic pallor; and now he perceived that there was something almost cadaverous in his uncle's high-featured white face. But so clever were this young man's quick sympathies and perceptions that he had already learned that in those half-mortuary manifestations there was no cause for alarm. His light imagination had gained a glimpse of Mr. Wentworth's spiritual mechanism, and taught him that, the old man being infinitely conscientious, the special operation of conscience within him announced itself by several of the indications of physical faintness.

The baroness took her uncle's hand, and stood looking at him with her ugly face and her beautiful smile. "Have I done right to come?" she asked.

"Very right, very right," said Mr. Wentworth, solemnly. He had arranged in his mind a little speech; but now it quite faded away. He felt almost frightened. He had never been looked at in just that way — with just that fixed, intense smile — by any woman; and it perplexed and weighed upon him, now, that the woman who was smiling so, and who had instantly given him a vivid sense of her possessing other unprecedented attributes, was his own niece, the child of his own father's daughter. The idea that his niece should be a German baroness, married "morganatically" to a prince, had already given him much to think about. Was it right, was it just, was it acceptable? He always slept badly, and the night before he had lain awake much more even than usual, asking himself these questions. The strange word *morganatic* was constantly in his ears; it reminded him of a certain Mrs. Morgan whom he had once known, and who had been a bold, unpleasant woman. He had a feeling that it was his duty, so long as the baroness looked at him, smiling in that way, to meet her glance with his own scrupulously adjusted, consciously frigid organs of vision; but on this occasion he failed to perform his duty to the last. He looked away toward his daughters. "We are very glad to see you," he had said. "Allow me to introduce my daughters, — Miss Charlotte Wentworth, Miss Gertrude Wentworth."

The baroness thought she had never seen people less demonstrative. But Charlotte kissed her and took her hand, looking at her sweetly and solemnly. Gertrude seemed to her almost funereal, though Gertrude might have found a source of gayety in the fact that Felix, with his magnificent smile, had been talking to her; he had greeted her as a very old friend. When she kissed the baroness she had tears in her eyes. Madame Münster took each of these young women by the hand, and looked

at them all over. Charlotte thought her very strange-looking and singularly dressed; she could not have said whether it was well or ill. She was glad, at any rate, that they had put on their silk gowns, — especially Gertrude. “My cousins are very pretty,” said the baroness, turning her eyes from one to the other. “Your daughters are very handsome, sir.”

Charlotte blushed quickly; she had never yet heard her personal appearance alluded to in a loud, expressive voice. Gertrude looked away, — not at Felix; she was extremely pleased. It was not the compliment that pleased her; she did n’t believe it; she thought herself very plain. She could hardly have told you the source of her satisfaction; it came from something in the way the baroness spoke, and it was not diminished — it was rather deepened, oddly enough — by the young girl’s disbelief. Mr. Wentworth was silent; and then he asked, formally, “Won’t you come into the house?”

“These are not all; you have some other children,” said the baroness.

“I have a son,” Mr. Wentworth answered.

“And why does n’t he come to meet me?” Eugenia cried. “I’m afraid he is not so charming as his sisters.”

“I don’t know; I will see about it,” the old man declared.

“He is rather afraid of ladies,” Charlotte said, softly.

“He is very handsome!” said Gertrude, as loud as she could.

“We will go in and find him. We will draw him out of his *cache*tte.” And the baroness took Mr. Wentworth’s arm, who was not aware that he had offered it to her, and who, as they walked toward the house, wondered whether he ought to have offered it, and whether it was proper for her to take it if it had not been offered. “I want to know you well,” said the baroness, interrupting these meditations, “and I want you to know me.”

“It seems natural that we should know each other,” Mr. Wentworth rejoined. “We are near relatives.”

“Ah, there comes a moment in life when one reverts, irresistibly, to one’s natural ties, — to one’s natural affections. You must have found that!” said Eugenia.

Mr. Wentworth had been told the day before by Felix that Eugenia was very clever, very brilliant, and the information had held him in some suspense. This was the cleverness, he supposed; the brilliancy was beginning. “Yes, the natural affections are very strong,” he murmured.

“In some people,” the baroness declared. “Not in all.” Charlotte was walking beside her; she took hold of her hand again, smiling always. “And you, *cousine*, where did you get that enchanting complexion?” she went on; “such lilies and roses?” The roses in poor Charlotte’s countenance began speedily to predominate over the lilies, and she quickened her step and reached the portico. “This is the country of complexions,” the baroness continued, addressing herself to Mr. Wentworth. “I am convinced they are more delicate. There are very good ones in England, — in Holland; but they are very apt to be coarse. There is too much red.”

“I think you will find,” said Mr. Wentworth, “that this country is superior in many respects to those you mention. I have been to England and Holland.”

“Ah, you have been to Europe?” cried the baroness. “Why did n’t you come and see me? But it’s better, after all, this way,” she said. They were entering the house; she paused and looked round her. “I see you have arranged your house — your beautiful house — in the — in the Dutch taste!”

“The house is very old,” remarked Mr. Wentworth. “General Washington once spent a week here.”

“Oh, I have heard of Washington,” cried the baroness. “My father used to tell me of him.”

Mr. Wentworth was silent a moment, and then, “I found he was very well known in Europe,” he said.

Felix had lingered in the garden with Gertrude; he was standing before her

and smiling, as he had done the day before. What had happened the day before seemed to her a kind of dream. He had been there, and he had changed everything; the others had seen him, they had talked with him; but that he should come again, that he should be part of the future, part of her small, familiar, much-meditating life, — this needed, afresh, the evidence of her senses. The evidence had come to her senses now; and her senses seemed to rejoice in it. "What do you think of Eugenia?" Felix asked. "Isn't she charming?"

"She is very brilliant," said Gertrude. "But I can't tell yet. She seems to me like a singer singing an air. You can't tell till the song is done."

"Ah, the song will never be done!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "Don't you think her handsome?"

Gertrude had been disappointed in the beauty of the Baroness Münster; she had expected her, for mysterious reasons, to resemble a very pretty portrait of the Empress Josephine, of which there hung an engraving in one of the parlors, and which the younger Miss Wentworth had always greatly admired. But the baroness was not at all like that, — not at all. Though different, however, she was very wonderful, and Gertrude felt herself most suggestively corrected. It was strange, nevertheless, that Felix should speak in that positive way about his sister's beauty. "I think I *shall* think her handsome," Gertrude said. "It must be very interesting to know her. I don't feel as if I ever could."

"Ah, you will know her well; you will become great friends," Felix declared, as if this were the easiest thing in the world.

"She is very graceful," said Gertrude, looking after the baroness, suspended to her father's arm. It was a pleasure to her to say that any one was graceful.

Felix had been looking about him. "And your little cousin, of yesterday," he said, "who was so wonderfully pretty, — what has become of her?"

"She is in the parlor," Gertrude answered. "Yes, she is very pretty."

She felt as if it were her duty to take him straight into the house, to where he might be near her cousin. But after hesitating a moment she lingered still. "I did n't believe you would come back," she said.

"Not come back!" cried Felix, laughing. "You did n't know, then, the impression made upon this susceptible heart of mine."

She wondered whether he meant the impression her cousin Lizzie had made. "Well," she said, "I did n't think we should ever see you again."

"And pray what did you think would become of me?"

"I don't know. I thought you would melt away."

"That's a compliment to my solidity! I melt very often," said Felix, "but there is always something left of me."

"I came and waited for you by the door, because the others did," Gertrude went on. "But if you had never appeared I should not have been surprised."

"I hope," declared Felix, looking at her, "that you would have been disappointed."

She looked at him a little, and shook her head. "No — no!"

"Ah, *par exemple!*" cried the young man. "You deserve that I should never leave you."

Going into the parlor they found Mr. Wentworth performing introductions. A young man was standing before the baroness, blushing a good deal, laughing a little, and shifting his weight from one foot to the other, — a slim, mild-faced young man, with neatly-arranged features, like those of Mr. Wentworth. Two other gentlemen, behind him, had risen from their seats, and a little apart, near one of the windows, stood a remarkably pretty young girl. The young girl was knitting a stocking; but, while her fingers quickly moved, she looked with wide, brilliant eyes at the baroness.

"And what is your son's name?" said Eugenia, smiling at the young man.

"My name is Clifford Wentworth, ma'am," he said in a tremulous voice.

"Why did n't you come out to meet me, Mr. Clifford Wentworth?" the

baroness demanded, with her beautiful smile.

"I did n't think you would want me," said the young man, slowly sidling about.

"One always wants a *beau cousin*, — if one has one! But if you are very nice to me in future I won't remember it against you." And Madame Münster transferred her smile to the other persons present. It rested first upon the candid countenance and long-skirted figure of Mr. Brand, whose eyes were intently fixed upon Mr. Wentworth, as if to beg him not to prolong an anomalous situation. Mr. Wentworth pronounced his name; Eugenia gave him a very charming glance, and then looked at the other gentleman.

This latter personage was a man of rather less than the usual stature and the usual weight, with a quick, observant, agreeable dark eye, a small quantity of thin dark hair, and a small mustache. He had been standing with his hands in his pockets; and when Eugenia looked at him he took them out. But he did not, like Mr. Brand, look evasively and urgently at their host. He met Eugenia's eyes; he appeared to appreciate the privilege of meeting them. Madame Münster instantly felt that he was, intrinsically, the most important person present. She was not unconscious that this impression was in some degree manifested in the little sympathetic nod with which she acknowledged Mr. Wentworth's announcement, "My cousin, Mr. Acton!"

"Your cousin, — not mine?" said the baroness.

"It only depends upon you," Mr. Acton declared, laughing.

The baroness looked at him a moment, and noticed that he had very white teeth. "Let it depend upon your behavior," she said. "I think I had better wait. I have cousins enough. Unless I can also claim relationship," she added, "with that charming young lady," and she pointed to the young girl at the window.

"That's my sister," said Mr. Acton. And Gertrude Wentworth put her arm round the young girl and led her for-

ward. It was not, apparently, that she needed much leading. She came toward the baroness with a light, quick step, and with perfect self-possession, rolling her stocking round its needles. She had dark blue eyes and dark brown hair; she was wonderfully pretty.

Eugenia kissed her, as she had kissed the other young women, and then held her off a little, looking at her. "Now this is quite another *type*," she said; she pronounced the word in the French manner. "This is a different outline, my uncle, a different character, from that of your own daughters. This, Felix," she went on, "is very much more what we have always thought of as the American type."

The young girl, during this exposition, was smiling askance at every one in turn, and at Felix out of turn. "I find only one type here!" cried Felix, laughing. "The type adorable!"

This sally was received in perfect silence, but Felix, who learned all things quickly, had already learned that the silences frequently observed among his new acquaintances were not necessarily restrictive or resentful. It was, as one might say, the silence of expectation, of modesty. They were all standing round his sister, as if they were expecting her to acquit herself of the exhibition of some peculiar faculty, some brilliant talent. Their attitude seemed to imply that she was a kind of conversational mountebank, attired, intellectually, in gauze and spangles. This attitude gave a certain ironical force to Madame Münster's next words. "Now this is your circle," she said to her uncle. "This is your *salon*. These are your regular *habitués*, eh? I am so glad to see you all together."

"Oh," said Mr. Wentworth, "they are always dropping in and out. You must do the same."

"Father," interposed Charlotte Wentworth, "they must do something more." And she turned her sweet, serious face, that seemed at once timid and placid, upon their interesting visitor. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Eugenia-Camilla-Dolores," said the

baroness, smiling. "But you need n't say all that."

"I will say Eugenia, if you will let me. You must come and stay with us."

The baroness laid her hand upon Charlotte's arm very tenderly; but she reserved herself. She was wondering whether it would be possible to "stay" with these people. "It would be very charming, — very charming," she said; and her eyes wandered over the company, over the room. She wished to gain time before committing herself. Her glance fell upon young Mr. Brand, who stood there, with his arms folded and his hand on his chin, looking at her. "The gentleman, I suppose, is a sort of ecclesiastic," she said to Mr. Wentworth, lowering her voice a little.

"He is a minister," answered Mr. Wentworth.

"A Protestant?" asked Eugenia.

"I am a Unitarian, madam," replied Mr. Brand, impressively.

"Ah, I see," said Eugenia. "Something new." She had never heard of this form of worship.

Mr. Acton began to laugh, and Gertrude looked anxiously at Mr. Brand.

"You have come very far," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Very far, — very far," the baroness replied, with a graceful shake of her head that might have meant many different things.

"That's a reason why you ought to settle down with us," said Mr. Wentworth, with that dryness of utterance which, as Eugenia was too intelligent not to feel, took nothing from the delicacy of his meaning.

She looked at him, and for an instant, in his cold, still face, she seemed to see a far-away likeness to the vaguely remembered image of her mother. Eugenia was a woman of sudden emotions, and now, unexpectedly, she felt one rising in her heart. She kept looking round the circle; she knew that there was admiration in all the eyes that were fixed upon her. She smiled at them all.

"I came to look — to try — to ask," she said. "It seems to me I have done well. I am very tired; I want to rest." There were tears in her eyes. The luminous interior, the gentle, tranquil people, the simple, serious life, — the sense of these things pressed upon her with an overmastering force, and she felt herself yielding to one of the most genuine emotions she had ever known. "I should like to stay here," she said. "Pray take me in."

Though she was smiling, there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "My dear niece," said Mr. Wentworth, softly. And Charlotte put out her arms and drew the baroness toward her; while Robert Acton turned away, with his hands stealing into his pockets.

Henry James, Jr.

MIDSUMMER DAWN.

WHILE the weird, white midnight creepeth by,
Awake and quiet and sad to lie;
Then, when the midsummer moon is set,
To sleep a while, and forget.

To wake again at the hour of terror,
And writhe in the grasp of a deathless error,
And shrink on the brink of an ocean of loss,
Doomed, so it seemeth, to cross.

Invisible foes in vain defying,
 To fight and fall, and, helpless lying,
 To wonder why, if the hour be small,
 It is light again on the wall;

For the moon is down. To look, and, lo,
 All over the land what a solemn glow!
 Like that of the strange, prophetic year,
 A time not dark, not clear,

But full of peace and tremulous hope.
 There is the stately, wooded slope;
 There is the head of the mountain old
 Outlined on palest gold.

A mystery, — hope in the hour of gloaming,
 Surely a luminous change is coming!
 Shadows and light and virginal dew,
 And all things pure and new!

And what is yon' dulcet note, and shrill?
 Can it be the new song of the whip-poor-will, —
 Till the day dawn and the shadows flee,
 Now will I wait for thee?

Yea, this is day. In the hyaline heaven,
 Doth shine a sign of the dark forgiven,
 'Mid the tender glow o'er the mount afar;
 "I will give him the morning star."

Harriet W. Preston.

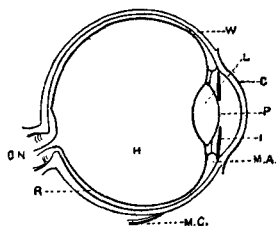
WEAK SIGHT.

THE inability to use the eyes continuously, without pain or confusion of vision, for near work, as in reading, writing, and like occupations, constituting the affection called *asthenopia*, or weak sight, is so prevalent in this country that a wider knowledge of the nature and management of the disorder would seem to be of some importance.

In order that we may clearly comprehend the exact nature of weak sight, let us consider for a moment the structure of the eye, and how we see. The figure numbered A gives an idea of the

anatomy of the eye, sufficiently full for our purpose. The rays of light from an object enter the eye through the pupil (P), and, passing back to the inner coat of the eye, the retina (R), form an image of the object upon it very much as an image is formed on the plate in the camera of the photographer. Indeed, quite lately experiments have been made that show a very close relation between the nature of photography and the nature of the process that goes on in the act of seeing. Rabbits have been held a few seconds before a window, and then

immediately killed, when the picture of the window has been found distinctly photographed on the retina of their eyes. After the reception of the image upon the retina, the act of seeing is completed by the transmission of the impression to the brain through the optic nerve (O N in the figure). But in order that the image of an object on the retina shall be distinct, it is necessary that the rays of light passing into the eye through the pupil should be properly focused. See Figure B.



(Fig. A.)

Figure A gives a profile view of the eye; that is, the eyeball is divided into two equal parts, just as one might divide an apple or an orange, and the flat, cut surface held up to view.

W points out the white of the eye, a strong protective coat extending quite around the eyeball except in front. It is called the *sclerotic coat*.

C, the *cornea*, or transparent front of the eye; and, behind it,

I, the *iris*, or colored part of the eye, extending in a circle around

P, the *pupil*, which is a circular hole in the iris, that admits the light into the eye, and out of which the eye sees.

L is the crystalline *lens* directly behind the pupil. In health, the lens is transparent, like the front of the eye, and offers no obstruction to the passage of rays of light; but if it becomes opaque, it is called *cataract*, and the eye is more or less blind from the obstruction of the passage of light.

M A is a little muscle, called the *muscle of accommodation*, that adjusts the focus of the lens and the eye for near objects.

M C is a muscle attached to the white of the eye on the outside, that converges or turns the eyes inward, and is the *muscle of convergence*.

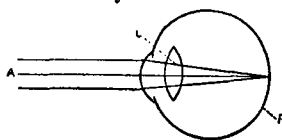
R points to the inner lining of the eye, the *retina*, upon which images of objects are pictured; and O N is the *optic nerve* that conveys these pictures to the brain.

H is the body of the interior of the eye, filled by a transparent *humor*.

Vision will be clearest and easiest if the rays of light are brought to a point exactly as they reach the retina. If they are focused just before, or if they reach the retina before being focused, the sight will be more or less blurred.

When we look at distant objects, if

our eyes are neither near-sighted nor far-sighted (over-sighted), the rays of light that enter the eye are focused on the



(Fig. B.)

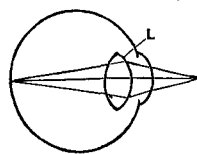
A, the rays of light entering the eye.

R, the retina, where they should be focused.

L, the lens by the aid of which the rays of light are focused.

retina, as seen in Figure B, without effort; but if we regard near objects, as in reading or sewing, there is an effort of the eye to focus the light; otherwise it would reach the back of the eye without being brought to a point.

The reason of this is that rays of light from small objects — as in letters, for example — approach the eye, not in parallel lines, as seen in Figure B, but in lines that diverge as they pass into the eye, as seen in Figure D. To converge such lines to a point on the retina requires more focusing power than if they entered the eye in parallel lines, as seen in Figure B. This power of increasing the refraction, which is called the *accommodative power* of the eye, is furnished by a muscle (M A, Figure A). This muscle we may call the *muscle of accommodation*, and when it is brought into use, the lens (L in the figures) is made more convex or full, and thus a



(Fig. D.)

greater refractive power is given to the eye. The fuller or more convex the lens, whether the natural one within the eye, or a glass lens such as is used in spectacles, the greater its power of bending rays of light to a point.

Figure D represents the eye accommodated for near vision, the lens (L) being more convex than in Figure B, where the eye is fixed for distance. Though involuntary, the accommodation or adjustment of the eyes for near objects is

an effort; hence the relief that comes from looking up and off from near work, so especially grateful to fatigued and sensitive eyes.

Another factor in the act of adjustment of the eyes for near objects is convergence. By this is meant the turning inward of the eyes so that both may be directed to the same object. If we hold up a finger before the face, at a distance of four or five inches, and look at it fixedly with both eyes, it will be noticed that a distinct effort is made to turn the eyes inward; and if we continue to look at the finger in this position, the act will soon become painful. The convergence of the eyes is brought about by a muscle on the outside of each eyeball, attached to the white of the eye on the side towards the nose. This muscle (M C, Figure A) we may call the muscle of convergence. There are other muscles which modify the action of this one, but they need not be considered here.

Weak sight is therefore nothing more nor less than a disorder of the accommodative apparatus; or, we may say, a disorder of the two muscles of accommodation and convergence. In health, these two muscles work together in perfect harmony. If either one becomes affected, this harmony is disturbed, and weak or painful sight may follow. It is plain, then, that as in distant vision this muscular apparatus is not used, and as in near work it must of necessity be brought into service, if sight is weak or painful, and we wish to improve and cure it, we must carefully regulate the way in which we use our eyes.

Persons having a tendency to weakness of sight, or those experiencing unusual fatigue of the eyes in reading or similar occupations requiring close vision, should carefully observe the following rules:—

(1.) Cease to use the eyes for the time being, and look away from the work, when sight becomes in the least painful, blurred, or indistinct. After perfect rest for a moment, or longer, work may be resumed, to be discontinued as before when the eyes feel again fatigued.

(2.) See that the light is sufficient, and that it falls properly upon your work. Never sit facing it. It is best that the light should fall upon the work from above and behind. Failing this, it may fall from the side. Never use the eyes at twilight. Any artificial light for the evening is good if it is brilliant enough and steady. When artificial light is at all painful, it is safer to read or write only during the day.

(3.) Never read in the horse or steam cars. It requires too great an exertion of the accommodative power to keep the eyes fixed on the letters. Business men are in the habit of reading the evening papers on their way out of the city, and the morning papers on their way in. This dangerous practice is a somewhat frequent cause of weakness of sight. There are those who can follow it with impunity year after year, but there are more who cannot.

(4.) Never read when lying down; it is too fatiguing for the accommodative power. Many a tedious case of weak sight has been traced to the pernicious habit of reading in bed after retiring for the night.

(5.) Do not read much during convalescence from illness. Before the muscular system generally has quite recovered its healthy tone, we ought not to expect the muscles of accommodation to bear the continuous use to which they are subjected in reading or writing. We cannot be sure that the delicate muscles of the eye are in a condition to be used until the muscles of the leg and the arm have regained their strength and firmness.

(6.) The general health should be maintained by a good diet, sufficient sleep, air, exercise, amusement, and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work. One ought not to expect strong eyes in a body weakened by bad habits or an injudicious amount of labor. Bright gas-lights in crowded rooms, and the impurity of the air in such places, are especially to be avoided. Medical advice should be sought in regard to any nervous debility, disorder of the organs of digestion, or functional disturbances

of a general nature, whether they appear to have a direct connection with the weakness of sight or not.

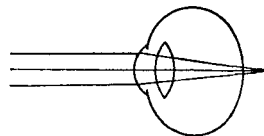
(7.) Take plenty of sleep. It is a sovereign balm for those who suffer from weak sight. Retire early, and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours' sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

If the weak sight does not improve satisfactorily under the observance of the rules given, it will be necessary to resort to the use of convex glasses. Such glasses aid in focusing the light from near objects, and so assist the accommodative power. For the benefit of such as cannot consult an oculist, it may be well to say that the convex glasses will probably require to be of about forty-eight-inch focus, and that they are to be worn only in reading, sewing, and such occupations as require the accommodative apparatus of the eye to be brought into use. The moment the eye tires, the glasses must be removed; to be replaced again, after a rest of the eyes, when work is resumed.

To accustom the eyes to the help of glasses may require some days or weeks, and considerable patience. After beginning with them, it is best not to omit their use in reading or sewing, even temporarily, but to work or read always by their help; limiting the amount of reading at first, and then increasing it day by day, or week by week, until the sight becomes strong.

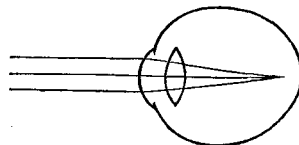
We have thus far been considering what are called perfectly formed eyes. But there are certain imperfections of form in the eyeball that are very common, and that render the eye optically defective and tend to the production of weakness of sight. One of these malformations produces what is called over-sight or far sight. This is a defect of a nature exactly the opposite of near-sight. In near-sight the eye is adjusted or accommodated for a point nearer than the object looked at, and consequently does not see distinctly. In over-sight it is fixed for a point beyond the object looked at, and does not see well either. In near-sight the eyeball is too full or convex, and in over-sight it is too flat. Be-

ing too flat, the rays of light entering the pupil reach the retina at the back before being focused, as represented in Figure E, and therefore vision is blurred and indistinct.



(Fig. E.)

Figure F shows a profile view of a near-sighted eye. Here the rays of light are seen to come to a focus before reaching the retina, because the eyeball is too full or too long from front to rear.



(Fig. F.)

We have seen that weak sight is the result of overworking the muscles of accommodation and convergence. Now an over-sighted eye being too flat, a constant use of the muscles of accommodation is necessary in order that rays of light may be focused before reaching the retina. Such an eye is almost certain to become weak-sighted. Having to use its accommodative power for distant as well as for near objects, there is no rest for it except during the hours of sleep. The remedy for over-sight suggests itself at once. If the eye is too flat, of course a convex glass makes it less so, practically, and thus removes the effect of its defective form. Convex glasses in the form of eye-glasses or spectacles are therefore imperative to prevent the development of weak sight as well as to aid vision. What the strength of the glasses should be will depend upon the degree of faulty formation of the eyeball.

Old sight is due to a partial loss of the accommodative power of the eye. Hence, in looking at a distance, the accommodative or adjusting power not being required, the eye sees as well, or nearly as well, as ever; but in regarding near objects, as for instance in read-

ing, the accommodative power being required and not being available, vision is imperfect. The loss of the accommodative power is not from disease of the eye at all, but is owing chiefly to the natural increase of the hardness of the lens and consequent loss of its elasticity. We must bear in mind that the accommodation of the eye for near work, as in reading, means the calling into action of the muscle of accommodation. (M A, Figure A.) This action results in making the lens more convex, as seen in Figure D, which represents the eye accommodated or adjusted for near vision. As the lens grows harder with advancing age, this change of form becomes more and more difficult.

Convex glasses are of course the remedy for old sight, as their effect is to increase the refractive power, and thus supply the partially lost accommodation for near objects. The spectacles should be sufficiently strong to enable one to read the finest type as near as ten or twelve inches; if too strong, the print must be brought nearer than ten inches, and this will tire the muscles of convergence that turn the eyes inward; if too weak, the fine print will have to be held farther than twelve inches away, and the letters are too small to be seen easily much beyond this distance from the eyes.

The putting on of suitable glasses should not be neglected after the early evening symptoms of old sight are noticed. Nothing is gained by waiting, and much may be lost. We lose, in the first place, a great deal of amusement and instruction from the necessity of giving up our evening reading, avoiding small print, resting our eyes, and neglecting fine work of all kinds. In the beginning these interruptions in our ways of life are not so serious and frequent as to give much annoyance, but as old sight increases they become of importance. In the second place, and of greater moment, is the risk we run of fatiguing and straining the accommodative power of the eyes, and so causing weak sight.

In these days of weak sight and eyeglasses, there need be no fear that the

adoption of glasses will be interpreted as a confession of old age. Old sight comes very early—much earlier than forty—in most over-sighted eyes, and this flat formation of the eye is more common than any other. Glasses as strong as those usually worn by people sixty and seventy years old are sometimes required by young persons. Frequently, even in the best-formed eyes, ill health, nervous debility, or a constant and severe use of the vision in fine work or night work will develop the symptoms of old sight as early as the age of twenty-five or thirty. All things being equal, a farmer, if he is not studious, may postpone the use of glasses longer than a professional or literary person, or any one who reads a great deal. But if we take the age of forty or forty-five as the average age for the beginning of old sight, it can by no means be considered as the time of that decline of the faculties which marks the beginning of old age. Most men and women do the serious and best work of their lives after the age of forty, and some even after the age of sixty.

Another defective form of the eye which sometimes causes weakness of sight is that the front of the eye is too oval, so that rays of light are not uniformly refracted. To such eyes vertical and horizontal lines do not appear equally black and distinct. The remedy is to be found in wearing glasses ground in such a manner as practically to restore the spherical shape of the cornea. These glasses help vision for all distances, near as well as far, and the relief they give to eyes weakened and congested by unnatural effort to see clearly is sometimes remarkable.

Either blue or smoke-colored glasses are useful in weak sight, if there is great dread of light. But if not really necessary, it is better not to wear them, as the eye may become so habituated to a subdued light as to be intolerant of ordinary daylight. They may be worn profitably, if needed, in bright sunlight on the snow, sand, or water. When the dread of light is great, one may also have glasses of the proper number, convex or concave, for over-sight or near-

sight, slightly blue-tinted, so as to soften the glare of the white page in reading. Colored glasses should not be too dark in tint, lest it require too much exertion to see clearly through them.

In near-sight, as we have seen, the eye is too full, so that rays of light from a distance are brought to a focus before reaching the retina. (See Figure F.) The exercise of the accommodative or adjusting power of the eye is of no use, or even worse than useless, because, when brought into service, its function is to make the lens more convex, and this addition to the refractive power of the eye would of course focus the light still sooner, and so increase rather than help the difficulty.

To render vision clear in near-sight, it is obviously necessary to resort to some means by which the rays of light may be prevented from being focused too quickly after entering the pupil. That is, we wish to do exactly the opposite of that which we wished to do in over-sight. This is accomplished by putting before the eyes concave glasses, either in the form of eye-glasses or spectacles. A concave glass is one which is hollowed out, or thinner at the centre than at the edges. A convex glass, suitable for far-sight or over-sight, is one thicker at the centre than at the edges. Such glasses help to focus the rays of light; while a concave glass, by diminishing the effect of the convex form of the eyeball, lessens its focal power, and permits the light to reach the back of the eye in proper form for good vision.

Near-sight is usually complicated by a disease in the back part of the eye. This is nearly always the case in the near-sight of children and youth. Besides this disease, such eyes are often weak-sighted, — the weak sight being mostly due to weakness and fatigue of the muscles of convergence. These muscles are very liable to be overworked, because print in reading and fine objects of all kinds must be held quite near, which necessitates a strong turning inward of the eyes.

Progressive near-sight in children is noticed usually at about the age of seven

or eight, or earlier, if the tendency is inherited; and from this age up to that of fifteen or sixteen, if acquired. It is probably very often acquired, — oftener than is generally supposed; at least, it is observed when neither parents nor relatives, so far as can be learned, are similarly affected. Too much study, too much school, too continuous use of the eyes on near objects, too little out-door life and exercise of the eyes in distant vision, — these are, apparently, sufficient to cause near-sight, without hereditary influence. Acquired near-sight almost invariably comes in the weakly, ill-nourished, studious, precocious child. And this general weakness and ill health favor the rise and progress of the disease at the back of the eye.

It will be remembered that in this defect the eyeball (as seen in Figure F) is too long; that the refractive or focusing power of the eye, therefore, brings the rays of light to a point before they reach the retina. A tendency to near-sight, or even a deficient light without the tendency, inclines the child to hold the book rather near, and this requires the turning inward or convergence of the eyes, so that both may be brought to bear upon the same point of vision. Now, a studious boy or girl of ten or fifteen years, besides the five or six hours' work in school, studies also more or less at home, while the leisure hours are spent over novels or books of travel. In short, the eyes are not only used almost continuously in regarding near objects, but their use for distance is almost wholly neglected. It is not surprising that, under such training, an organ should lose some portion of its functional power. It is to be remembered that in youth the tissues of the eye are soft, yielding, and undeveloped; that it is a growing organ, easily molded; that its future, like other parts of the body, is to be very much what it is made by training, use, or abuse. When we regard near objects, there is the action of the accommodative power, the convergence, the movement of the pupil and the adjacent tissues, and a forward movement of the whole eyeball. All this is muscular exercise; and whether

this exercise is kept up all through the day or not cannot be a matter of indifference to an immature and growing eye. It is supposed — and very reasonably, I think — that the muscular pressure upon the yielding eyeball, and especially the pressure in turning the eyes inward, promotes indirectly a bulging of the eye at the back, and so contributes to the progress of near-sight.

The elongation of the eyeball in near-sight is at the back, and of course, as the outer or protective coat of the eye is stretched, the two inner tissues (the vascular and nervous coats) are unnaturally distended also. The inner tissues do not bear this distention well; they become thinned, congested, inflamed, degenerated, and finally are partially lost over a limited portion of the interior of the eye near the entrance of the optic nerve.

It seems almost needless to say that an affection at the back of the eye, capable of destroying its tissues, may if neglected lead to blindness. Every oculist is sought now and then for advice in regard to an eye blind from neglected myopia. Vision from this cause is, however, not often lost before adult age, — usually between the age of thirty and forty-five, perhaps. Fortunately, the destruction of the tissues, under abuse of the eyes in progressive myopia, does not advance with equal rapidity in both eyes; so that if sight be lost in one, the sufferer is quite sure to adopt every means for its preservation in the other. It is clear, therefore, that a myopic eye is not, as is frequently supposed, a strong eye, but on the contrary a weak one; or at least liable to become, if abused, a weak one. It is true that inherited myopic eyes are sometimes stronger, but the greater number are nevertheless weak and diseased. Acquired myopia almost invariably threatens the integrity of the eye and its functions.

There is no doubt that deficient and improperly admitted light in school-rooms is one cause of the rapid progress of this optical defect. To sit facing a light during study, for instance, is extremely injurious to the best eyes. On looking up, the eye becomes saturated

with light, and then, on turning to the printed page, an extra accommodative effort must be made to overcome the dazzling and clear up the vision. The light should enter from above and at the side, so as to strike the page of the book, and not the eyes; and it should be, if possible, a direct rather than a reflected light.

A deficient illumination is injurious, because it requires the book to be brought near the eye; and this, as we have seen, tends to promote the posterior bulging already noticed.

School furniture is also often ill adapted for the scholar, even if properly placed as regards light. The bench is too high for the desk, so that the pupil must bend over his work, thus promoting congestion to the head, and contributing to the congested condition at the back of the eyes; or the seat is too far away from the desk, and the head is thereby brought too near the book, so that the growth of near-sight is directly encouraged.

The first and the best thing to do for progressive near-sight in children is to take them from school, stop their reading and all use of the eyes for near objects as far as practicable, and see that they use their eyes for distance. Encourage them to climb the hills and look miles and miles away. I remember a boy of twelve in whose case the above advice was fully carried out, and in less than one month his power of vision for distant objects had doubled. The quick improvement in the sight for distant objects brought about by the method above described is surprising.

It is probably understood by the reader, from what has been said, that the immediate cause of weak sight is very often a defective form of the eyeball. It is too flat, too full, or of irregular form. This makes vision an effort under all circumstances, and sooner or later the result is weak sight. General ill health may also account for some of the inability to use the eyes. There are, however, some people who appear to have eyes nearly perfect in form, and, having also a large power of accommodation, see apparently with slight effort. Such per-

sons can be very careless of their sight; can read in the steam-cars by night or day; in fact, neglect all the nice rules that I have given. But such individuals are not common.

All eyes, including such as are considered perfect, are, optically considered, far from perfect. These faults, unlike those already noticed, are irremediable, and are chiefly as follows:—

(1.) There is a want of transparency in the cornea (C, Figure A) and the lens (L, Figure A), and fluorescence of both. Fluorescence is the property that certain substances have of becoming faintly luminous from blue or violet light. The bluish tint of a solution of quinine in water is an example of fluorescence. A blue light thrown into the eye shows a haziness of both cornea and lens. These parts of the eye are therefore inferior to the clear and transparent lenses used by opticians in the manufacture of optical instruments.

(2.) Spherical aberration, due to a lack of corresponding symmetry in the cornea and lens, or to a lack of correspondence in their axes. This makes the refractive power of the two inharmonious, creating a slight astigmatism. The traditional figure of a star has five points. The eye sees a star with more or less luminous points, when, if it were optically perfect, it would see it as it is; that is, without the points.

(3.) Achromatism, or chromatic dispersion of rays. The solar rays being made up of the different colors of the spectrum, and each color being refracted in a different degree by the same medium, they are not united by it in a single focus. Look at a street-lamp at a distance through a violet-colored glass. This stops the intermediate green and yellow rays, and allows the first and last rays—the violet or blue and the red—to pass into the eye. The result is that the red is focused, but the violet and the blue are seen in a broad halo around the red gas-light. Optical instruments are free from this defect.

(4.) Slight color-blindness is common to all eyes. The eccentric portion of the

retina does not perceive red as soon as other colors. If we fix our eyes steadily on something in front of us, and then move a red object from the centre of the visual field towards either side, we shall find that the *color* is not recognizable as far away as the *outline* of the object. The eye also fails to distinguish a difference between a white produced by the union of scarlet and bluish-green light and a white made by yellowish-green and violet; yet the first comes out black in a photograph, the latter very bright.

(5.) There is a blind spot on the retina of every eye, due to the space occupied by the entrance of the optic nerve. If we make a small cross on a sheet of paper, and three inches at the right of this a black dot, then close the left eye, hold the paper at arms-length, and fix the right eye on the cross, it will be found, on bringing the paper nearer, that at about eleven inches from the eye the dot will not be seen. The blind spot is large enough to hide the face of a man at six or seven feet distance.

(6.) The yellow spot—the centre and most sensitive point of the retina—is by virtue of its yellow tint unable to recognize weak blue light. The smaller stars are seen better by astronomers if they look slightly at one side rather than directly towards them.

This formidable array of common optical defects is unnoticed chiefly because, having two eyes in almost constant motion, one makes up for the temporary visual disturbance in the other. Even with one eye, these faults are rarely noticed, owing to the great mobility of the eye and its continuous change in direction, and to the fact that the imperfections are mostly away from the centre of the field of vision. Habit, inattention, experience, the power of accommodation, may also be given as reasons why our natural visual defects are mostly unobserved. Nevertheless, these optical defects do exist in all eyes; and, as Professor Helmholtz observes, if an optician offered for sale an instrument with these faults, one would be justified in refusing to buy it.

H. C. Angell, M. D.

MOSUMÈ SETS YO; OR, WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

[The plot of the following tale is based upon that of a well-known Japanese novel. In offering this pathetic story to the readers of *The Atlantic*, the Editors feel that they could not recast the occasionally quaint English of their Japanese contributor without depriving it of a peculiar charm.]

In the prosperous period of the Tycoon administration Yedo was considered as the centre of the Japanese civilization; thither flocked all classes of the people from every quarter; and the Tycoon was surrounded by the brilliancy of Oriental luxury and the splendor of the feudal system. Among his favorites there was a baronet by the name of Hidaka, who had two sons, the elder Bunzero, and the younger Kotaro. By the custom of primogeniture Bunzero was to inherit all the family property — title as well as estate — on his succeeding his father, who had thought of retiring from an active duty of baronetcy, which, according to the customary law, imposed upon a baronet an obligation to attend the Tycoon's court. Bunzero had been for some time attached to a maiden of inferior rank; he asked the baronet to permit him to marry her, but the father, being proud of his family name, was much displeased by this proposal, and told his son that he must either abandon the low marriage or forfeit the right of succession. In spite of his father Bunzero married the woman of his choice, left the paternal roof, and went to Osaka, the largest commercial city of that day, where he lived with his wife in a humble cottage, and made a livelihood by teaching the children of the district, soon becoming quite rich by his untiring industry. Although unfriended and cast out from home, they set forth on the journey of life with the brightest hopes. Soon after a son was born to them, whom they named Kenzero, and to whom they were attached by the strongest af-

fection, regarding him as the source of future happiness.

In their neighborhood there lived a poor tradesman who had just lost his wife, and could not support himself and his little girl, Sumie, on account of poverty and sickness. Bunzero, moved by pity towards this helpless girl, took her into his family and brought her up as if she were a child of his own. Although he had forfeited his rank, Bunzero did not stifle a feeling of ancient pride that he had been once the sole heir to nobility. He now hoped that his son Kenzero would some time or other distinguish himself and wipe off the disgrace that he had brought upon the family name; therefore he educated Kenzero with the utmost care. Kenzero, by his marvelous aptitude for learning, soon distinguished himself, and became the leading youth in the school. His noble and dignified countenance, which showed that he was descended from a noble family, and his easy grace of manner gained him many admirers. Sumie, though born of a peasant family, was endowed with unrivaled beauty, which well accorded with her gentle and charming manner; her natural talent for music was shown even in her infancy. Growing up under the same roof as brother and sister, they shared in each other's joy and grief; their fondness grew stronger and stronger as they advanced in years, and each vowed in heart and soul to be a life-partner of the other.

One morning, Bunzero, coming into Kenzero's study with a letter in his hand, said, "I have received joyful tidings from Yedo!"

"What is it, father?" asked Kenzero.

"The time has come!" exclaimed the father, with a flush of triumph and gladness. "Here is a letter from my father in Yedo, offering his forgiveness for my past offense, and asking me if I can spare you. As you know, I am dead in

the eye of the law, by my forfeiture; I cannot succeed to the family estate; but as you are a son of the true heir of the Hidaka family, you have some claim to the estate, if you can only be adopted by my father's house. What do you suppose is my father's intention? It is to adopt you in my brother's family, who succeeded me after my disappearance. There is a messenger coming from Yedo in a few days to receive our answer, and if we agree before he arrives you are to go to the capital at once. To obtain this was my ambition and my hope for you. For this purpose I gave you the best education possible, and now the time has come for you to take off the disgrace from the name of your father." So delighted was Bunzero that his voice trembled with joy, and his face brightened with ecstasy.

Kenzero was surprised at this unexpected news, and said triumphantly, "Now, sir, the way to the world and honor is open to me." A flush came up immediately to his face, and his eyes glistened with delight. Suddenly he turned his face away from the father, and wrung his hands as if in grief; he thought that he must part with Sumie, his long-wished-for bride.

"What is it, my dear boy? What ails you?" asked the father, bending over his son with anxious looks.

"No— nothing— sir," stammered the son; "but—but—I must leave you and"—Here the name Sumie trembled on his lips, but he suppressed it with a sigh. "I must now renounce my duty toward you, and leave you alone with Sumie."

"Oh, do not think of me," said the father, "for I am legally dead, and have none but a moral claim on you. I am only too happy to make any sacrifice for the welfare of my only son." Kenzero, who had all the while remained silent, with downcast eyes, now looked up to his father's face with an expression of mingled joy and grief; and the father continued: "Now you are to be adopted in another family, and perhaps you know already the customary law of such adoption; but as this is our last inter-

view as father and son, let me say a few words. When you are adopted, you must renounce all your home duties and rights, and honor your adoptive parents more than your own; for the maxim tells us, 'The first is the adopted, and the second the natural.' Your natural father has no claim to your person after the adoption. When you go into my brother's family, regard him as a father, though an uncle in reality; obey his commands, and let me hear that you have shown yourself worthy of my affection. As I shall live forever in retirement, and never be in the glare of worldly splendor, so I trust that you will remember my last words, and be a credit to the name of Hidaka. After you are gone, I shall give all my property to Sumie, who was, as you know, left helpless, and has been brought up as one of my family. I once thought of concluding your betrothal with her, but as you have a higher hope and brighter future her inferior birth might hinder your succession to a noble family; therefore I shall marry her to some tradesman, with the settlement of my property upon her." Kenzero's countenance suddenly turned ghastly pale, and he sat with folded arms, speechless and motionless. In his troubled mind duty and love struggled to conquer, and one could almost hear the beatings of his heart; but at last he sacrificed love to duty. He assented to his father's proposal, and returned to his room to prepare for his journey, sorrowful and reluctant.

Sumie received the tidings as sadly as Kenzero, but she concealed from the world the sufferings of her heart, and brooded constantly over her future destiny and her unfortunate life. She looked sad and gloomy. Her sleep was haunted by melancholy dreams. She soon became helpless and exhausted; she finally shut herself up in her own chamber, and refused to be either cheered or comforted. As soon as he had finished his preparations, Kenzero hastened to Sumie's room and opened the paper slide, and saw her leaning on her couch and supporting her head on her hand, as if utterly destitute of strength; her vacant

gaze showed her total insensibility to his presence. Kenzero, approaching near her, said softly, "Do you feel better than yesterday?"

At the sound of his voice she looked up, and said, with a sad smile, "No, about the same as yesterday;" and she sank again into her former state of unconsciousness.

"If you shut yourself up in this close room you will only feel worse. Come out into the garden. The weather is mild and pleasant, and the cherry-trees are in full bloom; it will do you good to take the fresh air. Do not brood so, but try to look for some happier future," said Kenzero, in order to divert her thought.

"How can I cease to think of our cruel separation! When I learned the history of my misery and destitution, I wept bitterly at the thought that I was an orphan, and had nothing to depend upon except the mercy of others; but as you had always pitied my miserable lot, and sympathized with me in my sorrow, so I had in you a master, the light of life, and the source of future happiness. Now you are going away to Yedo, and such a long distance will lie between us; and perhaps we shall never more see each other again." As she finished the sentence, she covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Do not take it so sorely. If you could only know the anguish of my heart. Duty and love! The weight of duty always turns the scale in its favor. But my love for you shall know no change. After my arrival at Yedo I will at once send for you, and introduce you as one of the family; but if I cannot accomplish this, we can hope and wait for the time when I succeed to the family estate and everything is at my disposal; then our union will be happily consummated, and without fear we can brave the world together." He then persuaded her to take a walk around the garden. It was near twilight; the last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the thick foliage and the blooming branches, beneath which slowly rambled the youth and maiden. Their thoughts

were wrapped in joy and happiness for the future; their sweet whispers were often interrupted by the enchanting melody of the nightingale; their forms were sometimes lost in the gloom of gathering night.

On the morning of his departure they all gathered around the gate to see Kenzero off. Sumie's heart was too full to admit of saying more than a simple "good-by;" she gave him an affectionate yet melancholy look, and lowered her head to conceal her tears. Kenzero could neither speak nor exchange a glance of parting with her, but only cast a farewell look on the little group clustered around the gate, and suddenly turned his face and proceeded on his journey. At the turn of the road he looked back toward the house, and saw Sumie standing alone. When she perceived Kenzero turn, she waved her hand with cheering nods and mingled emotions of sorrow and despair.

She waited some time, but no letter came from Yedo. As the days rolled away in this dreadful suspense she grew anxious, impatient, and at last hopeless. Her anguish was uncontrollable; she gave way to her grief, and wept like a forsaken child.

"Have you changed so soon?" cried she, in agony. "Has your promise evaporated into nothing? Kenzero, O Kenzero, this is too unmerciful to bear!" She raised her head, flung back her disheveled hair, and shuddered at the changed appearance of her own face, once so fair and beautiful. As she sat alone by a dim, flickering lamp, which made her confused mind more despondent, she heard a voice from outside calling distinctly, "Sumie, Sumie!" She sprang up and opened the window, asking, in a trembling voice, "Who is there?" No answer came but the echo of her own words. She leaned exhausted on the window-sill, and looked up to the vast and peaceful firmament studded by myriads of brilliant stars, and she wondered why her life could be so sad and gloomy while everything around her was so calm and undisturbed. She sang in a plaintive tone; and the sorrowful

melody was wafted on the midnight air, and lost among the rustlings of the leaves. Again she starts from a profound melancholy, and looks out with a frightened gaze.

"Am I dreaming?" she wondered. "No; I heard it again distinctly. 'Tis the voice of a pleading angel calling me to the Blessed Isle. Yes, yes, anon I come." And she jumps from the window, holding in one hand her tangled hair, and in the other the fold of her long robe. She runs blindly toward the bank of the Yodo River, while a flock of ravens flap their wings and croak over her head as if to chant her funeral dirge. She now stands on a bridge, gazing on the furious stream below, and wondering whether beneath the frowning waves there lies the tranquil shore of a "land of rest." "O God, deliver me from sorrow!" she prayed tremblingly; "take me anywhere out of this unmerciful world." She then plunged headlong into the rushing current, and a midnight bell from a distant pagoda tolled forth, as if ringing the knell of one so young, so beautiful, so good. The moon had just waned behind the western hills, and a mysterious darkness dropped like a curtain over the scene of desolation.

This sudden disappearance of Sumie startled Bunzero and his neighbors. They at once began to search for her; they sent the detectives to every place of concealment, and they dragged the river, but no trace of her could be found. To the memory of this unfortunate girl he erected a tomb in the burying-ground of his ancestors, and fixing the day of her disappearance as the date of her death, he offered prayers for her departed soul.

Kenzero was cordially received by his uncle's family, which consisted of his grandfather, a retired noble, his adoptive parents, and their only daughter Eukie. The intention of the family was soon told: they wished to marry Kenzero to Eukie, and thus enable both the heirs of Bunzero and Kotaro to participate in the fortune and estate of the family, this being the general practice in the case of adoption.

Eukie is now on the verge of womanhood: she is gentle in manner and graceful in movement; her heart is free from selfishness and conceit; she has a certain air of inexperience and innocence which makes her extremely charming. In her personal beauty she was not surpassed by Sumie. The latter was sagacious and intellectual; the former was amiable and graceful. Kenzero was much troubled. If he did not follow the intention of his parents, he would violate filial duty toward the family. If he did, he would break his parting promise to Sumie, whose very existence depended on that one hope, and he might ruin forever the peace and happiness of that unfortunate maiden. But the adoption was already recorded in the office of the Tycoon's council, and there was no other way to avoid the difficulties except to wait for his succession to the family estate; until then he must refuse to marry Eukie on some ground. Should he tell them of Sumie? No; her inferior birth would be a decisive objection, and the very fact of his engagement with her might cause his disinheritance, and he might meet again the fate of his poor father. Once he thought of sending Sumie a letter, to acquaint her with his present circumstances. But he feared that the idea of the intended matrimony would be a fatal blow to her; so he decided not to write to her until he ascertained the time of his succession. As Kenzero sat alone, careworn and exhausted, thinking of Sumie and her anxiety consequent upon his long silence, his uncle stepped into the room, and, delivering a dispatch, said with an air of coldness, —

"It has a seal of mourning; open and see." The sight chilled Kenzero to his heart; he remained speechless for a moment, gazing upon the letter, which still lay unopened in his trembling hand.

"It is not your father?" persisted the baronet. By this time Kenzero, slowly recovering his strength, opened the letter; it was the announcement of Sumie's disappearance. He sank helpless into his seat, and turned deadly pale. Once or twice his lips moved as if to ut-

ter the words, "I have killed her." His heart swelled into his throat, and, notwithstanding the presence of his adoptive father, the tears rolled down on his cheeks.

"Whose death is it?" asked the baronet, anxiously.

"Only that of a member of my father's family, sir," answered Kenzero, with affected coldness; but his heart rebuked him for assuming this indifference to the death of Sumie, — the love of younger days and the hope of future years. After the reception of this sad news he seemed always wrapped in deep, melancholy thought, and became quite unconscious of his friends and surroundings. Though he often mingled in the pleasures of Yedo, and frequented tea-houses with his companions, yet his face, which now bore deep lines of sorrow, was never seen to smile.

On the day of the summer festival, Kenzero went with some friends to a certain tea-house to see the procession of the gaisha, — the female musicians. While the first part of the procession was passing by, Kenzero was leaning over the balcony and gazing absently on the promiscuous crowd below, half unconscious of the surrounding gayety. Suddenly deafening cheers roused Kenzero from his sombre reverie, and he glanced dreamily at the moving procession; his eyes fell upon a female figure, and he turned pale and seemed stricken motionless. This female was Sumie, who was supposed to have drowned herself in the Yodo, and whose reported death had ruined the peace of Kenzero's mind. Amazed at the sudden resurrection of the dead, he surveyed her figure with wild perplexity. She wore gay, brilliant apparel, with an embroidered figure of dragons coiling through a cloud, and her hair was dressed in the manner of the gaisha. The figure, slowly moving beneath the balcony, filled Kenzero with mystery and awe, and it was at last lost in a thick cloud of dust, leaving him speechless and insensible. As soon as his friends left the room, Kenzero went to the proprietor of the tea-house and asked, —

"Do you know that gaisha who was so heartily greeted by the people?"

"She is from Osaka, sir," replied the proprietor, "and to-day is her first appearance."

"Do you think that I can in any way see her after the procession is over?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I know her master well; I will ask him to send her here after the procession." So saying the proprietor left the room, with many bows and assurances, and Kenzero was once more left alone to reflect upon the unexpected incident and its probable cause.

Soon a light step is heard in a long corridor; nearer and nearer it comes; now it climbs the stairs. With gay spirit and smiling face she comes into the room; but no sooner has she perceived Kenzero than she starts, she staggers back in astonishment, she turns deadly pale, fixing her eyes on his face, which is flushed with anger. Trembling and stammering she turns from him and falls to the floor.

Kenzero strode boldly to her, and said calmly, but scornfully, —

"What a shameful meeting! Sumie, how can you endure so base a life as this!"

Sumie rushed towards him, saying, "Forgive me!" But she was stopped by the wave of his hand. She knelt before him, with her hands clasped on her breast, and cried, "It is reasonable that you should think so; but let me explain the cause of my misery. Do not rebuke me, but hear" — She was interrupted by Kenzero, who gave a glance of reproach which made her tremble.

"This slavish appearance of my — future bride!" said he, angrily. "I cannot hear you! No more of your explanations!"

"But wait, my lord," said she, confusedly. "I live this slavish life for the love I cherish for one whose name I dare not to breathe now."

"Stop! I will hear no more of that," interrupted Kenzero. "How could you leave my father, when he brought you up from your helpless state, and now depends on you for the support of his old age? Oh, you shameless girl, enticed

away from home by wicked wretches, and sold into this quarter!"

"Oh, judge not before you hear," pleaded Sumie; "however disgraced I may be now, have pity on me for my sufferings' sake." She raised herself from the floor and stood before Kenzero, and seizing his sleeves looked up to him with tearful eyes. "Do you remember your promise? How long did I hope and wait for your letter, but, alas, all in vain! One night I heard a voice calling my name. I went out and asked who it was, thinking perhaps it might be you; but no one was there, and I thought it must be a voice from another world, calling me to rest. In that state of mind I determined to drown myself in the river, and leave this unmerciful world. I started from home and went to the bridge, whence, as I cast one farewell glance on the glimmering light of this world, I saw a bright star of heaven reflected in the water, and it showed me where my 'happy home' was. I plunged in, while my lips repeated your name. After that I remember nothing until, as I opened my eyes and glanced dreamily about me, I saw a group of dreadful ruffians. Oh, I shall never forget that sight! I tremble at the thought of it. Seeing such men about me, I fainted away; but on opening my eyes again I found myself supported by one ruffian, while another was holding a cup of water. Terrified by the sight I closed my eyes, and when I peeped through I saw five ruffians, in rags, sitting cross-legged around the dim light of a camp-fire. I then heard one cry out, 'I was the first who heard the splash of water, and discovered this girl floating in the river; so I have the right to her!' Then, smoothing my hands, he said in an affected tone of sympathy, 'Unfortunate maiden, as you have gained your life by my help, may I ask you to be mine? But if you refuse' — Here he stopped short and looked full into my eyes, as if to impress strongly upon my mind what he was about to say. 'In the case of your refusal,' continued he, 'we must sell you as a *gaisha*. Which will you do? Come, fair maiden, to my house and live with me.' The alterna-

tive was before me, and there was disgrace in both; I thought to myself that if I must live and suffer more I had rather be sold in the Musician's quarter of Yedo, where perhaps I might see you, and then I should tell you all the miseries I had suffered for you. So I said, 'Sell me, but I will not marry you.' At this my suitor flung away my hands and gave me one furious glance, while the rest cried out, 'Decided!' Having failed in the attempt at self-destruction, I came here to seek for you, whom I once loved, but now dare not love, for I have disgraced you by this slavish state. For the reward of my love and sufferings, I only ask your forgiveness." Kenzero, lying on a couch, remained silent, and did not heed what she had said.

Sumie took his hands, and implored him, "Say you forgive me. Forgiveness is all I now ask." But Kenzero still remained speechless and motionless. Sumie rose with a flush of anger.

"There is a limit to woman's patience," said she, tremblingly. "I waited — suffered for you; but you have, notwithstanding, broken your promise. You have deceived and deserted me. Are women made to be treated so unmercifully? Are men so stubborn and unable to read the heart of a true woman? I lived in the hope of meeting you, and now that I see you, it is worse than the worst I feared. Oh, Kenzero, how can you be so cruel!"

She turned to descend the stairs, but Kenzero suddenly seized her, and said in a melancholy tone, "Are we to forget each other forever, and endure the anguish of our hearts for nothing? Say no more of forgiveness. It is I who ought to ask your forgiveness. As vile as you are now, I love you more, for it is your love which brought you to this misfortune and disgrace. It is my fault, — my fault!" And he told her of his unfortunate situation in his adoptive family, and the cause of his long silence.

He now determined to redeem her from her master, but as he had not succeeded to the family title he had not sufficient means to execute his intention; therefore he only continued his visits to

Sumie with her master's permission. When the master learned from Kenzero of his relation to Sumie, he was moved by the affecting story of their sufferings, and he consented to the proposal of their immediate marriage; moreover, he told Kenzero to pay the redemption money on his succession to the family estate. The marriage ceremony took place at the master's house, but without the consent of the adoptive family; for Kenzero feared that they would object to the union, and he intended, after his succession, to introduce her to the family as his wife.

After their marriage, Kenzero bought for Sumie a small cottage on the banks of the Sumida, where she lived in a quiet manner with her attendant maid. The cottage was situated on the shore, a short distance from the road, and surrounded by bamboo hedges exquisitely trimmed. The path, bordered with various Oriental flowers, winds through the garden to the arched portal, from which hangs the morning-glory with its delicate tendrils. On one side of the garden there rises an artificial embankment, with trim shrubberies and mossy sides, and on its top a small temple of the household god is seen through the green of pines and hemlocks. On the other side are dwarfed trees, artificial streams, and large trunks of trees overrun with ivy and fern arranged with skill and taste. The piazza commands the whole view of the river, whose right bank is covered by a row of pretty houses, with pretty balconies, and neat steps leading to the water, where numerous "roofed boats" are rocking at their moorage; on the left, there is a famous orchard of cherry-trees. A long path, with a row of the trees on either side, extends the whole length of the bank; the branches, meeting at the top, form one continuous arch. When the cherry-trees are in full blossom, one walking beneath this deep and flowery bower can hardly see the sky. The surrounding atmosphere is filled with fragrance, and the place itself is so charming, so unlike any earthly scene, that it reminds one of the descriptions of fairy-land.

After Sumie's removal to the Sumida, Kenzero spent a greater part of his time there; thus he neglected his home duty, and showed slight attention to his intended bride. Months had rolled by without causing any serious effect in the family; but when there was a baby born on the Sumida, Kenzero's absence and his cool treatment toward "the daughter of the house" became so marked that the family, for the first time, felt suspicious of his mysterious conduct. Kenzero was a favorite of his grandfather, whose influence was still felt in the domestic affairs, although he had long since retired. His interest and affection for his grandson made him fear that, although in his lifetime there would be no change in the family, after his death they might disinherit Kenzero, if his present behavior continued; therefore he determined to search for Kenzero's secret, and arrange the affair himself. When he made inquiry, he was informed that Kenzero was engaged to Sumie, a singing-girl on the Sumida. He was shocked by such unwarrantable conduct in his grandson, and hastened at once to see the woman and solve the difficulty. It was a May afternoon; the weather was mild, and the broad surface of the river was here and there disturbed by calm ripples. Sumie was clad in her flowing gown with loose sleeves; with the child in her arms, she was telling the nurse the story of her past misery. Suddenly there came a voice asking for entrance. Sumie, after bidding the nurse to take the child into the next room, opened the door, and there stood an old stranger.

"Excuse me," said the stranger; "is Miss Sumie living here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sumie; "I am the person inquired for." The stranger bowed politely, and begged to be pardoned for the liberty he had taken in thus addressing her. A seat was soon assigned to him; but both remained silent, for she was vexed by this unexpected visit from a stranger, with whose name even she was not yet acquainted, and he did not know how to introduce the object of his call.

At last he broke silence, saying, "I do not know how to come to the point. I have attempted several times, but all in vain. I now force myself to state the object of my coming. I am Kenzero's grandfather. I do not know whether you are aware that he is an adopted son, and is to be united with the daughter of the house; but his coldness — nay, his aversion to her — made us suspect the existence of a secret engagement. I am informed that you are the one to whom he is attached. I am quite alarmed, for if this were known to his adoptive parents they might disinherit him. As I have only a few more years to live, my only hope is to see him succeed peacefully to the family fortune; but as long as his acquaintance with you continues, so long his future remains uncertain." Here his courage failed him, and he could proceed no further. All the while Sumie sat with downcast eyes, thinking that the fatal moment had at last arrived, and she must either announce her marriage with Kenzero, or resolve nevermore to see her loved husband. She thought of acknowledging the marriage; but then what would be the result? Kenzero would surely be disinherited for his secrecy and disregard of the family, and his name forever blotted from the fair pages of human record. Upon her answer hangs the fate of Kenzero! There is no other way to save him and his honor but to sacrifice herself.

"I was unaware," said she, pressing down the swelling of her heart, "that I had caused so much — alarm in your family. However, I shall hereafter renounce the honor of Kenzero's attentions. Now, for the first and last time, I beg your forgiveness."

A flood of tears rolled down on her cheek, and, burying her face in her hands, she knelt down at the feet of the old baronet.

"Rise, madam," said he, trying to lift her; "pray rise, for you have done nothing to be forgiven. I know too well the pains of separation. It makes my heart ache when I think that I have made you break your engagement and caused all your sufferings."

"As I have no hope or happiness in the future, if my sacrifice can save Kenzero and his honor I will gladly make it, for the love I have long cherished for him."

It was so touching to hear her, and to witness her calm resignation, that the old baronet wept, and, expressing his sympathy for her sorrow, he bade her farewell.

After the visit of this mysterious stranger, the scene in the cottage assumed a very different aspect; the merriest laughter had now changed into saddest stillness and despondency, and over Sumie's beautiful face came an expression of woe and despair. As she sat alone in her own room, thinking of the sorrow of her last meeting with Kenzero, she observed him standing on the threshold and wondering at the change in her.

"What ails you?" asked he, advancing toward her. "Has anything happened?" But receiving no answer he came to her, and said, while looking into her tearful eyes, "Come, come! tell me what ails you."

"Nothing," said she, dropping her head on his arm; "but I was thinking of my unfortunate condition, and I could not help" —

"I wish you would not brood over such a silly thing. Thus far we have both had a full share of sufferings; but now we are married, let us forget the story of our past miseries; and as soon as I succeed my father, I will acknowledge you as my lawful wife. Therefore until then be patient, and wait for our brighter future. Why do you talk so hopeless?" said he, bending over her tenderly. "Why do you look so strangely? Why, you perplex me! you alarm me! Does anything distress you? Come, tell me, and I will share your sorrow."

"I have nothing to tell you now; but I will inform you to-morrow," said she, while she was repeating in her mind, "To-morrow itself will inform you."

"Then until to-morrow," said he, "do not despond so, for my sake. I will come early to-morrow morning, for I am a substitute for my father in attendance at court to-night. I must go

now, so adieu." As he was turning to start on his duty, Sumie looked at him with a despairing expression, as if they were never to meet again. Kenzero was troubled ; returning to her, he said, " Why do you look so sad ? I will come to-morrow, early. Is there anything that you wish me to do before I go ? "

" Nothing particular," replied Sumie ; " but somehow I feel very lonely. Stay a while, for it is not yet the fourth hour."

Kenzero returned to her side, and they are once more together.

" I often think," continued she, " that I was born to make others grieve, and my life is the representative of the saddest. How many phases of human life are there in the world ! Life resembles several streams : some dash forth from between huge rocks, ooze through crack and crevice, and are sometimes hurled down over cataracts and waterfalls, and whirled around in a dark, fathomless basin. Calmness and tranquillity are not assigned to them ; but their whole course represents a constant turmoil and disturbance, until at last they are all emptied into the ocean. Others bubble up by the hill-side, and warble along sunny banks and peaceful meadows. They sometimes glide over mossy stones and beneath the cool shade of summer foliage, while their gentle murmur makes harmony with the sweet songs of skylarks. The roaring rivers and laughing brooks are alike hushed at last by the waves of the mysterious ocean. Likewise grief and pleasure, sorrow and happiness are swallowed up in death, — the common destiny of human life. My life is a scene of constant troubles ; I live in sorrow, and so shall I die. To-night we sit together, but we know not what to-morrow will bring forth. Should I ever be called away suddenly, think of me mournfully, and pity my child for its mother's sake."

" Why do you talk always of sorrow and death ? " interrupted Kenzero. " As frail as we are, and as uncertain as our life is, we must idealize a world of happiness, and hope for a brighter future. In this transitory world there is nothing

substantial, nothing to be called happiness except hope. Misfortune disperses the airy castles of imagination ; sorrow breaks into the happy circle of contentment. Sadness plays as important a part as happiness in the drama of human life." Just then the bell of Asakusa struck the fourth hour of night. " It is time to go," said Kenzero, starting from his seat.

" Oh, then must you go ? " said Sumie, looking at him steadfastly. " I do not know why, but I feel sad in view of so short a separation."

" You alarm me ! I do not dare to go to the court and leave you here alone."

" Pray attend the court," said she, eagerly. " For the world, I would not have you omit a duty." Her heart was full, for this was the last time she was to see him, and to-morrow she would hear him no more ; but, trusting that she should meet him in the happier region, she bade him farewell.

After the whole family had retired Sumie began her preparation by dressing herself in the " white apparel," which is generally worn by one who intends to commit suicide. She wrote a long farewell letter to Kenzero ; and just as the hour of midnight struck she grasped a short sword, wrapped in white cloth, all save the point about an inch in length. She raised it to thrust into her throat, but her courage failed her at the sight of her child. She knelt at his cradle, bent over him, and embraced him again and again. The thought of leaving him alone made her tremble ; she shuddered at the sight of the sharp sword before her. Weeping, sobbing, she for the last time fondly clasped him to her bosom ; and as her warm tears fell upon the child's cheek he stretched out his arms, he moved as if waking. Sumie started back and held her breath in dismay, but again the child dropped asleep.

" Oh, my dearest child ! " cried she, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. " Oh, most unfortunate one ! Forever must I leave you ? But I shall hover above you, and guard you against the troubles of this wicked world. Do not cry when I am gone, for I shall never

return. When waking in the morning you seek a mother's smile, my lips will be closed and my spirit departed. Do not grieve when I am dead. I am not to be mourned, but only to be forgiven. When you know that I brought you into this world only to suffer and be thrown in the shadow of the world's splendor, do not think hardly of me, but pray to God that my sins be forgiven. This is my fondest — saddest — and last" — She embraced the child again and again, then thrust the sword into her throat, gasped, and died.

Kenzero was haunted all night by the thoughts of his sorrow-stricken wife. Next morning, at the close of his attendance, he hurried to the Sumida. On arriving at the cottage, he found the door closed; he knocked for admission, and he was soon answered by the nurse, who appeared as if just awakened from a deep slumber.

"How is Sumie?" asked Kenzero, eagerly.

"She has not yet called me; so I suppose she has slept soundly," replied the nurse.

"That is well. Sleep does her so much good." And Kenzero went straight to Sumie's chamber. A loud scream was heard. In a minute the nurse and servant were on the spot. What a terrible scene! There was Sumie lying in white apparel covered with blood, the nurse kneeling and weeping, Kenzero holding Sumie's face in both his hands and gazing upon it with an expression of intense agony, and the servant standing dumb with horror.

"O Sumie!" cried Kenzero, still gazing on her face. "My own and dearest! Your sufferings were too heavy to bear; but was there not any other way but to rest in the shadow of death? Were those her last words to me? Oh, how ignorant was I of the working of her heart! My life, my happiness, forever gone!" He trembled with despair and remorse; but he reflected upon her words, and bitterly reproached himself. As he turned about, he found a letter on the desk; on its outside was written, "Farewell letter to Kenzero." He opened it

hurriedly, but, unable to proceed, he dropped it on the floor. On recovering his strength he read as follows: —

Midnight on the Sumida.

DEAREST KENZERO, — Parting is a correlative of meeting; no meeting can ever exist but it is followed by parting. As the number of happy meetings increases, so much nearer do we approach to the melancholy of parting. At last the time has come when I must leave you and the world forever. Standing on the threshold of death, as I look back upon my life I see nothing but sadness and misery. In spite of my inferior birth you have shown me more sympathy and love than was due to my unworthy self; and shall I ever forget them? I have often felt it would have been better and happier for you and me had we never met. I had a dread of myself as the cause of disgrace to you and your noble family. I believe that I was intended to die when I was left in my infancy without home and parents. It was never intended that I should thus live and make you grieve for my misery. These thoughts render my life no pleasure to me, but create a constant fear of future sufferings; therefore, now once for all, I sacrifice my life and end my fears to save you from disgrace. I have only one request, my worthy — In what term shall I address you now? As a husband? The world ignores our marriage, and your noble parents have not ratified it. Whatever name it be, I care not. For the sake of your unfortunate Sumie, have pity on my child, and give him such an education as will save him from ignorance and disgrace. Do not tell him who was his mother, or how she died, for it will only add sorrow and shame to his innocent mind; but teach him to pray that her sins be forgiven. As I leave all those who are dear to me on earth, and turn my thoughts to the mysterious region of death, I tremble at the darkness of my path; but I trust that God will be merciful, and guide my poor, weary soul to its blessed destiny. This parting — sorrowful and heart-rending — will be only for a mo-

ment, and soon we shall meet again in a happier land, where sorrows are unknown and friends never parted. My thoughts are as countless as the pebbles on the shore; but as an approaching dawn separates day from night, and life from death, so I close this last token of my love with adieus and tears.

As he finished the reading of the letter, Kenzero laid it down, clasped his hands in prayer, and gazed upon it as the last expression of Sumie's love. Every heart was swelled by grief; every eye was filled with tears; silence and sorrow reigned everywhere.

When the family was informed of Sumie's personal history, the parents reproached Kenzero for the concealment of his early betrothal. The grandfather said that if Sumie had told him of her marriage, and of her child, he would have secured the favor of the family in her cause; and Eukie regretted her own existence as an obstacle to Kenzero's union with Sumie, and as the cause of her self-destruction. Her parents took the child into the family, trusted his education to the loving hands of Eukie, and erected a tomb to the memory of Sumie, young and beautiful, who sacrificed her own life for man and his honor.

N. T. Kaneko.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

VI.

A GLIMPSE has been deferentially taken of the exterior of the quarter of brown stone and shining plate-glass, with its central avenue, the chosen abode of the most select high life in New York. Sometimes it seems the abode of no life at all. People are rather rarely seen to enter or leave the houses. Children and organ-grinders do not play much in front; and the tenants are by no means to be found personally negotiating with a vegetable man at the curb-stone, or loaning each other a saucepan over the area railings. At night, however, here and there a carpet is laid across the sidewalk, and a striped, barrel-shaped awning erected above it. Certain passengers on foot and on wheels, responsive to the action of the exhaust-chamber within, disappear into the awning as if swallowed up in the mouth-piece of some curious pneumatic tube. There is a little knot of spectators gathered about it: a couple of intimate servant-girls, with arms about each other's waists; a pair of rude young loafers, who laugh coarse-

ly and make fictions of being about to draw on their gloves and step airily in themselves; a well-dressed woman from a lower station, who does not fear recognition in detaining her husband and pushing boldly to the front to gratify for a moment a commendable feminine curiosity,—the whole kept in check by a sturdy policeman who has the air of being in society himself, and something more in having it thus under his patronage. Perhaps a young man not too long from the interior, a student or beginner in law or a clerk in a mercantile house, turns his head to note the disembarkation of a wonderful being in a cloud of fleecy draperies, and passes on musing. He is not convinced of the justice of the embargo by which he is shut out from acquaintanceships of such charming promise, nor that it is not a station in life he himself is as well calculated to adorn as another. How long will it be before some astonishing development of legal talent, or the investment of his savings in some wholesale enterprise affording enormous profits, will place him there on equal terms?

Supposing, however, that the young man were already one of the kind of floating atoms that this particular pneumatic tube by preference took in, what would he find? He would mount to an elegant library room or sleeping apartment, directed with a sweeping gesture by a serving-man in livery. He would find a place for his ulster and stick among a thick array of similar small bundles on the chairs and tables and floor, but would carefully retain, all the evening, his hat, made with a spring to shut up into a disk. Coming down he would take the hand of the hostess, standing, with one or more assistants, in the realized intricacy of the latest fashion plates, at the drawing-room door. Perhaps, as he waited his turn, he would hear his predecessors, invited for their desirability from a select list, with little or no previous acquaintance, mentioning their names, and the beaming entertainer greeting with more than usual effusion the bearer of some particularly good Knickerbocker title, and regretting that so little of the old blue blood is left. Within, in the babel of well-bred sounds and the tangle of rich materials, from which only the upper half of the bodies of the men, in immaculate black and white, emerges, he looks for familiar faces. It is not at all a cheerful thing if he finds none. Take the arm of Westbrook, imaginable young man! He is far from the mad presumption of thinking he knows anything particular about it himself, but we shall find witnesses in the course of the promenade to give us points.

Possibly the vision of loveliness you saw escaping up the steps is close at hand. If you had the honor of her acquaintance she might ask if you were at the Merry-Go-Rounds last night. Yes, you would reply, and found it charming. Was she going to the Whirligigs to-morrow night, you might return. "No," she might say, "I can't go." Then it would be almost time already to be moving on. The physical appearance of the people is prepossessing. Equestrianism is popular with the young girls, and they walk the avenue with a quick, elastic step. The case seems a little

problematic, it is true, during the full-fledged society period, for some of these over-slender figures, but after marriage a more robust health reappears. In the case of the men, who affect an English carriage and aspect, while the women, with their greater vivacity, more resemble the French, the taste for athletic sports has risen to the height of a profession. There is no longer any reason for those who do not care to make a pretense of playing at business being driven abroad for their pleasures. It is a taste that will not hinder the natural tendency of accumulated wealth to dispersal, but it ought at least to hand down the inheritance of robust constitutions to the descendants who must commence the work of accumulation anew. There is such a variety of styles — light and dark, slender and stout, tall and short — that it is not easy to pick out the prevailing type. There is evident a wide range of intermarriages, and the influence of many climates and manners of living. A strong element made up from the foreign consuls and resident foreign merchants intermingles closely, chatting in its own languages, and aids the diversity of effect. The men, it must be said, can be inspected to better advantage in a physical way at the Racquet Club or the Polo grounds. Precious privilege as it is to be here, the heat and burden of the evening is borne largely by quiet immature youths, while there are numbers of handsome stalwart fellows approaching, say, the age of thirty who would consider it the worst kind of a bore to have to come. So is it ordained that the too much must offset the too little.

The young girl is the central figure. In Brief Honors, a late gracefully told little story from the Chicago house of Jansen, McClurg & Co., devoted to New York matters, and especially, with much pointedness, to the abuses of insurance companies, she is thus described: "The New York girl is the wonder and envy of all other American young women. She is not prettier, or more graceful, or more favored in any way by nature; she cannot dance, sing, paint, play, talk, write, or perform in any of the so-called

accomplishments better than any other of her countrywomen. She does not necessarily spend more time or money in her toilette; but she acquires a nameless faculty of satisfaction with herself which young ladies of the best education and surroundings in lesser cities and towns never quite possess. . . . She begins society where other and so-called provincial young ladies leave off, namely, in understanding it."

The satire called *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy*, in the December and January numbers of *Blackwood's*, attributed to an English author of the best social opportunities, who passes much of his time here, ascribes her success matrimonially to this thorough sophistication and her assumption of the management of her own affairs; unlike her English sister, who is kept in leading-strings and browbeaten by a kind of "awfully-aw" style of men. The same writer rates her as much brighter and more solidly accomplished than her equals of the other sex. "I remember one evening," says the sprightly Irene, pursuing her breathless autobiography, "half a dozen of us girls counting up the young men who could converse intelligently on any of the literary, scientific, or even political questions of the day. When we had got up to two we were obliged to stop. . . . When you are not down in your eternal Wall Streets, you are out at Jerome Park, or looking out of the club windows; but as for informing your minds and giving your naturally bright intellects some wholesome food to digest, which should make you instructive as well as agreeable members of society, you won't do it. . . . I feel that I owe you some explanation for having taken an Englishman when I had the whole Spuyten Duyvel Club to choose from."

If the young girl be the central figure, her domain is much circumscribed in favor of the young married woman, and will inevitably be more so in the approximation in progress towards European manners. The age and civilization of "societies" can be accurately gauged according to the prevalence in them of

mature people. You recollect how it was with you at X—, before coming to New York. You selected a young lady you knew to have been invited to the same party, escorted her there, and brought her safely home without the interposition of anybody. Here the chaperone is a necessity; a more complicated system is installed. The chaperone forms the rallying point for an older element, who gather to talk to her. At first, we may suppose the young matron assisted in this capacity. By degrees she took part, and is now involved in the whirl to the fullest degree. Marriage in metropolitan society is not the signal for a portentous gravity and an exclusive interest in domestic affairs. The theory prevails that with increased intelligence people can come together with even greater profit than before. The whole of life is thus thrown open, and participation in its pleasures no longer circumscribed by an arbitrary limit.

The young married men are of great social importance. They are said to be the most indefatigable ball-goers, the recognized leaders of the German, and established authorities on all matters of etiquette. They flirt actively with unmarried girls, in some cases keeping it up until their own daughters come out. They overwhelm "the girls of their choice with bouquets, *bonbonnières*, and trifling presents, taking them drives, giving them dinners, boxes at the opera, and distinguishing them by such marks of delicate attention as are always grateful to the female mind." The more intelligent elderly portion of the men seem to have only a temporary connection with the assemblages. They are strangers in town, or newly risen to fame, or returned after a long absence, and friends who have come out to welcome them. Whatever the recurring reasons may be, the ranks are kept tolerably full. Here is a noted artist, long resident in Rome, with a gallant and polished air, complimenting and being complimented by a circle of ladies. A distinguished ex-candidate for a very high office is smiling feebly by the mantel-piece. A tall young editor raises above the assem-

blage, for a while, a serious head that seems exotic to such scenes. He converses with the distinguished candidate, and both disappear early. The well-known wit, Mr. Rip-Rap, brought out of retirement by his connection as a witness with the famous Tanglewood case, is finishing one of his anecdotes to this group and passing on to the next. There are some traveling lords from the Brevoort House, some army officers on leave, and the interesting Lady Banbury Cross, who was such a "card" at Newport last summer. Almost everybody in this circle has traveled. To have lived abroad is the rule rather than the exception. There are plenty of persons who have passed not one or two, but six and seven years there. In its elements and opportunities it is a great cosmopolitan society. It might be supposed, under these circumstances, that conversation of an improving order would flourish. There is, of course, much interesting talk, but it is not so to a notable extent. Manner is an object of attention quite as much as matter. The new-comer sometimes finds, with a sense of surprise that makes him an unequal participant, that to be particularly well read and interested in intellectual matters is thought not quite "in good form."

Perhaps the conversation of society, like that of common life under similar circumstances, can never depart very far from the description of Rousseau, who complains that "nothing so dwarfs the mind, so engenders trivialities, tittle-tattle, evasions, and falsehoods, as to be shut up face to face in an apartment, and reduced to the necessity of continual babble." "Let it be a condition that I must talk, and I inevitably make a fool of myself. *Moi présent on n'aurait jamais su ce que je valais.*" And it is not I, but Matthew Arnold, who, speaking of the use of an aristocracy to counteract that hard type of life which a constant subjection to petty cares tends to establish, says further that the peculiar serenity of aristocracies, of Teutonic origin at least, appears to come from their never having had any ideas to

trouble them. There appears to be at present no semblance of a *salon*, like the salons of history, and perhaps of New York in the past, where persons of opinions and definite knowledge come together, amidst an agreeable luxury of surroundings, for intellectual friction.

If it lack profundity somewhat, society conversation is not wanting in a dashing readiness, often approaching wit. The desire to be entertained implies the duty of entertaining, and it is by this method that the effort to fulfill the obligation is chiefly attempted, rather than by the conveying of information, which is not indeed an easy matter, everybody being courteously supposed to know everything already. Proficiency in this talent throws its lustre around "the fashionable set," indifferently known as "the fast set," whatever it may be for the moment. The fashionable set is a variable domination. "It is Mrs. Brown's set this year. Mrs. Jones's set next year, and Mrs. Robinson's set the year after," says The Sarcasm of Destiny, of Mrs. Sherwood, — a work whose value consists in the observations her intimate connection with society enables the authoress to make more than in its plot or characters. "Whoever has health, money, and a disposition, whoever will give attention enough, can for a short season be a leader of a fashionable set. The moment one becomes too autocratic a new departure comes." Certain belles and enterprising persons, it thus seems, create, as it were, schools of fashion, which display for the moment definite characteristics and an animating principle, and are presently dissipated as lightly as the dust on a butterfly's wing. The fashionable set is apt to approach, in an off-hand freedom of manners and lack of squeamishness (so curiously do the ends of life approach) sets quite at the other extreme of society. Nor is this an exclusively New York or an exclusively American trait of high society. Is there not a noble *attaché* at Windsor, in Charles Sumner's letters, who comes down-stairs and talks about "the gals," meaning no less prominent persons than

the august maids of honor of the royal household?

Meanwhile, the music has been playing since ten o'clock, and round dancing desultorily in progress. At midnight the doors are thrown open and a glittering table disclosed. The elegant men in black and white fall upon the pinnacled and rose and lily tinted comestibles like a descent of Goths and Vandals upon Italy, and bear away sections, held by a precarious tenure, to the ladies distributed in chairs, with their voluminous skirts as close-reefed as possible, in the vicinity. Then the chairs are arranged in pairs, and the real business of the evening begins, — the German cotillion. The last carriages are rolling away at three o'clock. This is society, the ball, the culminating act of the long series of society conjurations whose object is to bring people together. *A priori*, one who knew nothing about it would imagine — would he not? — that a society freed from the sordid cares of the struggle for bread, with unlimited opportunities of development in education and the arts, would be found conversing like the Poet at the Breakfast-Table, engaged in some subtle and exquisite pursuits, cherishing ideals radically different from and beyond those prevailing below. The hard truth in life is rather that the impulse obtained by the overcoming of difficulties is that which goes on to the greatest accomplishments after the immediate purpose for which it is aroused is subserved. It is not the denizen of the tropics, stretching his hand to the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut grown for him without planting, who develops letters and the arts and founds great commercial republics, but the assiduous Hollander, first snatching his dreary marsh from the jaws of the North Sea. It would not do to claim that any American society had yet reached the point of being benumbed by its luxury. Its men, at least, are engaged in the common avocations and the common struggle. The scale, not the kind, of their demands is altered. But if it has not gone down it has not gone up. The ideal of the largest and best secured fortunes does not

differ greatly from yours and mine, — material gains, more interest, advantageous marriages.

"Society" is not a different order of beings, it is disappointing to find, but simply the upper classes taking their pleasure. To take their pleasure in the way deemed decorous and requisite involves a certain expenditure. Money, therefore, is the first condition of society. Possibly there are thirty thousand people in New York capable of carrying on the desirable scale of display in houses, dress, equipage, and entertainments. This is altogether too many; bases for divisions must be found. The uneducated rich are left out. The local political rich form a circle by themselves. There is a religious set, houses that remind one of Lady Pitt Crawley's in Great Gaunt Street. Bible-reading is mingled with its gayeties, and ladies who delighted to be gone all day on coaching excursions with profligate young millionaires, considerably the worse for their wine after dinner, and to return tooting horns through the streets at night, would not be received, nor possibly the millionaires either, though the painful reflection occurs to one that they might not want to be. The rich of "family" insist upon taking the topmost position. Their claim is half admitted, owing to the need of some peculiar titles to consideration where all are otherwise equally equipped, and is half maintained by force. It is a very shrewd claim. It cuts the ground from under the feet of ambitious aspirants, who can never arrive at this qualification, whatever they may do with the others, and it also obviates the need of uncomfortable exertions on the part of its assertors. In any partnership with money or brains, family preserves a consciousness of contributing its full share to the fund. Why will not somebody undertake a defense of these much-abused factitious distinctions? Money and family are at least something tangible; how difficult of estimation is true worth! It can't be positively determined by looks or talk, and who has time to go around hunting up conduct? Besides that, appearances may be deceptive. If Gall

and Spurzheim were only infallible, and there were a central bureau where everybody's head could be charted and placed on file for reference, it would be quite another matter.

By these various eliminations society is reduced to manageable proportions. The circle determined to be the best company, by the Chesterfieldian rule of selection, — that which all other circles admit to be the best next to their own, — invites from six hundred to one thousand people to its balls, and thus practically admits so many to terms of equality. But this number is already unwieldy, and further divisions would seem to be called for. The swarm of guests has outgrown any but the largest houses. The rooms at Delmonico's begin to be taken for all sorts of private festivities. It must be a convenience to buy a coming-out party or a birthday party of any desired size, and pay for it in a single solid lump; but the growth of the custom is regretted by some as a detraction from a more sentimental ideal of hospitality and the home formerly prevailing.

Without money, family, or conspicuous brains, — you would do much better with the first than with either of the others unaided, — imaginary student or merchant's clerk, it will do you no good to be at this party. You might as well not have come. You cannot have a career. This is natural. The two purposes of society are to be fashionable and to be entertained. If you can contribute to neither, why should you come? One would like to know as much as possible, since this is to be but a momentary glimpse, of the inner meaning of society, of its capabilities for happiness.

All the accounts I have glanced at agree as to the reality of the "old family" claim; all insist upon the prevalence of an excessively mercenary spirit, and a proneness to unblushing withdrawals of countenance from unfortunate associates. Young Morgan, the anonymous Chicago author's hero, is thrown over by Miss Juliette Ramsay as a person of low tastes, because he continues to visit the bankrupt family of Stephen Wilting in a

back street down town. He marries the bankrupt merchant's daughter in the end, a girl with a bright, active mind, a talent for chess, and some vestiges of coquetry in spite of her reverses, and seems to have made a happy exchange; but this, of course, is a matter that the novelist has entirely in his own hands. Nina, in Mrs. Sherwood's story, seeking aid as a teacher at houses where she had once been fêted and flattered, is represented as having her card returned to her by Mrs. Merivale, with the message, "I do not know the person." When she returns to prosperity, Mrs. Merivale again fawns upon her. There is no gambling set now, as there was shortly after the fierce excitements of the war, where ladies of fashion smoked cigarettes with "the men," and played for fifties and hundreds of dollars at a time; but there are unpleasant statements as to other points of morality. Mrs. Rose Averill is quoted as saying, arguing for the admission of certain questionable guests to her ball, "I do not wish to be called the young American matron, and derided for my propriety. I assure you, men laugh very much at any assumption of that kind. It is out of fashion, and it is only that I am young and pretty and rich and well born that I can afford to be in love with my husband."

"I should hope any daughter of mine would be in love with her husband, or else pretend to be," said Mrs. Pear-Tree.

"No, mamma, that is not the fashion of the period; if you are *not* wrong, you must pretend to be, or else you lose caste."

This is not so far from the pictures of life presented by the comic dramatists of the Restoration and similar luxurious periods. "My friends who are living quiet and guarded lives," says another society account, — in the *March Appletons' Journal*, — "are very unhappy. They describe their dull monotony of days as something very forlorn." The young married women "are left alone, with every want in life satisfied except the greatest of all wants, something to do, and with but one possible excitement, and that is flirtation."

It must be borne in mind that the striking effects of satirists, and half the time those of the story-writers, have to be produced with the faults instead of the merits of the community. One crime resounds farther than a hundred virtues. Demoralization of manners is probably one of the things in time to be expected here, as it has always followed elsewhere in the train of great wealth and prosperity, but the manifestations are yet too extremely slight to justify any general aspersions. Whatever may be the doings of "a certain set," always exaggerated by rumor, a proposition to take the "not" out of the Decalogue is far from being yet in order. The best company in New York has many aspects of freshness and simplicity. Church-going is the rule. Its younger element is trained at the grave seminaries and colleges of the quiet interior. In the classes from which it is drawn, though not immediately in society, there are persons of

studious tastes, surrounding themselves with the appliances of an admirable culture, who lead lives that seem the worthiest and most enviable of all. There is some frivolity and inconstancy in the classes below; I suppose life is not quite free from it anywhere. There are butchers who maltreat their poor relations, and bakers who give themselves airs over candlestick-makers for living on a fourth-floor flat at fifteen dollars a month instead of a fifth at ten.

I hope this account is not going to appear abusive. It would not be much less so if any other class were the subject of its story. All it ought to do is to justify an inference that society is not so unspeakably more precious and exalted in its transactions than ordinary life that one need repine bitterly, like the fabled Peri at the gate of Paradise, disconsolate, if he never quite gets into it. Rightly understood, contentment is no doubt possible outside of it.

Raymond Westbrook.

AMERICANISMS.

III.

ALREADY I begin to see that The Atlantic is a kind of Oneida Community in the republic of letters. At least it is so in the use of mutual criticism as a mode of discipline for its contributors. If one of us makes a slip, or is supposed by another to have made one, — which comes to much the same thing, — he is pretty sure to hear of it next month in the Club, where he finds himself subjected to a form of castigation which is in use not only under the government of Father Noyes, but in the estimable Society of Friends. I remember having seen in my boyhood one of my companions, whose family belonged to that social order, dealt with in this way. He had been guilty of some outrageous piece

of mischief, and the maternal magistrate arraigned him in this fashion: "Now, Robert, thee has been a very bad boy; thee ought to be" — I winced for my playmate; for I expected the conclusion common under such circumstances among the world's people. But no; the threatened punishment was of another kind. The judgment pronounced was, "Thee ought to be *talked to*." I discovered afterwards that this was a common mode of correction among the Quakers; a kind of family pillory, in which a culprit was set up to have his ears bored with sharp sayings, and to be pelted with dead mysteries and moralities, and rotten proverbs. Perhaps it was a figurative memorial of the persecution to which the sect had been subjected in its early days, both in the Old England and in the

New. I am not quite sure that it was not a more dreadful punishment than the veritable whipping-post. Certainly it was more effectual, if we may judge by the sober and discreet carriage of the people who put it in practice. However this may be, it is manifest that some of my collaborators think that I too ought to be talked to. I am quite willing to submit myself to this chastening: first, because I believe that the discipline is good; and next, because I have the right, which the poor Quaker boy did not have, of talking back. Of this, however, I shall not avail myself, unless it seems to me that I can do so for the benefit of my readers.

As to words and phrases peculiarly American, I am asked how I would regard cases where a partial variation in the form of things has led to a variation in words between the two nations. The answer is plain enough. A variation which is not merely in fashion and style, but which is sufficient to produce a really new thing, justifies a new name; and this is not an Americanism. Indeed, among the few real Americanisms in language, no small proportion is composed of words which are improperly applied to things which we do not possess. For example, we, that is the Episcopalians among us, speak of the rector of a parish; and our boys, and I am sorry to say some of our men, shoot what they call robins. Now there is not a rector or a robin in America. A rector is a clergyman who has certain legal relations to a legally constituted community known as a parish, and who has rights there even against his parishioners. We have no such religious officers. Our so-called rectors are merely the ministers of Episcopalian churches or congregations; and their parishes have a purely conventional existence; their not very easily determinable limits being set by the Episcopal church for its own purposes. Our robin is a tawny-breasted thrush; a bird of a family quite different from that of the robin. An Englishman will shoot almost anything that flies or that runs, except a fox; but he would about as soon shoot his grandmother as shoot a

robin. And so, I think, should we, if we had the tiny little crimson-breasted creature that haunts the house, perches upon the window-sill and peers through the pane with one-sided glance, and flies trustingly almost into the hand that brings its breakfast of crumbs. These perversions of words are, perhaps, unavoidable; but they are to be deplored, for they are the occasion of misapprehension, and not unfrequently they are accompanied by a perversion of sentiment. We have no such associations with our so-called robin as those which pervade all England and are illustrated in all English literature in regard to the redbreast.

To come to the particulars of my querist: he asks if I should call one of our railway cars a carriage. In strict propriety it might so be called; for a carriage is anything that carries. Oddly enough, while he was putting the question I was answering it in the article that was published in the last *Atlantic*, in which the nomenclature of railways had ample, although incidental, illustration, so far as I could give it. I must, however, correct one trifling error made by my Club critic in saying that the vehicles on English railways are "modeled on private carriages." They are, or were originally, modeled on the old stage-coach. They are even now, as I remarked, sometimes called coaches; and a few of the old ones still retain traces of the external form of the obsolete vehicle which they have displaced. I should not call one of our cars a coach, simply because a car is not a coach. Pushing his inquiry farther, my critic asks, "When Mr. White goes to his office by the horse-car, for instance, does he call that mode of communication a tramway? If not, does he not violate his own canon?" I certainly do not call a horse-car a tramway, nor should I do so in England. But not to be as sharply critical upon my fellow contributor as he is upon me, I should not say that I went by tramway, or even by railway. It would not be necessary to do so, or natural. Unless we are pedantic, we do not go into such particulars. We

take the car to our offices and the train to Washington, or, if we are worthy of such translation, to Boston.

But, to touch a point of much more importance, suppose Mr. W. did violate his own canon? What of that? Is the canon therefore any the less binding? I cannot see that it is. The culprit in question is human, although he is permitted, and has in past years been permitted, to write for *The Atlantic*. He is but a poor mortal creature, and fallible, although he has often been to Cambridge. Having had these privileges, is it at all strange that he should know what is right, that he should be able to see and to say what is the correct thing? And on the other hand, being, as he confesses, an erring man, born in the city and county of New York, can he be expected always to live up to his knowledge? I trow not. He would not presume to take such a position for himself. Indeed, I doubt that he would do so even if he had played on Boston Common, graduated at Harvard, and lived in Beacon Street. But would his falling from grace invalidate the doctrines that he preached? Far from it. There must be grace, or he could not fall.

Seriously, the *argumentum ad hominem*, ever a poor resort, is conspicuously feeble when it is used against a doctrine because he who advocates it does not practice what he preaches. In language, above all things, evil communications corrupt good manners. From the very nature of language a man will, a man must, be influenced in his speech by what he hears day by day; and he may thoughtlessly, or even consciously, use words and phrases which are offensive to his taste and condemned by his judgment. I have had occasion, in connection with this subject, to say before that there was never a sillier mandatory maxim than "Physician, heal thyself." Considering it even in regard to the function of the medical man, it is so. A physician may be dying of a disease for which neither he nor any one of his professional brethren can give *him* a remedy; and yet he may from his death-bed prescribe a course of life or a medicine

which may relieve others. Proverbs are often the folly of one man perpetuated by the lazy thoughtlessness of many. As to what I say or write about language, let it be judged upon its own merits, and not by my manner of speaking or writing. I make no pretense about the latter, and, to tell the truth, take little thought of it; and I may be like the tipsy lecturer upon temperance who furnished in his own person his dreadful example. Let no man think to frighten me by showing, if he can, that I have violated my own canon, or seek to shield himself under the cloak of my errors. My pages may be spotted with faults, and they are none the less faults, but rather the more, if I should know better than to commit them; nor because of them is anything the less true that I may declare. I hope that none of my readers are of that sort that will not even serve God if the devil bids them; if so, they are less wise than I should like those to be for whom I write,

" Since he whose words can save, himself may be
Among the lost."

So, truly and finely, Mr. Trowbridge sings.

One critic kindly and privately points out to me an error which he thinks that he has found in my assertion that a certain meaning of *conclude* is not given in any English dictionary from Bailey downward; and he cites this definition as given by Bailey: "Conclude, to resolve upon, to determine." He is quite right as to the existence of the definition; and he might have gone back farther than Bailey and found the same definition, "to resolve upon," in Kersey's English Dictionary, 1721; and going back yet farther, more than a century, he would find the very same definition of *conclure* in Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, 1611. But "resolve upon" does not here mean to intend, to resolve *to do*. My correspondent evidently referred to Bailey of 1735, or some earlier edition; had he turned to the folio edition of 1755, he would have found the following passage from Addison given as illustrative of the use of *conclude* in the sense of to resolve upon:—

"But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be *concluded* just before he die."

So Dryden says of Ben Jonson: "To *conclude* of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries we have as many and as profitable rules for the perfecting the stage as any which the French can furnish." *Conclude* here means to resolve upon the problem of a man's life or professional career; to pass a final (conclusive) judgment upon it.

May I here venture to say that it is generally safe to assume that a man of ordinary intelligence and of honest purpose may be trusted as to an assertion of fact which he makes upon a subject to which he has given special attention; unless, indeed, he is unwise enough to make a negative assertion of exclusive force upon a subject of which his knowledge, however wide, is not complete. I know the value of accuracy, of which George Eliot, somewhere in that greatest of her books, *Romola*, makes old Bardi say that it "is the soul of scholarship;" an aphorism the truth and the importance of which no one capable of appreciating scholarship would for a moment question. But on the other hand, a great scholar, Monier Williams, says in the preface to his *Sanskrit Dictionary* — his second — that his confidence in the accuracy of human beings in general has been painfully shaken in the course of his great work; and this also presents a truth in literature, as every attentive student must know. How then are these two sayings to be reconciled? If accuracy is the soul of scholarship, and no scholar is accurate, scholarship is soulless, dead; it is deprived of the very conditions of its being.

It is thus that both these sayings are true. Almost every intelligent and honest man who gives himself to study, and lays before the world the fruit of his reading and his thought, is accurate in essential things. In that which is non-essential, incidental, accidental, unimportant to *his purpose*, he may be more or less accurate or inaccurate, according to his temper and the circumstances

under which he works; but as to the point to which he gives his attention and asks the attention of others, it is very rarely indeed that an intelligent and honest writer is not accurate. Indeed, it will be manifest, on a moment's reflection, that if it were not so literary criticism would be effectually checked; it would stand still; it could hardly exist. But a man who is thus accurate may in minor matters be inaccurate, merely because he has not the time or the inclination to look closely after unessential matters of detail. He may call a man James whose name was John, may give the date of his birth as 1700 when it was 1701, may assign a quotation to the wrong page or the wrong volume, and may not quote a passage with literal accuracy in all its parts. Now, if the question is, what was the year of a certain man's birth, or what his name, or on what page a passage may be found, accuracy upon these points is of essential importance and will be sought by an earnest writer with the utmost diligence; but otherwise it seems to me, although desirable, not to be a matter to vex one's soul or to waste much of one's time about. And if in a passage quoted the essential word or phrase is right, positively and relatively, the rest must be left to the ordinary chances of memory, of copying, and of proof-reading. This, at least, my readers may assume as my way of working, such all the accuracy that I strive for, — perhaps because I can make but the humblest pretensions to the title of scholar.

To turn more closely to our subject: a British critic, who does not wish his name to be known, and who, although he informs me that he is in no way connected with literature, writes with a clearness and an idiomatic soundness to which many of its professors do not attain, as well as with a courtesy which some of them neglect, sends me some observations upon language in this country which have intrinsic interest, and a few of them, at this stage of this series of articles, some value. He says, "Some years ago I visited America for the first time; but neither then nor subsequently had I the

pleasure of acquainting myself with New England and New Englanders, my destination being the plains of Kansas and the newly settled districts there. The people I came in contact with were for the most part Northerners, and either natives of New England or the sons or grandsons of New Englanders. I was surprised to find that many words and phrases obsolete in this country were in daily use among them, and that these so-called Americanisms belonged to the English of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and the Bible." He then goes on to mention some of the words and phrases which are "obsolete" in England. Before remarking upon these, let me say that this notion that the English of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and the Bible has been preserved here, but has passed out of use in England, though it has some foundation, — a very little, — has not enough to bear all that has been built upon it. Misled by my elders and superiors, I yielded too much to it when I wrote Shakespeare's Scholar and edited Shakespeare's works. Studying more, and thinking more for myself afterwards, I found reason to change the opinion which I had taken up partly because it was made to my hand.¹ Not less erroneous, as I shall show hereafter, is the opinion, which has been recently broached, that the English of America is about a century behind that of the mother country; that is, that we speak and write the language of the grandfathers or the great-grandfathers of the Englishmen of to-day. The difference between the speech of the two is very slight, hardly perceptible to the not-nicely-critical reader of Richardson, or even of Fielding; and the speech of the grandfather is not more in vogue here than it is in England.

And now as to some of the words which my kind and intelligent British critic found to be Americanisms only because they were obsolete English. They will surprise many British as well as some American readers.

"*Slough*," he says, "which is very common in the West, I have never heard

used colloquially here; and the first time I heard it, it reminded me of the Slough of Despond, showing that in conversation it was a total stranger to my ears, though I was born and bred in this country." Now I was not born and bred in England, but I have heard *slough* used there colloquially by educated people again and again. And it appears frequently — just as frequently as there is necessity for its use — in all English literature, modern, that of this very day, as well as that of the past. See: in a book which I happened to be reading just when this letter came to me, *The Seven Curses of London*, by James Greenwood, the "*Amateur Casual-Pauper*," I met with these instances: "It is terribly hard to struggle out of a *slough* of laziness in which a man has lain for a length of time with nothing to do but to open his mouth and permit other people to feed him." (Page 258.) "Is there one who, blessed with means, can find delight in raising from the *slough* of despond a poor wretch stranded on the bank of the black river of despair?" (Page 268.)

"*Pshaw*," he says, is "a common Western expression, but met by me only in the tales of thirty or forty years ago." This is amazing. The word is as common in daily English speech as "rubbish" or "nonsense," and even more so than the horrid slang "rot." And in the very book to which I have just referred I find the following passage quoted from *A Thousand Temperance Facts and Anecdotes*, a book than which there could hardly be one more adapted to popular apprehension: "'Pa, does wine make a beast of a man?' '*Pshaw*, child, only once in a while.'" (Seven Curses, etc., page 370.) And I asked (not because I felt any need of so doing) an English gentleman very lately arrived here, whose general culture and whose knowledge of such subjects would give great weight to his opinion upon a matter of this kind, even were it one of doubt, delicacy, and importance — I do not know why I should not mention the name of my friend, Mr. Charles Welford — about it; and his re-

¹ So also as to the theory that the discriminative use of *shall* and *will* was not settled until after the

Elizabethan period. But of that elsewhere and at another time.

ply was that there was no limitation to the use of the word in England; it was neither obsolete nor provincial, neither vulgar nor fine, and it was upon the lips of all classes in all parts of the country. And such is the testimony of all English literature of the day.

"I'll *build me* a stable, I'll *get me* a horse. This use of *me* after a verb," my British correspondent says, "is quite common in the West; and when I first heard it it sounded almost ludicrous, reminding me, as it did, of Solomon's 'I *gat me* men singers and women singers.'" If the last example was amazing, this is astounding. For this use of *me*, *her*, *him*, *us*, with a dative sense, after a verb is a peculiar English idiom; these words have been so used for centuries, and are now so used in all kinds of English speech and writing, from the prattle of the nursery and the talk of peasants up to the rhapsodies of poets and the debates of peers. It is as common now as it was three hundred years ago; so common that there is not a single idiom that occurs to me as commoner. As I turned the leaves of the book mentioned, looking for matter quite other than the trivialities of verbal criticism, I happened to light on the very phrase that seemed to my correspondent so ridiculous. "If I entrust a builder with so much timber, so much stone, and so many bricks to *build me* a house, and I afterwards discover that by clever dodging he has contrived to make me believe," etc. (Seven Curses, etc., page 170.) But this idiom is so common, so essentially English, so pervasive of the whole body of English speech and literature now as well as heretofore, that to support or even to illustrate it by examples would be childish.

This writer is not alone, however, among intelligent and cultivated men in such misapprehension of the facts of language, as is shown by some Shakespearean fumbling and blundering over the word *sheer*, and by a little experience of mine in regard to it. In the Taming of the Shrew, Sly the tinker says that he is "fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale;" and from the mid-

dle of the last century until the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar there was discussion over so simple a phrase as sheer ale. It was conjectured by various commentators, from Malone to Collier and Singer, to mean shearing ale, and shire ale (as, Warwickshire ale), and ale drunk on sheer Tuesday, and also to be the name of a pure and potent liquor otherwise known as stark beer. In Shakespeare's Scholar, for the discomfiture of the Collier emendator, I showed, what it seemed to me should need no showing, that sheer ale was merely ale alone, ale only. Temporarily misled by the apparent significance of the failure of the British critics to apprehend its meaning, I referred to it as one of those English expressions which had survived here, although they seem to have died out in the mother country. But the word is as common in English speech and writing of the present day and of the immediate past as any other required to express an idea of its kind. It is inherent in the colloquial and literary phraseology of the present day, as of that of the fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of this generation of Englishmen; so common that the following examples are at once at my hand without seeking: "These and such as these may truly ascribe their pauperism to neglect on somebody's part; but by far the greater number are what they are through *sheer* misfortune. (Seven Curses of London, page 2.) "Victory of *sheer* brain over circumstance pleases us, even in an adversary." (London Spectator, April 13, 1878, page 563.) However, such being the position of this word in the English language as it is spoken in England, when, on the publication of Shakespeare's Scholar, the Earl of Ellesmere, then president of the Shakespeare Society, wrote me a kind letter about the book, one of the passages which he selected for commendation was this very one upon *sheer*, and he thanked me for clearing up the obscurity about it. But the passage deserved no commendation and I no thanks for it; a school-boy in either country should not have blundered over Sly's "fourteen pence for sheer ale."

And yet it is well known that Lord Ellesmere owed his position as president of the Shakespeare Society not to his rank alone, or even to his taste, but to his very considerable literary culture and accomplishment.

From what has gone before it is manifest how unsafe it is, even for persons of intelligence and education, to assert that words and phrases are obsolete or uncommon in England, or peculiar in any way to America. No one should venture to do this without having a far wider and more minute acquaintance with the English of the day, as it is spoken and written in England, than has been exhibited by any person who has yet written upon the subject. It would seem safe to assume that the testimony of such a person as my correspondent, before referred to, a man of intelligence and education who has lived in both countries, in regard to the language of his contemporaries was to be relied upon, and all the more so because he is plainly acquainted with the English of the past as well as that of the present. But we have seen that he declares certain words obsolete, and so strange as to be almost ludicrous in their effect, when in fact they are of the commonest occurrence in the daily speech and writing of Englishmen. The same incongruity between opinion and fact is manifested in the comments of the Shakespearean commentators and Lord Ellesmere upon the word *sheer*. The case seems to be that many persons hear and read certain words without remarking them, until they are suddenly brought to their attention in the writings of an old author, or the speech of a new community; and then, as they happen not to have used those words themselves (and such limitations of the vocabularies of individuals are very common), they seem strange, and are assumed at once to be obsolete or provincial. Only by some such supposition can such mistakes as those which I have noticed be accounted for.

Upon *darn* the same correspondent remarks: "In your quotation of English authorities for *darn* will you allow me to take exception to Anthony Trollope? I

think that any educated Englishman of the present day would use the word as an Americanism, — American slang being rather in vogue just now. Among the English peasantry I believe *darn* is common." Just so. But neither do educated Americans use *darn*, except very rarely and jocosely as rustic slang. The word has, therefore, according to the testimony of this intelligent British critic, precisely the same position in both countries. The educated Englishman, however, when he uses the word, does so with the mental protest and reservation that it is an Americanism, when in fact it is a part of rustic speech in his own country just as it is here. He thus makes the very mistake and commits the very injustice against which I am combating.

Our British critic thus summarizes the result of his observations: "It is undeniable, I think, that although America has developed many new words and phrases (the most of which I believe and hope are only ephemeral), there are a great many so-called Americanisms that are to be found in English writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and that in fact America has preserved to the English language many words that England has forgotten." The first of these suppositions is discreet as well as considerate. Of the words and phrases referred to as developed here, by far the greater number are of the most ephemeral nature, and will pass away like the Bowery boy and his vocabulary, referred to in a previous article. Many of them are not even of ephemeral prevalence, but mere productions of individuals extravagantly ingenious in vulgar speech, which are copied into and used by unimportant newspapers for the mere sake of their vulgarity and their supposed humor. They are also much fewer in number than is generally believed. The supposition that many obsolete English words are in use here we have already seen is a great exaggeration of the fact. A few such there are; but many of those which are supposed to be obsolete by insufficiently informed philological observers, such for instance

as Dr. Hall, are not so, as I have shown in a previous article and in the present. The mere fact that a man does not remember to have met with a certain word, which is used in America, in his reading of English authors, or to have heard it used colloquially by educated Englishmen, does not warrant him in setting it down as an Americanism. Such mere negative testimony is likely to be set aside at any moment, as we have seen, by affirmative evidence of the use of the word by contemporary writers of repute. The fact is illustrated by our British critic before mentioned when he says, "I was rather amused to learn from your interesting article that Mr. Bartlett considers *blackberry* an Americanism. . . . As far as my experience of English people goes they *all* speak of blackberries and blackberry bushes." Such positive testimony from one intelligent observer is destructive of the mere negative assertions of a whole college of philologists.

Little room is left me now for particular remark upon words erroneously regarded as peculiar to America; but it will suffice for the dispatch of those coming under letter E, which are comparatively few. Some of those which appear in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary I shall merely mention as being thoroughly English in origin and in use: these are *ear-mark*, *educational*, *eel-grass*, *e'enamost* for almost, *eend* for end, to *egg*, to *egg on*, *every which way*, and *expect* for think, suppose. The last, like many words stigmatized as "Americanisms," is merely bad and slovenly English. The misuse is of quite as long standing and is quite as common among good writers in England as here. Even a writer like Dasent affords an example of it: "But it is an old saying that a story never loses in the telling; and so we may *expect* it must *have been* with this story." (Burnt Njal, preface, page viii.)

Elect. Mr. Bartlett is far from being alone in the supposition that a certain use of this word, as in *elect to go*, *elect to submit*, which he gives as examples, is an Americanism. He remarks, "The Americanism consists in the construction of this verb with a following

infinitive." Let us see how American that construction is.

"Truly a plain-spoken damsel, perfectly sure of her victim, if she *elects to lead* him to the altar of sacrifice." (Wm. Russell, LL. D., *Eccentric Personages*, London, 1863, page 207.)

"That fatal passion [jealousy] he [Shakespeare] now *elects to paint* as the natural fault of the individual." (Heraud, *Inner Life of Shakespeare*, page 336.)

"Miss Prescott, known as Di to her intimates, by reason of her god-parents having in a thoughtless hour *elects to call* her Dinah." (Charles Carew, by the author of *Dennis Doune*, chap. i.)

"It was no slight thing to say of himself that he had *elects to give up* the occupation in which he had been engaged for many years." (Mr. Goschen, M. P., Speech at Lord Mayor's banquet, January 15, 1866.)

"This was not very prudent, as the young Galen had *elects to establish* himself in Bowchester." (Anthony Trollope, *Dr. Thorne*, chap. ii.)

"Resolving to stick bravely to the side of the house to which he had *elects to belong*." (Idem, chap. viii.)

"She won't care about my boots being dirty." So at last he *elects to walk*." (Same author, *Small House at Allington*, iii. 13.)

"When the opinion had in some sort been left to herself, she had *elects to walk back* with Harry." (Same author, *The American Senator*, chap. vii.)

"But a noble young lady to whom he offered himself rejected him, to his surprise and indignation, for a beggarly clergyman with a small living, on which she *elects to starve*." (Thackeray, *The Newcomes*, ii. 34.)

"I am sure you played very nicely," said good-natured Lady Dormer, whom Trafford had *elects to escort*." (Mrs. Alexander, *The Wooing O't*, chap. xxxi.)

"And so society *elects to be battered* about, variously maltreated on a sliding scale of changes." (Ruskin, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xlv., page 184.)

"The courtesy is misplaced; for we

fear the critic will *elect to be insulted*." (London Reader, July 1, 1865.)

"The winner of the queen's prize [at Wimbledon] may *elect to receive* his £250 in specie, or in any other shape that he prefers." (London Times, July 24, 1865.)

"When he *elected to be judged* by the solid fruit of his legislation, he ceased to be ranked among conservatives." (Saturday Review, June, 1873.)

Thus we see that the use of *elect* with a following infinitive is so far from being an Americanism that it has the support of the best English writers of the day, including Thackeray, John Ruskin, and London journals of the highest position. Let not my readers suppose, however, that I quote these passages in support of its Englishness with approval. A usage may be undeniably general and yet be bad. Citation of evidence does not imply respect for the thing evidenced. In the treatment of the subject of these articles my own opinions are not to the purpose, and are not obtruded. The question is merely whether this word or that phrase is of peculiarly American origin and usage. But of "*elect to*" I will say that to my taste it is a vile phrase, as vile as "*most beautified*." If a man chooses to do a thing, let him say that he chooses to do it, and speak plain English. This use of *elect to* has not been long in vogue, and is, I suspect, of very modern origin.

Engineer. Mr. Bartlett remarks, "The engine-driver on our railroads is thus magniloquently designated." True, and it were better not. But English writers do not leave him alone in his verbal magnificence.

"Regard that able-bodied individual, the leader of the gang, with his great grumpy fists, the smut still on his face, and for a moment doubt that he is a deserving laboring man. He is an *engineer* out of work since last Christmas, and ever since so hard up that he has been unable to spare a penny to buy soap with." (James Greenwood, *The Seven Curses*, etc., page 253.)

Esquire. Upon the indiscriminate and therefore unmeaning use of this title I

have remarked in Words and their Uses. I shall say here only that there is no peculiar Americanism in such use. It is used in just the same inappropriate way in England; but there is a level, somewhat indefinite, it is true, below which it does not descend. John Bull always feels that he must draw a line somewhere; and *esquire* with him usually stops at professional men and merchants, among whom he does not include shopkeepers.

Exercise. The use of this word with a certain moral significance is very generally, but erroneously, supposed to be an Americanism. Mr. Bartlett discreetly omits it from his catalogue. The sense in question will be apprehended from the following passages from a few English writers, past and present, all that it is necessary to bring forward:—

"She was continually *exercised* with the affliction of a weak body." (Bishop Hall, born 1574, died 1656, *Autobiography*, page xiv.)

"So many days and nights as they had been *exercised* with such imminent danger, and had despaired of life together." (Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, 1726-1803, *Sermons*, page 444.)

"One of the greatest favorites of heaven, the patriarch Job, was *exercised* with these trials." (*Idem*, page 467.)

"Through the whole of that Saturday the town had been much *exercised* in its belief and expression as to the disposition of the property." (Anthony Trollope, *The American Senator*, chap. lxiv.)

"Within reach of a waiter to suggest beefsteaks, and a railway guard who can substitute the familiar word *tickettes* for some less intelligible form of demand, he is not too severely *exercised* in his mind." (Saturday Review, October 31, 1868.)

Nor does this phrase seem to me altogether lovely:—

Enjoy. "*To enjoy bad health*," Mr. Bartlett remarks, "is a whimsical yet by no means uncommon expression,"—in America of course. I should call it rather ridiculously absurd than whimsical; and as to its being not uncommon,

that is "thereafter as it may be." I have never seen or heard it used by educated writers or speakers except jocosely. But that it is not American, see this evidence from one of the most admirable female writers of the day:—

"It is not the manual workers alone who, as *they say in Leicestershire*, enjoy very poor health." (English Matrons, London, 1873, page 128.)

The phrase is merely the result of a

blundering misapprehension of the meaning of language by people whose mental fingers are all thumbs. It is merely nonsense and bad English; but, like much other nonsense and bad English, it ignorantly is set down as an Americanism or as provincial to some shire. I have no doubt that the estimable authoress of English Matrons might find it in use among the rustic folk of other shires than Leicester.

Richard Grant White.

SONG.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

I.

SWEETHEART, name the day for me
When we two shall wedded be.
Make it ere another moon,
While the meadows are in tune,
And the trees are blossoming,
And the robins mate and sing.
Whisper, love, and name a day
In this merry month of May.

No, no, no,
You shall not escape me so!
Love will not forever wait;
Roses fade when gathered late.

II.

Fie, for shame, Sir Malcontent!
How can time be better spent
Than in wooing? I would wed
When the clover blossoms red,
When the air is full of bliss,
And the sunshine like a kiss.
If you 're good I 'll grant a boon:
You shall have me, sir, in June.

Nay, nay, nay.
Girls for once should have their way!
If you love me wait till June;
Rosebuds wither picked too soon.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I AM glad to see the suggestion in the last Contributors' Club of making an examination of the tomb of Shakespeare. I have often spoken of it, and I am pleased that one of us has had the courage to come out boldly with the thought that must be in many minds.

The imprecation on the tomb-stone is unquestionably all that prevents the exploration. But there is no sufficient evidence that the lines were written by Shakespeare. It would not be surprising to find that they were, as the Reverend Mr. Jephson says they were, old church-yard rhymes, like "Afflictions sore long time I bore," and that they had served many others before the days of Shakespeare.

Whether he wrote them or not, it is altogether probable they were meant to keep his bones from being dug up and huddled into the great charnel-house attached to the Stratford church. Ward, the old Stratford vicar, says, in his diary, that he "searched thirty-four skulls or thereabouts," four of which had the exceptional though not very rare "frontal suture." This was, no doubt, in the Stratford charnel-house. Many persons might object to their own bones or those of a relative being removed to this receptacle of the fragments of mortality, where future vicars and physicians — worthy Mr. Ward united the functions of both — could handle their skulls and "pah" at them as Hamlet did at Yorick's.

Everybody's tomb gets opened at last. Cheops or Agamemnon, their bones or their dust must sooner or later revisit "the warm precincts of the cheerful day." King John came to the light in 1797; King Henry IV.'s sarcophagus in Canterbury Cathedral was opened, and Bolingbroke's face was looked upon once more; Sir Henry Halford has given us a full account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I. in 1813; the crypt where the bones of Raphael were lying gave up its precious deposit in 1833, to be replaced after the

examination for which the vault had been unsealed; and the chest containing the bones of Dante was searched and reported upon by a committee in 1865.

No question was settled by any of these examinations to compare for a moment in importance and interest with that which would attach to the exploration of the spot where Shakespeare lies buried. Our race has a right to know, if it can be known, in what kind of tenement that supreme human intelligence was lodged. It is not an idle curiosity. *The examination might determine which of the alleged portraits is the true one.* A portrait may be identified by a skull more readily than many would suppose who have never looked on the fleshless frame of the features they have known during life.

The stones that lie over what remains of Shakespeare may be "spared" and replaced, so as to call down the blessing of the epitaph. The bones need not be "moved" in the sense against which the curse was levelled, that is, removed. Let the Archbishop of Canterbury lift the malediction by his consecrating presence. Let the heir of the throne stand by with uncovered head while with reverential hands the sacred relics are tenderly sought for. Let the men of science chosen for the task see that every fact which is of interest or value to the race is carefully observed and recorded for after ages. The world will have gained much, and the yet unmeasured poet, who lives in his writings, and not in his mortal remains, will have lost nothing.

Will the experts tell us whether or not it is too late?

— In a late number of *The Nation*, the writer of an article entitled *Recent Poetry* remarks: "In *some* previous papers under this head *it has been* necessary to exhibit *some* flowers of rhetoric so marvelous as to excite a little incredulity among readers. *It has been* suggested that we must have invented them."

I am not aware that any one has sug-

gested this, but the suggestion commends itself as natural, for the writer of those papers has shown that he is quite capable of producing (one does n't "invent" flowers, except in confused metaphor) as curious flowers of rhetoric as any which have fallen under the scythe of his criticism. For instance, in this same article he speaks of certain odes "which seem to aim at a Horatian flavor." If to aim at a flavor is an Americanism, it is certainly an Irish-Americanism; and if the poet under consideration really did aim, or cause his odes to aim, at a flavor, his Recent Poetry got no more than it deserved at the hands of the recent critic. But is it too much to demand that the critic should put his death-sentences into clear, compact English? It often happens that the condemned poet has a vague consciousness of injustice when he finds himself expiating offenses of which his judge is equally guilty. Indeed, to drop the simile, it is only fair that the critic should write good prose when he is giving lessons to bad poets. However, it was not a question of style which I wished to discuss; I merely desired to point out a discovery that has been made by the writer on Recent Poetry. He has discovered that Browning is a model of condensation. Speaking of one of Mr. Fawcett's lyrics, the writer in *The Nation* says, "It is a genuinely poetic motive; Heine would have crystallized it into two short verses [meaning stanzas], and Browning into a line and a half." It is very possible that Heine could have suggested in eight lines what Mr. Fawcett has told in twenty-four, — but Browning? It appears to me that the author of *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, or *Turf and Towers* (there's a neatly condensed title for you!), is the last man to be held up as a model for diffuse young writers. If there was ever a true poet sunk to the chin in the quicksands of verbiage, and threatening wholly to disappear from the eyes of mortals, that poet is Robert Browning. Here and there, in his earlier poems, he said a fine thing simply and finely; but since 1856, when he gave us *Men and Women*, he has re-

quired a hundred verses to express a thought which Milton, for instance, would have expressed in ten words. I wonder in what shape the author of *Pacchiarotto-and-How-he-Worked-in-Distemper* would have stated this:—

"If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."
(Milton's *Comus*.)

Somewhat in the following fashion, possibly:—

If Virtue . . . Nay, then, since the word offends,
Let us say Good Intention, though, indeed,
That's somewhat turgid for R. B., — you take? . . .
For I bore deep, cut close, pack hard the sense,
Hurtle the blue thread through the crimson's
woof;
If Good Intention make false step and plunge
Prone o'er the edge o' the world, Heaven's self per-
haps —
Though I'm by no means very sure of that,
Seeing how no one heeds a Browning now —
Would stoop i' the chasm and pluck Goodness up,
Setting her on her pegs again . . . who knows?

If that is not very fair Browningese, it at least "seems to aim," as our mentor of *The Nation* would say, at a Browning flavor. My personal conviction is that it hits the flavor in the bull's-eye.

— In *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1878, page 460, among other statements is the following: "It was Sherman and Porter who projected the many schemes at Vicksburg and vicinity, except the last successful demonstration, which originated with Farragut, who, in 1863, when lying between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, sent his marine officer, Captain, now Major, John L. Broome, and Paymaster Meredith, of the Hartford, across the peninsula at Vicksburg, and advised that the army should come below and make its advance, instead of wasting its strength and that of the navy above, on the Yazoo."

As bearing directly on this point, and showing that the writer of the above is mistaken, I submit the following extract from a private letter from General Grant, written in February, 1863.

W. F. R.

BEFORE VICKSBURG, {
February 22, 1863. }

DEAR R—: A large mail, the first in a week, has just arrived, and in it yours. I hasten to answer, but will nec-

essarily be short, having a number of letters to go out by the 12 M. mail. . . .

I am much obliged to you for your kind expressions of confidence. The reduction of Vicksburg is a heavy contract, but I feel very confident of success. Since arriving here, however, the amount of rain that has fallen, and the very high water, has been a great drawback to our progress.

It is now impossible to effect a landing on the east bank of the river at any point from which Vicksburg can be reached except under the guns of the enemy. By passing below and taking Port Hudson it would give high land all the way up to operate on, and give in addition coöperation from Banks' forces.

Hoping news from this department will be favorable to our cause, I remain, truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

—I wish to say to a contributor in the last Club that the reason "why English and American printers always put a circumflex accent over the first vowel in the word *chalet*" (sic) is that it is correct under the following rule: "On emploie l'accent circonflexe lorsque la voyelle est longue, et qu'il y a suppression de lettre." (Grammaire du Grammaire; par Girault-Duvivier, page 972.)

Château, formerly *château* (Latin *castellum*), is a large mansion house in which the lord of the manor lives.

Châtelet is a little *château*.

Châlet is a still smaller building, the name being restricted to such buildings in Switzerland.

For orthography, see the Grand Dictionnaire Général et Grammatical des Dictionnaires Français, par Napoléon Landais, la quatorzième édition, Paris, 1862.

—As to that note about the circumflex accent on *chalet* which you send me: Alfred de Musset, Jacques Porchat, and twenty other French authors whose works have been crowned by the Académie Française are *wrong* if Mr. — is *right*. Of course I did not make my criticism without looking deeply into the matter. I did n't base my charge on even such good authority as the dictionary of Spiers and Surenné, who do *not*

give the circumflex accent to *chalet*. I did n't trust to a dictionary; I got the whole literature of France to back me. I went through my collection of French authors (selecting the masters of style) and found the word in *twenty* different works, and in not a single instance was it printed with the circumflex accent. I've this moment come across the word in De Musset's *La Nuit de Décembre* (Poésies Nouvelles, page 671):—

"À Brigues, dans les vieux chalets;
Au sein des Alpes désolées."

Porchat, in *Trois Mois sous la Neige*, says, "enfermé dans ce *chalet*" (page 1), "dans les *chalets*" (page 5), "laissez-moi aussi dans le *chalet*" (page 12). He uses the word thirty or forty times in the course of the narrative, and nowhere prints it with the accent. Moreover, there are etymological reasons why the circumflex accent is not admissible. I will lay myself out to give them, if it becomes necessary.

Perhaps Mr. — has fallen foul of *châlît* in his dictionary. *Châlît*, a wooden bedstead, — the circumflex accent is correct there. I don't pretend to know much more about these matters than the French Academy does; I was always modest.

"Un grand *chalet*." (George Sand, *Le Dernier Amour*, page 17.)

Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes *chalet*. (*Transatlantic Sketches*, page 65.)

"Swiss *chalets* glitter'd on the dewy slopes," writes Matthew Arnold. (*Poems*, page 146.)

The authors of all civilized nations are now coming to my rescue! *Chalets* are springing up all around me, and not one of them has a pointed gable!

—Here is what I think a queer bit of philology, which, I venture to surmise, may be as new to most of your readers as it was to me. Did you ever happen to become interested in any of the discussions which have raged, so to speak, about the word *Kearsarge*? That name, as everybody knows, has been bestowed on two mountains, one gun-boat, and several hotels; and whether it be an Indian name or no, and if Indian how it happens to bear no sort of kinship

to any other Indian name, and which of the mountains received it first, and which was named for the other, and for which, if either, the gun-boat and the hotels were named, and what the proper spelling of the word may be, are a few of the questions which have agitated the public mind, and on which I have a modest confidence that I am both competent and called to set that mind at rest. In the first place, the word should be spelled *Kiarsarge*. All the oldest documents in which it is mentioned give it so, and there is even extant the artless narrative of an ancient Dutch mariner, who used to trade with Portsmouth in the days of her greatest prosperity, and who once pushed his way far enough into the interior of New Hampshire to discern the summit of what he calls by the extremely imposing and Niebelungish name of the *Kiah Saga Mount*. He did not go to North Conway, however. The Conway Kearsarge, so often sung by Boston bards and climbed by Boston boots, was really christened *after* the southern or Merrimac County Kearsarge, both morally and chronologically. The somewhat passionate prepossession which has prevailed to the contrary is due to the fact that Boston discovered the northern mountain before she did the southern one, and argued, naturally enough, that neither could have existed long without her knowing it. But in fact the towns adjoining and including the southern mountain (which is situated almost exactly in the geographical centre of the State of New Hampshire), Warner, Boscawen (pronounced *Bosk-wine*), Andover, and New London, were nearly all settled in the earlier half of the last century; while the Conway tract was first occupied, late in the seventeen hundreds, by emigrants from the Merrimac County region. They must have named the northern mountain for the southern one, on account of a resemblance of outline, which is remote enough from some points of view, but rather striking from others. The southern mountain is almost isolated. Its massive proportions dwarf to mere undulations all the nearer hills. The

northern mountain is accompanied by a troop of other peaks, hardly less distinguished than itself. But they are both triple mountains, and when they are seen in a three-quarters profile the likeness comes out. The Conway mountain is much the lighter and more graceful. That sweet-souled enthusiast in mountains, Thomas Starr King, said it was the most *feminine* of all great heights; whereas the southern eminence has a vast breadth of shoulder and a stupendous, not to say piggish character of head, which are even triumphantly masculine. The two would answer very well for husband and wife. Now let us see where they got their family name. The tradition is yet alive in Merrimac County of a famous hunter and trapper who had a lodge in the vast wilderness which clothed all the sides of the southern mountain a hundred and fifty years ago, and even, some say, extended over the now bare granite top, whence the very soil was burned away, within the memory of man's grandfather, by an unparalleled forest fire. However that may be, the old hunter was the only person who had ever explored the mountain in earlier days, while he enjoyed a hermit's intimacy with it, — descending only at intervals of months, and taking a taste of civilization (so called) at some of the settlers' farms, where he was never refused hospitality. This man's name was Currier Sargent. Both these surnames are still common in Warner and New London, and in the sweet *patois* of the latter place the former is still softened to *Kiah*, — as Reynolds in the same region becomes *Runnels*, and Whittier *Whicher*. The great mountain was *Kiah Sargent's* or *Kiar Sarge's* Mountain before geography had dreamed of adopting it.

The only trouble about this explanation seems to be that it is too satisfactory. A real philologist once said to me, "In seeking for the derivation of a word always remember that nothing is so perilous as probability, and that what is reasonable is untrue."

As for the hotels, — if our married mounts insist on a divorce, — part will

probably be given to one, and part to the other. But the gun-boat was unquestionably named for the old man. Captain Winslow, who commanded her, was born in what is poetically termed the shadow of the southern mountain. He could not very well have been born in any of the middle counties of New Hampshire and escaped it, but, as a matter of fact, I believe that he first saw the light — or the shadow — in the town of Andover, at its northern base. Lest, however, I should be suspected of a league with some "gentlemanly proprietor," I shall forbear to mention the fact that a hotel on the northwestern slope of the original Kiarsarge, "commanding an unrivaled expanse of lake, river, and valley," commands the commander's early home also, and is named for him.

— The curiosity as to Saxe Holm seems now to be turning from biographical to botanical details. As a tolerably careful student of nature and of that lady's writings, I am compelled to question your correspondent's statements of fact, under both these heads. To begin with, one is always suspicious of a critic who first misquotes a passage and then parodies it. It is perfectly safe to assert that Mrs. Jackson did not write "My snowy eupatorium came to-day" in Mercy Philbrick, because nobody wrote it. There is no such line. The passage probably intended is this (page 209):—

"My snowy eupatorium has dropped
Its silver threads of petals in the night."

As to the appearance of the plant, there are ten or twelve wild species of white eupatorium, of which your correspondent selects the very coarsest, in order to question the epithet. These species often grow intermingled, and as the careful Gray describes some of them as "very white" it is certainly within poetical license to say "snowy." Even the boneset, on favorable soils, sometimes deserves this epithet.

Now as to the critic's dates. He objects to Draxy Miller's wearing blossoms of the low cornel in September, because "it is a spring flower." So is the dandelion a spring flower, but who has not

seen it in the autumn? I have myself often gathered the low cornel in September, and have heard of it in October. The actual range of time in our wild flowers is often much greater than the books allow. Again, your critic complains that in Hetty's Strange Story a church in Canada is dressed with dogwood blossoms, Ayrshire roses, and carnations, "flowers respectively of May, June, and July, and therefore "impossible to combine in out-door culture." Here, again, your critic is mistaken. The dogwood is assigned by Gray to "May, June," and by Bigelow to "early June;" the Ayrshire rose is a June flower; and Copeland says, in his Country Life (page 656), that carnations "naturally bloom in June and July," but that some varieties can be forced even earlier. The simple fact is that the wedding is supposed to have taken place in June, in time for the earliest carnations, but not too late for the last dogwood blossoms. The combination is not "impossible;" it is not even improbable.

This disposes of the only specifications given by your critic to sustain the charge of utter "ignorance," a phrase which I will not retaliate. The assertion that the plot of the One-Legged Dancers is taken bodily from Mary Howitt's Strive and Thrive appears to me one of those trivial charges in which Poe delighted; the plot in both stories is very simple, and might well have occurred to half a dozen different persons. What is more to the purpose is a coincidence which your correspondent does not seem to have discovered, namely, that the fancy from which this story takes its name—the comparison of vine-trellises to one-legged dancers—is "taken bodily" from H. H.'s Bits of Travel (page 65), and so far tends to defeat the critic's main argument.

— I believe there is nothing sacred in our present English spelling; but do not many good people act and talk as if it were an article in their creed to believe in the dictionary or typographical orthography, and in none other? In their infatuation they forget that a hundred years

ago books and printers were the only "correct" orthographers, and that gentlemen and ladies of the best education followed the leadings of fancy in their spelling. Sir Walter Scott, for example, as secretary of a literary society in Edinburgh, was careless enough to make mistakes in his records, writing, for example, "Teusday, seociety, ballance, present," etc.; and it is said that some Englishmen of great reputation are equally erratic to-day.

Bishop Thirlwall says, "The public cling to these anomalies with a tenacity proportioned to their absurdity." I think the bishop is correct, for one of our own Contributors' Club writes to me thus: "Words are the dearest of old friends. Each has a consistent and legitimate ancestry. If some of them are a little big-headed or thick in the waist, they can't help it. It seems to me that the variety of feature and composition of English words is a large part of the beauty of the English language. I may be thick-headed and strongly conservative on this question, but I shall *fight* for every letter in my little vocabulary." To which I venture to reply in the words of Professor Child, of Harvard: "Nothing can be more absurd than the veneration felt and paid to the actual spelling of English, as if it had been shaped by the national mind, and were not really imposed upon us by the foremen of some printing-offices." My friend assumes (1) that the present spelling is an aid in tracing the pedigrees of words, and (2) that the reformed orthography will leave them less varied in feature and less beautiful than they are now. The first of these assumptions is not supported by the best philologists, who agree with the late Professor Hadley, of Yale, that "our common spelling is often an untrustworthy guide to etymology," and with Max Müller, who says, "If our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be of greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing." Professor Müller says also, by the way, that he feels convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the prin-

ciples on which the spelling reform rests, and believes that our "corrupt and effete orthography" will in time be swept away, following those other "dear and sacred" things, "corn laws," "Stuart dynasties," and "heathen idols." My fellow member of this Club is mistaken in thinking that a reform will leave our words less varied and beautiful in form than they are now. By any system there must be as much variety as there is at present; and as for beauty, is it any more ornamental to print with our fathers "fantum" and "prophane," with our dictionaries "phantom" and "profane," or in a new style "fantom" and "profain"?

There are four ways in which it is possible for us to spell: (1.) The historical method, which was originally as nearly phonetic as it could be made by men who had more sounds to indicate than there were letters to represent them with. That it is simply impossible to reconstruct our spelling in this way will be apparent to any who will examine the irregular orthography of past times. (2.) The etymological method. That this is another impossible plan is plain when we consider that the wisest scholars are unable to discover the derivation of very many English words; but it would also involve a vast number of changes in the present spelling, and would offend all who are ready to "fight for every letter" fully as seriously as any phonetic system could. Besides, some great scholar has said, "There is no etymology without phonetics"! (3.) The typographical method. This is the one now employed in China, Arabia, and the English-speaking countries; and the sagacious Dr. Franklin said that we must give it up, or "our writing will become the same with the Chinese as to the difficulty of learning and using it." It has already brought us to the point where English spelling is to be learned by observation and practice only, and our language is in this respect the worst off of all which use the Latin alphabet. This arises from the fact that we adopt the alphabet practically unchanged, though it is acknowledged to be inadequate to

represent the rich variety of our phonic elements, and we have made less effort than the other nations to make our writing phonetic. Typographical spelling is difficult for us, confusing to foreigners, causes the prevalence of ignorance, is a hindrance to missionaries, travelers, and scientific men, obscures the history of our language, and hinders its extension into other countries. It has, however, one recommendation: our fathers established it, — though even this is qualified, for their fathers knew it not. (4.) The phonetic method. This is a return to and a perfection of the most ancient use. The earliest alphabetic writing was phonetic, though its symbols were insufficient, and the science of sound had not yet been perfected. In Sanskrit words were written as they were sounded, and yet there is no language in which etymological and grammatical relations are more clearly exhibited or easily traced. To this system we are urged to return by the representative scholars in philology of England and America, by the successful efforts put forth in this direction by most of the European nations, and by Anglo-Saxon common sense. Such men as Franklin, Pitman, and Bell, joined with Professors Ellis, Child, Latham, March, Hatchman, Whitney, Hadley, Marsh, and Trumbull, give us the most assuring words, and offer the fruits of many years of thought to help us to a decision.

Mr. Ellis, one of the most thorough students of phonetics and pronunciation, presents some of the advantages of phonetic spelling, briefly, thus: "It renders reading very easy, forms the best introduction to reading the present typographical spelling, is as easy as correct speaking, renders learning to read a pleasant task, increases the efficiency of primary schools by economizing time, affords a logical training to the child's mind, improves pronunciation, will greatly assist the missionary traveler and ethnologist, would exhibit the real history of our language, would favor the extension and universal employment of English, and would be of material use in facilitating etymological investigation."

The interested reader is referred to Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, pp. 606-632, published by the Early English Text and Chaucer societies.

"Words are the dearest of old friends" my correspondent rightly tells me, but they have no prescriptive right by reason of being "old" and "dear" to appear before me in a costume that is absurd and irrational. All the more because they are dear and old do I wish to see them dressed in garments that become them and accord with the good characters they bear.

— It certainly seems only right that an author should have the last word in deciding which of his books shall be given to the public and which shall be left in obscurity. After his death, if he has been famous during his life-time, it is to be expected that every cupboard shall be ransacked and every trunk examined for literary matter that he had always meant to burn, but which will be printed and bound up in the final collection of his writings; yet most living authors do not find indecent greed for manuscript the prevailing trait of publishers. There are, however, some writers who are troubled by finding books they thought long forgotten raked out of the past and printed again without proper dusting and mending. Mrs. Burnett is a memorable victim of this course of action. A novel of hers, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, became popular, and at once a number of her old stories that were quietly floating down to oblivion found themselves again on the book-shelves.

With the morality of this proceeding I have nothing to do. The books are there against the author's will, to be sure, and full of glaring misprints and little ends of phrases that even careless revision could not fail to correct; yet it is to be hoped that the public will not be kept from reading them by their author's indignation at their unauthorized republication. It is Dolly and Theo that we have in mind. They are not strikingly new stories, with their accounts of the happiness, after much suffering, of very charming girls, who grow up in out-of-the-way places, breathing the air of gen-

teel poverty, which they exchange very naturally for the perfumes of the gilded drawing-room. It is not the plots that are noteworthy, but the animated and fascinating style in which these threadbare incidents are recounted. Where so many novel-writers are pompous or affected, Mrs. Burnett is as simple, as natural, and as amusing as any one could wish. For myself I find her high spirits and her pathos much better reading than the cold discussion of a "problem" in *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, and the willful accumulation of distressing incidents in *Surly Tim and Other Stories*. This last book is a record of various forms of mental and physical suffering that enrage while they depress the reader. One man has hot words with his wife, and then goes out on the beach to help launch a boat; something gives way; the boat falls on him, not comfortably killing him, but leaving him pinned down to watch the futile efforts of his friends to lift the boat up, and to make impressive farewell speeches while the tide slowly crawls up and drowns him. Why the hardy fishermen and children of the sea did not think of digging the sand away from beneath him, and so freeing him, is not made clear, but they did not; and what with the man's dying and the way of his dying the sympathetic reader gets a choking feeling in his throat, as if he had held his head under water a few seconds longer than was pleasant; which, however, is no more pathos than reading the morning paper is devoting one's life to study. So in the other tales there is a tendency to wring the heart of the reader, which is not counterbalanced by equally marked literary merit. In a word, Mrs. Burnett seems to have learned to think ill of the much-trodden path she first followed, and under this feeling to have tried to strike out for herself where her rivals were fewer. Dickens is one whose influence may be seen in one or two of the short sketches in this volume. But the more serious attempts to be impressive at all hazards seem to me to tempt this writer beyond her depth; for the heaping up of casualties is not tragedy, and the problem she

took up in *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, how to marry a pauper and quickly civilize her, leads her aside from work in which she has done well, in describing the hopes and fears of conventional life.

—It strikes me that nothing is more bewildering than the totally different impressions the same words often make upon different minds; an unprejudiced person, with a turn for analysis, must sometimes stop and ask himself, seriously, whether he is mad, or his neighbor. The other day, in a mixed company, the subject of following the hounds came up, in connection with the new Queen's County hunt, on Long Island. Some one remarked that English ladies no longer took part in such sports, as formerly. "But," I said, "in the latest English stories they do. Take *Daniel Deronda*: Gwendolen followed the hounds." "Yes; but Gwendolen was fast," was the answer. "Fast!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that Gwendolen Harleth impressed any of you as fast?" "Decidedly so," they said. "But," I protested, "I do not think George Eliot meant to portray a fast girl, at all." They did not know what she meant, of course; one thing was certain, however, her Gwendolen to them *was* fast. I looked around their unmoved circle. There was no appeal. They were ten against me. So, then, the proud, refined, dainty Gwendolen, with her intense fastidiousness and repugnances, was labeled "fast;" the very last word I should have dreamed of applying to her.

More recently, in speaking to a friend of some paragraphs on *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, which appeared in the Contributors' Club, I said, "they struck you as favorable, of course?" "Why, no," she answered; "they did not strike me so, especially." "What can you mean!" I exclaimed. "I intended a high degree of praise, for I liked the book. Did I not say that the Lass had gained for herself a place in my memory as a distinct character, next to that occupied by Grandcourt, thereby placing Mrs. Burnett's work, in this instance, next to that of George Eliot herself? What

more could be said?" "Oh, I don't know," replied my friend; "still, it certainly did not strike me as a favorable criticism." Now, what is one to do?

All this comes to my mind as I write the name Farjeon. He is in this country now, and attention is freshly directed towards his stories. Discussion, even acrid discussion, means strength, I think. The continued arguing of the Contributors' Club over Tourguéneff and Henry James proves that they have strength of some kind, does it not? Just as the fact that there are many opinions about a man proves that at least the man is not a nonentity. Solomon Isaacs, at this writing Farjeon's latest story, shows his good and bad points together. It is not so good as *Blade-o'-Grass*; it does not approach *At the Sign of the Silver Flagon*; but neither is it so bad as *Love's Victory*, nor so wildly improbable and dislocated as *Bread-and-Cheese* and *Kisses*, or *The Duchess of Rosemary Lane*. The old-clothes man, Moses Levy, is well drawn; we feel an affection for him, and are glad when on Saturday morning he has for his breakfast, in addition to bread and coffee, a "bit of fish stewed in brown gravy," with onions "made tasty with lemon." We picture him coming home at night, with a pyramid of acquired hats on his head and a well-filled bag over his shoulder, happy in the thought of a good bargain and the hot supper his pretty daughter Rachel has ready for him in their little second-story room. The other old-clothes man, Solomon Isaacs, is not so well drawn; nor do we feel much interest, either, in his son Leon, that talkative, successful young Hebrew. In spite of all we can do, the way in which he discourses upon "frying" and "a raisin stew," combined with the particular statement that he has "wide nostrils" and a "large mouth," brings up an image with which we are all familiar, — the smartly-dressed young Israelite on railroad cars and at railroad eating-houses, buoyantly fulfilling his mission as a commercial traveler. There are some very good bits of description in the book, such as the ceremony called "sitting for

joy;" the arrival of old Moshé from Jerusalem, with his ninety years, his smiling, uncomprehending nods, his long beard, and his Hebrew benedictions; fat Milly Isaacs running "to give Mr. Levy a 'ug;" and, best of all, the cribbage played by the two old men, and Solomon Isaacs' final triumph with his battered half-penny. One does not exactly see what the Introduction and the last four pages have to do with the tale; it looks as though they were fastened in to make it a Christmas story by force, and account for the opening illustration.

To go back over the list of Farjeon's books. *Blade-o'-Grass* and its sequel, *Golden Grain*, seem to me the best of the London stories. The picture of the poor little girl, with the tiger "in her inside," crawling to the lamp-post for its friendly light, stealing meat from the cat's-meat man, telling lies deftly, and sleeping in gate-ways is pathetic; the story of the same child grown to womanhood, loving a thief devotedly and passionately, and happy with him in her miserable home, is powerfully touching. The end of the poor, mournful little baby, who died silently in the darkness, all alone, while the wretched girl-mother scoured the streets in search of food, is something one cannot forget.

It is a pity that this undoubtedly strong writer cannot prune his branches a little. Did any one ever behold such a collection of plots! Most of the stories are short, but so crowded with characters and incidents that there is time only for a statistical mention of them; like the catalogue of a picture exhibition. Take *The Duchess of Rosemary Lane*: how well it opens! — the beautiful child living in the cellar, with her faithful Sally and the reasoning cobbler. We are interested at once, and expect a romance in which poor thin Sally can play a part also, as the gypsy distinctly predicts. But nothing of the kind happens; after childhood nobody does or is anything that you expect, and Sally has no chance at all. The duchess herself turns out a soulless young creature, without force enough to be anything clearly, either good or bad; and she is

enveloped in a whirl of mixed-up people, among whom the "lovely lad," playing on a tin whistle and cherishing a sentimental affection for a baby throughout long years of vagabond life, and Arthur Temple, who, on the last page, passes his arm around Mrs. Lenoir, turns his back upon his father (his mother, too? one wonders), and takes "the road which justice points out," whatever that may be, are the most fantastic. Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses is a kaleidoscope picture of people and places, in which Totty's fig grandfather with cinnamon legs, and death in thousands of tons of snow, are thrown together, but with about as much connection as the phantasmagoria of a dream.

There is a good deal of Australia in Farjeon's stories, some strong pleas for the wretched London poor, some life pictures of that brutal English crime of wife-beating, — comparatively unknown among us, thank Heaven! — and a curious insistence upon the terms "lady" and "gentleman." He will have it that his heroines are distinctly ladies, although they may be waistcoat-makers, singing chambermaids in a poor traveling dramatic company, or girls brought up in a cellar, who have never been to school a day in their lives. This is a flaw, and resembles one of our worst local Americanisms. Farjeon has been compared with Dickens; but Dickens never proclaimed that Dot in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Little Dorrit, and Emily in *David Copperfield* were ladies. He cared nothing at all for the title, but showed us the women as they were, and taught us to love them.

It does not seem to me that Farjeon is in the least like Dickens. He writes Christmas stories, and he describes the homes of the poor; but that is all. Where is the unfailing humor which shines on almost every one of Dickens's pages? Where are Dick Swiveller, Mr. Guppy, Chadband, Mrs. Todgers, and a hundred others? No; Farjeon is serious, and in earnest. If he must be likened to somebody, I should liken him to Charles Reade; he belongs to that school. Take what is, in my opinion,

his best story. At the Sign of the Silver Flagon; how it recalls the quick, vivid work of Reade! It is a brilliant, exciting, splendid tale, which is fairly hot in the telling, so that you breathe quickly as you read (that is, as far as the death of Philip and the end of part first. After that, Farjeon's evil genius in the shape of Plot appears, and spoils all the rest). I have never seen anywhere a more striking picture of Australian gold-fields, and of life there. The love of Philip for the "singing chambermaid," his gallop after the flowers, the "pray for rain, darling," the christening of the stamping-machine and the midnight ride of the two partners from the ball to the Reef to see the sparks flying and hear the iron feet at work; the terrible, tragic end of poor burned Philip, lying there motionless, trying to whisper "Margaret," are told with wonderful force, which is all the stronger for being so simple. If the story ended with part first, I should put it up on a line with *Christie Johnstone*; it has the same vivid narration of deeds and words, — a positive story, a story of action, and not the explanation of motives and thoughts, the psychological analysis, and slow movement of the style so much in vogue to-day. "Do?" said an old woman, laying down her spectacles the other day, when asked about the characters in a late novel she was reading, "do? They don't *do* anything, that I can make out; but they *think* a deal!"

Analysis is interesting; but are we not in some danger of going too far in that direction, and becoming one-sided? Let us pardon some of Farjeon's faults, therefore, for the sake of his positiveness and this *Silver Flagon*; the story can go into the other side of the balance, and restore our equilibrium.

— I wish to confide to the Club a paradox in the philosophy of Household Art which has troubled me a good deal. I have got so far as to know that I ought to be "sincere;" but I also hear the virtue of economy extolled as sincere, and there are various points in which economy and Decorative Art are not reconcil-

able. Threadbare carpets and defective wall-papers and damaged paint on the wood-work are all sincere enough, if you have n't got the money to pay for anything better; but there is a want of picturesqueness in them, at times. Now, poetic papers and elevated furniture are expensive. I know of a conscientious young couple who, on setting out in life together, wished to be both sincere and economical. Accordingly, when the question arose of having a new border along part of the parlor wall, the bridegroom arose too, and said it must be a frieze; and the frieze must be painted by hand. Very well; a man was consulted, who agreed to take the contract for the painting at five dollars. But the young enthusiast thought he could do it cheaper, himself, with some paints he had on hand, and fancied that this would somehow be more "sincere." He mounted his ladder and began work. All at once the ladder breaks, and down falls the bridegroom with a paint-brush and a broken tooth in his mouth, and the contents of the paint-pot impartially distributed over his best clothes. A doctor had to be sent for, to begin with; and the result of the whole experiment was footed up in the following items:—

Doctor (two visits)	\$4.00
Broken paint-brush	.35
Dentist's bill	3.00
Value of clothes damaged	18.00
Repair of ladder	.87
Total	\$26.22

After which the frieze remained to be painted.

— While reading that very entertaining sketch, Count Pulaski's Strange Power, in the June Atlantic, the following bit from out the count's quotation from Cicero — "The soothsayers, while awake, could detach their minds from their bodies, and wander away among the minds of departed men and among superior intelligences, holding communion with them, and retaining the knowledge thus acquired after returning to the body" — reminded me that I once heard substantially the same thing, and in quite similar words, too, from the lips of

a *medium*, with whom I fell into conversation on a railway journey; and who, although a rarely intelligent woman for her class, could hardly know anything of Cicero. Of course she spoke thus in explanation of her own power, and added (and this I tell for the consolation of those who may be disappointed in their quest after hidden knowledge) that in no case was she ever balked in her desire to give satisfaction except where the visitor or the spirit invoked was vastly her (the medium's) mental superior; the same law which in all mundane affairs enables the higher intellect fully to measure the wants and aspirations of the lower, while no amount of intuition on the latter's part can put him into full communication with the former, holding equally good in all disembodied intercourse.

How the spirits of several departed worthies, whom we have suspected of deteriorating in the other world, must rejoice to have this doctrine fully understood! Does it not also explain why disembodied Indians and broken-English tongued foreigners are so fond of coming to the front in the average spiritual *séance*?

— In your February number a contributor suggests that friends adopt the phonic system in their correspondence with each other, as a method of promoting the spelling reform. But why should not our literary writers organize a club, not only for the promotion but for the introduction of this reform? Let six of our acknowledged leaders in literature agree among themselves upon the best attainable system, and henceforward use it exclusively in their published writings, and the whole question would be solved. The authors making use of the new system, as well as the papers and magazines publishing their articles, could not fail to receive largely increased popularity. The "immortal six" would soon have followers enough willing to share their popularity, and if their system was one that would commend itself to the people they would doubtless live to see its adoption.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IF novelists and poets are not the best critics of their art, they are often the most suggestive commentators upon it; and when they have the skill to formulate and weave together their opinions they give us something rather better than mere criticism. Readers of Mr. Henry James, Jr., were for some time, and a few of them may still be, in doubt whether he is more a novelist than critic; but we think his recent volume of essays¹ may go a good way towards fixing the opinion that his peculiar attractiveness in this line of writing is due in great measure to the fact that he is himself a creative artist. His reviews of other writers are not precisely criticism, but they possess a pleasant flavor of criticism, agreeably diffused through a mass of sympathetic and often keenly analytical impressions. It is saying a great deal when we admit that he reminds us more of Sainte-Beuve than any other English writer; but he is more a *causeur* than the author of the famous *Causeries*, and less a critic in the systematic sense. We hardly know how we can fully illustrate our meaning except by more references and quotations than it is convenient to make here. But let the reader turn to the splendid chapter on Balzac, who has never before received so abundant and interesting a showing, within similar compass, as at Mr. James's hands. In this there are to be found most of the interesting facts of Balzac's life grouped with good judgment, a sketchy view of the character of his works, and a great many vivid statements of the impressions produced by them. But we can imagine that to a person who had read nothing of Balzac the article would have an exasperating inconclusiveness. It is a mixture of the frankest admiration and (to use Mr. James's own word) of brutal snubbing, which continues to the very last page. The one unqualified statement—and that, by the way, is a real gain to one's stock of well-defined perceptions—is that Balzac's great characteristic was his "sense of this present terrestrial life, which has never been surpassed, and in which his genius overshadowed everything else." For the rest, we are given to understand that his greatest merits were his greatest faults; that his

novels are ponderous and shapeless, yet have more composition and more grasp on the reader's attention than any others, etc. "He believed that he was about as creative as the Deity, and that if mankind and human history were swept away the *Comédie Humaine* would be a perfectly adequate substitute for them," is the writer's witty statement of the degree of his conceit; and he quotes Taine, approvingly, as saying that after Shakespeare Balzac is our great magazine of documents on human nature; yet this he partially retracts, again, by saying that when Shakespeare is suggested we feel rather Balzac's differences from him. The French novelist's atmosphere, we are told, is musty, limited, artificial. In the next sentence, however, Mr. James assures us that, notwithstanding this "artificial" atmosphere, Balzac is to be taken, like Shakespeare, as a final authority on human nature. Then again he lowers him a peg by saying that he lacked "that slight but needful thing,—charm." "But our last word about him is that he had incomparable power." The writer himself seems to feel, in this closing sentence, that he has given a somewhat too paradoxical summary. The same difficulty could be raised with all the other essays in this collection, excepting the one on Tourguéneff, which comes near being a masterpiece of criticism, and perhaps ought to be decidedly rated as such. In general, there is a want of some positive or negative result clearly enunciated; and the presence of such results is what, to our mind, distinguishes the systematic critic like Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold from the highly suggestive, charming talker like Mr. James.

If we are speaking of criticism, the question is whether we are to approach as nearly as possible to an equation of conflicting views, or whether we are to work out a problem to some conclusion on one side or the other. As a matter of definition we are inclined to say that pure criticism has for its aim the latter task. In the case of Balzac, for example, there is a wonderful stimulus and surprise in the obvious inadequacy and disrelish with which Sainte-Beuve treats him. The very narrowness of his judgment has a value. Mr. James may say that he does not write either for readers

¹ *French Poets and Novelists*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

who simply want information about French authors, or for those who prefer opinions that cut only one way; and that he cultivates breadth, of set purpose. It is not necessary, however, to be narrow in taking a side: there are critics who show the finest comprehension of all the aspects of a genius, yet on the whole advocate a certain view with satisfactory unity and consecutiveness. We find fault with Mr. James's attitude, judged as a critic, because it implies a certain nervousness that if he curtails his contradictory impressions he may not appear liberal enough. With less extreme expression and more art, liberality need not fear to be overlooked. A fault connected with this is the tone of patronage which the writer is led to take towards the larger minds among those which he discusses; and possibly attributable to the same source is a not altogether pleasant jocularity in the treatment of those dubious relations between men and women which the themes selected naturally involve.

But we have said that a creative artist discoursing on the works of other creators can be more entertaining than the mere critic; and Mr. James is irresistible in the ease and brilliancy of his style, and the felicity with which he calls our attention to the qualities most to be admired in his subjects and traces some of the reasons why they are admirable. Next to the Tourguéneff we like best the paper on De Musset, which differs from all the others in having to some extent the tone of advocacy, and pushing its view of the poet with a thoroughly enjoyable ardor. That on Mérimée's Letters is almost too slight to keep company with the rest, and we do not know how to excuse, in the essay on the Théâtre Français, the haste with which Mlle. Sarah Bernhard is passed by. Even with the style, too, one is occasionally dissatisfied, owing to some obscurity which seems to be due to a disinclination to correct. It is regrettable that we have not space to pay the homage of quotation to several of the searching, the humorous, the sympathetic things which Mr. James scatters copiously over his pages; and we cannot deny ourselves, in closing, the privilege of reproducing here, if only in tribute to our own appreciativeness, these fragments from the shrewd and trenchant essay on Baudelaire. "A good way to embrace Baudelaire at a glance is to say that he was in his treatment of evil exactly what Hawthorne was not, — Hawthorne, who felt the thing at its source, deep in the hu-

man consciousness. Baudelaire's infinitely slighter genius apart, he was a sort of Hawthorne reversed." "The crudity of sentiment of the advocates of 'art for art' is often a striking example of the fact that a great deal of what is called culture may fail to dissipate a well-seated provincialism of spirit. They talk of morality as Miss Edgeworth's infantine heroes and heroines talk of 'physic'. . . It is in reality simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration, — it has nothing to do with the artistic process, and it has everything to do with the artistic effect." That is almost the best thing in this superior book. The point has hardly been put with so much grasp and cleverness before.

— The essays entitled *Creed and Deed*¹ were delivered, on various Sundays in the winter of 1877, to crowded audiences in New York, by Dr. Adler; who, born an American Hebrew, and imbued with the latest German lore of philological and philosophical thought, declined on his return from Germany post after post of Jewish honor in this country, that he might establish a society on principles which should include the best teaching of Judaism, of Christianity, and of all religions. This society was formed not so much to hear the gospel of ethical culture preached to it by himself as to constitute a band of earnest workers, who should be pledged with him to the amelioration of society by ethical culture, by the spirit if not always by the method of co-operation, and by a "brotherhood of the common life." Though not two years old, the society has indefatigable friends and zealous workers, who have already succeeded in placing it on a satisfactory pecuniary basis, and on one of permanent and wide-extended usefulness.

The essays are marked by dignity, earnestness, and simplicity, by directness of purpose and entire absence of sensational effect. Perhaps the most valuable part of Dr. Adler's *Creed and Deed* consists of the appendix, containing articles reprinted on *The Evolution of Hebrew Religion, and Reformed Judaism*. The first of these is a very able statement, in condensed form, of the growth of monotheism as gradually arising out of purer notions of the family relation. The Hebrew spirit, incited by prophetic inspiration, rebelled against the worship of Baal and Moloch. Not till the

¹ *Creed and Deed*. A Series of Discourses. By FELIX ADLER, Ph. D. New York: Published for the Society for Ethical Culture by G. P. Putnam's Sons

eight century did the monotheistic belief become prominent; then it was evolved as a necessary consequence from the idea of a just patriarch, a faithful husband. The priesthood and its code of sacrifices arose in later times, as men required a creed and symbols for their faith. Leviticus, even in its most elementary form, held no place in Jewish literature till the time of Ezekiel. The Bible itself is a process of evolution, for each age demanded something more; here and there it should be read backwards, for the date of much of the Pentateuch should be advanced to a thousand years after Moses, "whose name was not even known to the elder prophets." The distinguishing traits of Hebrew character and the belief in the closeness and purity of family life were embodied in Hebrew religion.

If the test of excellence in a book is the impression of unity left upon the mind and of lofty impulse communicated to the inward life, this book ranks high in the service thus rendered; its diction is pure, clear, and melodious, and its spirit unfettered by sarcasm. It is impossible to close the volume without feeling that religion is more than sectarianism, and that morality is both the germ and development of all right living. With morality as our aim we can afford to leave the question of immortality unsolved; to claim it as reward of virtue is forfeiture of that claim; to desire it as continuance of growth is, as Dr. Adler says, noble, but as we know nothing of the nature of the soul, each one will arrange his hope or belief by his individual bias. Deeds and influences are immortal. The deed remains, the creed vanishes. And yet unconsciously Dr. Adler shows how important is the creed in forming the deed. Through a series of negations we arrive at non-belief, which is almost as important an equilibrium as belief. The author plants himself on an ethical basis, acknowledging, indeed, that that basis is involved in Christianity. But is not the same basis almost the whole of Christianity to those who call themselves Christian in a historic sense alone? The feeling of the sublime is to him the root of the religious sentiment. Is it not so also to all those who limit the realm of the sublime by the authority of inward consciousness or of the Bible? It is very trite to declare that mental differences vanish as moral purposes meet, or that the noblest utterances are also the common property of minds untrained to self-expression; yet such a volume as this makes one realize this com-

mon brotherhood. But must there not be dogma for ourselves, coupled with freedom to others? The world is increasing in individualism, whilst our deeds belong to humanity.

The third essay is very noble and true. The modern view of life, it says, starts with the universality of nature's laws. "Morality has developed outward in concentric circles." New conceptions of the purpose of our being and the help we are to give forms the New Ideal. "Ethics is the idealism of character, manners are its offspring, self-possession and deference their rule,"—three sentences worthy of careful remembrance. The power of the priest of the new ideal lies in his speaking what others feel. But when Dr. Adler adds that the new ideal differs from Christianity in that "it seeks to approach the goal of a kingdom of heaven upon earth, not by the miraculous interference of the Deity, but by the laborious exertions of men and the slow but certain progress of successive generations," he does not recognize in words, though probably he does in thought, the fact that a large minority of Christians would agree that this goal was only to be approached by the same means. One of the best essays is that on *Our Consolations*. We ask more than we have any right to receive; the conflict of the law of nature and of morality is acknowledged; the purpose of life is worthiness, not happiness; pain is the price humanity pays for an invaluable good, and the pain lessens as knowledge increases; the performance of duty is the solace of affliction. In the lecture on the Founder of Christianity, the beautiful humanity, sympathy, and reverence of Jesus meet with the fullest veneration.

—We have been especially struck, in late poems of Mr. Longfellow, not only by the growing simplicity of that art which makes him far the greatest poetic artist of his time, but by the freshness, the contemporaneity, of the inspirations. Kéramos¹ seems to us a perfect example of what the highest skill, sympathizing with a new æsthetic mood, can do in giving form to the general sense of beauty in a certain direction. Far removing itself from contact with what is known as "ceramics," it yet expresses in graphic and suggestive monologue whatever charm we most subtly feel in fictile art; its lines are rich and lustrous with

¹ *Kéramos and Other Poems*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the hues of Delft, and Palissy, and Majolica, and Faenza, and China, and Imari; they flow in the matchless forms of the Greek vases. The poem, when you have done, seems a reverie of your own; looked at in another way, it is a connoisseur's rapturous description of characteristics and qualities.

The sonnets in the book are only less good than the wonderful group in the volume preceding this; and we are not sure that even that group contained anything finer than the following:—

THE POETS.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

The sonnet called *Moods* is almost equally good; and those on Whittier and Irving are insurpassable of their kind; those on *The Two Rivers*, also, are "like" their author, and full of his peculiar charm. In the sonnet, a poet approaches his reader, perhaps, more intimately than in any other form, and Longfellow especially wears his air of friendliest confidence in it. His art redeems it from all artificiality; it is as living and natural as something that he says to you. Here, for example, is a perfect sonnet, expressive of a profound and beautiful thought, in which the phrasing is the perfection of simplicity:—

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please
him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
know.

Mr. Longfellow's later poetry is very observably different from his earlier, in the manner in which he leaves the reader to

"moralize his song," and forbears himself to make any application. Yet nothing is lost that long ago made him dear to his race,—that made it glad of him and better for him; and the beautiful art has still its lofty lesson. Among the pieces here which are in his best manner are *The Leap of Roushan Beg*,—an anecdote touched into vivid poetry one knows not how, it is so plainly done; and *The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face*,—in the strong, abrupt lines of which all the fierceness and sadness, and all the wrong within wrong, of the massacre of Custer and his men is remembered. As for *Castles in Spain*, if everything else that the poet has done were lost to us, one might say, Longfellow is not all here, but this is so wholly Longfellow that from this alone you may infer an art that was the most refined and gracious and sympathetic of its time.

The most notable of the translations, which occupy a third of the book, are the first eclogue of Virgil in hexameters, and the tenth and twelfth elegies of the third book of Ovid's *Tristia* in hexameters and pentameters. These meters seem not so satisfyingly managed, quite, as the verses of *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish*, though probably they more closely approach the pace of the Latin. In all qualities of pastoral and elegiac simplicity and tenderness the versions seem to us perfect.

—We think that the highest level in Mr. Winter's new volume of poems¹ is touched in the piece called *Beyond the Dark*. This seems to express at their best the sincere, pensive, and tender qualities that mark his work, together with that spirit of resignation which does not despair, and which redeems his verse from the reproach of idle repining. This spirit pervades all the better part of his poetry, and touches it with a certain religious light. The book, as the name hints, is a collection of lyrics, which are more or less sombre in theme, and have the monotony inseparable from sombre moods. But through all runs a strain of meditative sweetness, a color of sympathy which wins the reader's affectionate regard, and makes him friends with the poet. There is something in the poems—one hardly knows what to call it—as if the poet had not found full voice in them, which may be referable to a different habit of expression yet something delicately kind and gentle—the touch of a fine sensibility—is always felt. It is felt especially in such a poem as

¹ *Thistle-Down: A Book of Lyrics*. By WILLIAM WINTER. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1878.

that written for the dedication of the monument to Poe, which fitly, perhaps, exaggerating the injustice done that poet, closes with the impressive lines : —

“ And know, with fame that cannot die,
Thou hast the world's compassion too.”

It characterizes all the commemorative poems, deepening toward the serene close of the ode read before the Army of the Potomac with a psalm-like solemnity. In this poem is a picture all the more striking because the poems are singularly unambitious of picturesque effect ; in the lines referring to the dreaming soldier : —

“ For him the cruel sun of noon
Glares on the bristling plain ;
For him the cold, disdainful moon
Lights meadows rough with slain.”

Mr. Winter's literary attitude in these poems is curiously unmodern ; nothing is here to remind one of any great contemporary poet or his school ; so far as he has had models, the author of *Thistle-Down* has formed himself upon singers of an olden time, and recalls the meditative verse of the first Charles's age. The difference, we confess, from nearly all recent poetry is a grateful and prepossessing one, and Mr. Winter has great advantages in his repose, his sane English, his simple and decent manner. He does not remind you, even in his epithets, of the prevailing taste, but chooses phrases now growing a little quaint from long disuse in poetry. Perhaps he persists in them too much. There is here and there an ill-chosen word and a trace of hasty unfinish, which verse so sober-hued can ill afford, and which show in it as they never would in a gaudier fabric.

— The student of poetry will find in Allan Ramsay's Poems, of which a new and complete edition ¹ has lately been issued in the Paisley series of reprints, a most interesting illustration of certain historic movements in literature, while the general reader who is gifted with the art of skipping will be grateful for the touches of nature and homely beauty which keep alive in other places than Scotland the memory of a poet who justly holds a rank at home second only to that of Burns. Burns himself, coming a generation later, had a genuine admiration for Ramsay, and with his instinctive sense of poetic beauty touched the secret of Ramsay's poetic power : —

“ Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;

¹ *Poems of Allan Ramsay*. With Glossary, Life of the Author, and Remarks on his Poems. In two

Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines
Where Philomel
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell !

“ In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
Or trots by hagelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.”

This is an account rather of the true poetry in Ramsay than of all which he actually wrote, for the student cannot fail to discover how much he was affected by just that artificiality of a pseudo-classic style which Burns condemns, and how singularly the genuine struggles out of the meshes in which Ramsay's deference to fashion would at times fain have bound it. He was half ready to introduce an attitudinizing Philomel and a golden stream amongst the birds and burns of Scotland. In a clumsy poem, *The Quadruple Alliance*, he celebrates his praise of Swift, Pope, Young, and Gay, and one constantly discovers the shadow of these men falling across his pages. It is curious to see how much more he yields to these influences in his English than in his Scottish poems. Whenever he attempts English verse he falls a prey to literary rules, and is frigid and uninteresting ; a return to the Scottish dialect and to Scottish scenes is accompanied by a freedom and a spirit which admirably illustrate the value in poetry of a native element. Even here he is not wholly free from the touch of conventionalism, as when, in one of his songs, he says, —

“ If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring
And invoke Apollo.”

Yet if the skirts of the Nine are still getting a little in Burns's way, we can only wonder that Ramsay, nearer to an artificial period, should have escaped bald classicism as well as he has. His *Gentle Shepherd* is a delicious pastoral. There is just enough of the conventional about it to give it an operatic character, and suggest singing in costume ; but the natural, both in the conception of character and in the sketches of pastoral life, is so charming that we easily endure what with an inferior poet would be tiresome big-wiggery. It sings itself as one reads, and the songs, which run through it like rippling brooks, make their own music even to an English ear. “ *My Peggy is a*

volumes. A new edition. Paisley : Alexander Gardner. 1877.

young thing," "By the delicious warmth of thy mouth," "Jock said to Jenny, 'Jenny, wilt thou do't?'" have an echoing laughter in them which makes mirth in the heart. One is not surprised to learn that this pastoral is still popular in Scotland as a country-side entertainment. There is an amusing story told in the introductory note which may be taken as a companion piece to the familiar sketch of the actor who, in his enthusiasm, blacked himself from top to toe when he was to appear as Othello: "A few years ago, when arrangements were being made by an Ayrshire gentleman with one of these companies for a performance in his drawing-room, he objected to the presentation of a real haggis on the scene, and with difficulty obtained the concession that an imitation one, stuffed with bran, should be substituted. To his consternation, he discovered, while the play was in progress, that several of the actors considered it their duty to eat the bran as if it had been savory haggis."

Ramsay anticipated Scott in his enthusiasm for Scottish ballads, many of which he slightly remodeled in the same spirit. The most notable thing in this way was his continuation of the old comic piece Christ's Kirk on the Green, the first canto of which, in its original form, was said to have been written by King James I. of Scotland. The picture of life drawn by Ramsay is vigorous and lusty, and something of the same power appears in other verses,—a power that seems heightened by the audacity with which the poet paints grossness. That is to say, Scottish life is described with a cruel fidelity to fact, and the calling of a spade a spade gives a nervous force which makes the reader suspect that Ramsay in his dialect verse suffered a reaction from the refinement of his attempted classicism. Some of the verses fairly reek with the earth. It would be worth one's while to read the two volumes carefully and mark the few pieces to which he would wish to return again and again. The work is accompanied by the original glossary, which might well have been discarded for a new and thorough one.

—We owe to the enthusiasm of a provincial Scottish publisher an edition of Alexander Wilson's writings,¹ containing poems not before collected, and a more complete

series of his letters than has hitherto appeared. Wilson's Ornithology has never been forgotten in America, and is not likely ever to be forgotten, both because of its historical interest and because it is intrinsically valuable; his poems are not so likely to be valued, although the Scottish ones have enjoyed a continuous lease of popularity in Scotland; but the student of American literature and manners will be glad to read again and again the letters which tell so much of life here in the first decade of this century. Above all, Wilson himself, as a character, is a precious legacy; his life has often been written, but nothing can show it quite so well as the record which he himself has given in his letters and in his Ornithology.

The essays contained in the Ornithology are not all reprinted in this edition, but only such as the editor chose for their literary value. We are sorry that the number was not extended to take in others quite as characteristic and as entertaining. The Great Heron, the Stormy Petrel, the Great Horned Owl, the Mocking Bird, the Crow, are all well worth the general reader's perusal. Indeed, it would be safe to say of the entire work that it appeals quite as forcibly to the general reader as to the ornithologist, for Wilson's own interest was human rather than professional or strictly scientific. He gives the necessary scientific descriptions, but it is plain that he looked upon every bird which he watched, or mounted, or drew, as an individual, and not as a "specimen;" and therefore his interest was strong in its habits, manners, appearance, and history. In one of his letters he tells a tender little story of a mouse, which points at the sympathy which he had with humble life. "One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to

¹ *The Poems and Literary Prose of Alexander Wilson, the American Ornithologist*. For the first time fully collected and compared with the original and early editions, MSS., etc. Edited with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, Notes, Illustrations, and

Glossary, by the REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, editor of *The Fuller Worthies Library*, etc., etc. In two volumes. With Portrait, Illustrations, etc. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.

life and liberty. The agonies of the prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty." How charming, too, is his naïve discovery of the reason for the cruel prejudice against the cat-bird, and his playful defense of his favorite! "After ruminating over in my own mind all the probable causes, I think I have at last hit on some of them; the principal of which seems to me to be a certain similarity of taste and clashing of interest between the cat-bird and the farmer. The cat-bird is fond of large ripe garden strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in market. The cat-bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of his early fruit. The cat-bird has a particular partiality for the finest ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites with the farmer. But the cat-bird has frequently the advantage of the farmer by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions; and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats, windmills, and scarecrows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits; and nothing but this resource — the *ultimatum* of farmers as well as kings — can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry-trees with the gun; and thus commences a train of prejudices and antipathies that commonly continue through life. Perhaps, too, the common note of the cat-bird, — so like the mewing of the animal whose name it bears, and who itself sustains no small share of prejudice, — the homeliness of his plumage, and even his familiarity, so proverbially known to beget contempt, may also contribute to this mean, illiberal, and persecuting prejudice; but, with the generous and the good, the lovers of nature and of rural charms, the confidence which this familiar bird places in man by building in his garden, under his eye, the music of his song, and the interesting playfulness of his manners will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches."

There is a curious parallel which might be drawn between the earlier part of Wilson's life spent in Scotland, and the latter part spent in America. In Scotland he was

known as a poet, and his Watty and Meg, attributed to Burns, has always been popular. In America his reputation rests on his Ornithology, though he continued to write verse, both in Scottish brogue and in English tongue. Yet his poetry and his bird-hunting may both be referred to a genuine, almost child-like love of nature, and each pursuit was accompanied by a business venture. He was bred as a weaver, but took up the pack as peddler, and wandered thus through Scotland, selling tapes and needles and other small wares with one hand, while he asked for subscriptions to his book of poetry with the other, using the time of his jaunt besides for studying nature and human nature. Wordsworth's peddler, who seems to most a philosophical projection, finds a fairly concrete representation in Wilson. So when he undertook his Ornithology, he traveled throughout the territory of the United States, soliciting subscriptions and using every opportunity to discover birds for treatment in forthcoming volumes. In both cases the poetry was uppermost. He has left a record of his travels as a peddler, and though he recites the rather forlorn experience which he endured as a tradesman, one can read also of the joy he took in sunrise and sunset and mountain view. His letters give his fortune in securing subscribers; and, while his sensitiveness was often wounded by the rebuffs or discourtesy which he met, one feels that all was forgotten in the enthusiasm with which he plunged into the woods in quest of some bird not hitherto described. It is this enthusiasm, bearing him up above the vicissitudes of a somewhat depressing life, which makes the atmosphere in which we now see Wilson's fine spirit. A weaver, a peddler, an engraver, a school-master, a homeless man, — the material facts of his daily life are narrow and mean; he lived in communities which were either hard or indifferent to what he most cared for, and the beauty of his life is in its struggles after the upper air in a divine discontent which troubled itself little about the restrictions of his common pursuits. The birds which he loved with so natural and genuine an ardor seem fit emblems of a life which alighted on the earth only for necessary food and rest.

The editing by Mr. Grosart is careful and apparently thorough, although there are signs of some change in his work, since he refers the reader in two instances to his Memorial-Introduction for what is not to be found there. His own contributions are

brief and slightly pungent. Heaven has favored him and us in not casting him in the mold of an exhaustive commentator.

—In the recently published *Reminiscences of Froebel*¹ there is a passage which has an interest for those who are desirous of incorporating the kindergarten with the public-school systems of America. "The kindergarten," says Froebel, "is the free republic of childhood;" and the phrase is further explained as indicating the absence of whatever is dangerous to morality, the freedom being the state in which childhood is developed. Froebel would remove whatever would impair the free development of the individual child. It was charged upon him in 1848 and the years immediately following that his educational views were revolutionary and dangerous, and in 1851 the Prussian government prohibited kindergartens. The specific ground for the prohibition was the publication by Carl Froebel, a nephew of Friedrich, of a pamphlet entitled *High Schools and Kindergartens*. It was in vain that Froebel disowned the authorship of the pamphlet and begged for an examination of his school; the answer came that "concurrence with that objectionable pamphlet consisted in laying at the foundation of the education of children a highly intricate theory."

It is not our purpose to review the course of the reactionary party at this time, but only to point out that the real peril apprehended by the authorities lay in the close connection between popular education and the kindergarten system. The kindergarten suffered then and has suffered since from being identified with the extreme liberal party, but reactionists and liberals alike were right in looking upon it as especially the school of the people. As such, there is a peculiar significance attaching to it when made a part of the public-school system of a state which rests for its final authority upon the voice of the people. Superficially, there is something laughable in connecting a school which precedes the primary school with republican institutions, but an examination of the principles of the kindergarten will show that the connection is a substantial one.

The theory of the kindergarten is a two-fold one: regarding the development of the child in harmony with the law of universal development as discovered in nature and

human history, and regarding the child as one of a community. It is of this latter phase that we wish to speak. A child's life finds its chief expression in play, and in play its social instincts are developed. Now, the kindergarten recognizes the fact that play is the child's business, not his recreation, and undertakes to guide and form the child through play. It converts that which would otherwise be aimless or willful into creative, orderly, and governed action. Out of the play as guided by the wise kindergarten grows a spirit of courtesy, self-control, forbearance, unselfishness. The whole force of the education is directed toward a development of the child which never forgets that he is a person in harmonious relation to others. Community, not competition, is the watch-word of the school.

It is claimed, with good right, that the organization of our public schools tends to discipline and order; that the drill of the school room, the marshaling in ranks, the prompt answer, the evolutions, are all forces in education as well as helps to government, and that principles of public life are thus taught. But we claim higher ground in this respect for the kindergarten. Obedience as taught by the system of the public schools is an obedience to rules; it is to be likened more closely to the obedience of the soldier, — a noble thing, but not the highest form of human subjection of the will. Obedience as evolved in the true kindergarten is a conscious obedience to law. In the one case the will is broken; in the other it is guided into subordination to a higher will asserting itself in reason. It is not asserted that in the public-school system there is often given a training which issues in self-government; the good teacher is always better than the best system, and many a teacher in our primary schools is a true gardener; so the system of the kindergarten will not prevent play from degenerating into purposeless mechanism under the hand of a foolish teacher. It is claimed that government in the public schools is far more a matter of rule and regulation, and therefore incapable of developing the highest power of order and self-government; that government in the kindergarten is made an essential part of the education of the child; and that the art of living with others is sedulously cultivated. The unity of life in the school with entire freedom of development

¹ *Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel*. By B. VON MARENHOLZ-BÜLOW. Translated by MRS. HORACE MANN. With a Sketch of the Life of Friedrich

Froebel, by EMILY SHIRREFF. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham 1877.

in the individual is the aim of the kindergarten; in the public school the highest perfection seems by many to be attained when the unity of life is best represented by a closely fitted machine, and the individual is most entirely separated by a system of keen competition and rivalry.

If this comparison is a just one, then, so far as primary education goes, the principle at the basis of the kindergarten is most in accord with the principles of a free republic. The emphasis which is laid upon the need of special training for teachers in the kindergarten is justified by the theory of the kindergarten itself. That rests on law, and not on routine; and it is essential that the teacher should comprehend the law before she can govern in it. But once possessed of this truth she becomes the visible representative of law, guiding, forming, developing in accordance with the law which she obeys as well as administers. In her the children learn to see the reasonableness

of the authority under which they act. They respect and love her as intelligent men and women in a republic use an honest deference toward their rulers. Doubtless, there are such teachers in public schools, and the same relation springs up between them and their scholars, but the system of the public schools makes authority, discipline, government, to have more or less a despotic and arbitrary meaning.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the kindergarten should have been looked upon with suspicion in its early days by those who had just witnessed a revolution; nor is it to be wondered at that this germ of free and intelligent institutions should then and there have been planted. Equally true is it that in no country has the kindergarten so strong a right to flourish as in the United States, where the education which the kindergarten offers is precisely that most vitally necessary to the maintenance of freedom, reciprocal rights, order, and self-control.

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